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THIS NUMBER CONTAINS

THE TROUBLESOME LADY.

By PATIENCE STAPLETON,

Author of "Kady," "Trailing Yew," "My Sister's Husband," etc.

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JULY, 1893

LIPPINCOTT'S

MONTHLY MAGAZINE

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THE TROUBLESOME LADY.

BY

PATIENCE STAPLETON,

AUTHOR OF "KADY," "TRAILING YEW," "MY SISTER'S HUSBAND," ETC.

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J. B. LIPPINCOTT COMPANY.

(1893)

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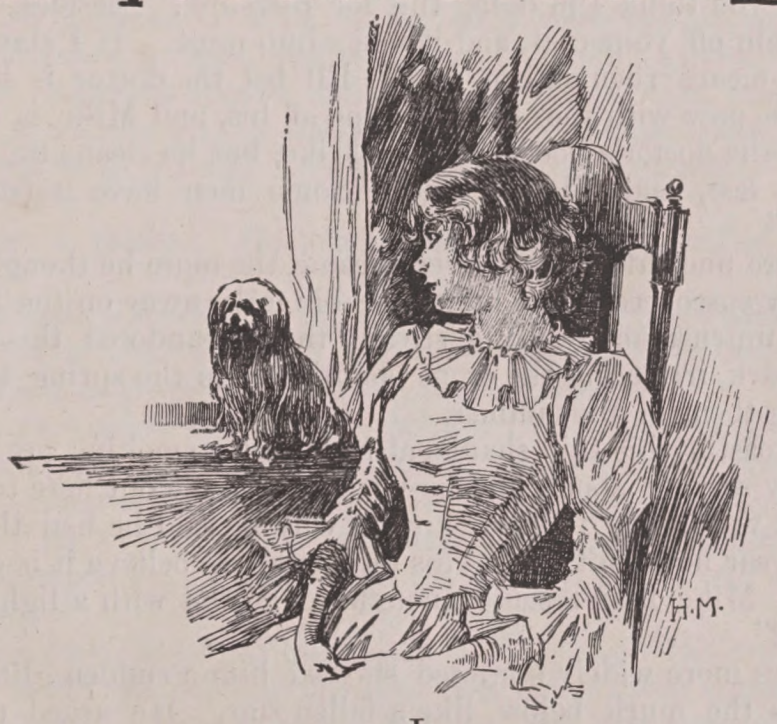
LIPPINCOTT'S
MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

JULY, 1893.

The Troublesome Lady



I.

THE steady rain of the fall afternoon had obliterated the mountains and sunk the trail, at best narrow and dangerous, into the bed of an erratic brook. Down this Craig Oliver's fine mare slipped hopelessly, while his shepherd dog, a mass of disconsolate wetness, trotted sullenly behind, his nose close to the horse's heels. Oliver's corduroys were soaking, from his sombrero a stream of water dripped down his back, and the damp carcass of a defunct antelope swung to his saddle became painfully odoriferous. That very antelope had lured him to the top of Sisty's Peak and had taken revenge for the fine shot which had brought its demise.

Craig, naturally hot-tempered and impatient, swore audibly. He wondered why a man should want to go hunting in the Rockies; why,

if he did, he could not tell when it was going to rain,—or did anybody ever know Colorado weather? why, if a man knew enough to go to the top of a peak, he could not find his way down. He had no idea where he was, and night was near at hand: under the aspens that slapped him merrily with wet branches as he passed, it was already dark.

He wondered where Doctor John was. That ass would make a jest of the matter: he was offensively personal in his jokes. He would not think of going to look for a comrade,—not he, the laziest man in the world. Why, then, should Craig Oliver take meat to Doctor John, antelope steak he so favored, brought from the summit of a cloud-reaching peak? Yet that invidious doubt of Doctor John's! there must be evidence, or he would tell the story of an imaginary antelope and imaginary shot.

It grew darker,—if possible, wetter. The sodden antelope flounced about, and the dog whined dolefully.

"Confound you, Mac," cried Oliver, "if you are bored, what must I be? Do you think I'm doing this for pleasure? Besides, you can shake the rain off your coat, and it soaks into mine. If I stay outside to-night it means rheumatism, sure. I'll bet the doctor is huddling over the fire now with that infernal pipe of his, and Mike is cleaning his boots,—the doctor's boots. I pay Mike, but he cleans the doctor's boots first, last, and all the time. Some men have a faculty of imposition."

The more uncomfortable Oliver became, the more he thought of his guest snugly ensconced in his hunting-cabin miles away on the Troublesome,—an untrustworthy little stream that meandered through the mountain park, irrigating the crops bountifully in the spring, but often annihilating them in midsummer.

"He's toasting his thin shanks at my hearth, smoking my tobacco, ordering my servant about, and he would leave me out here to perish. He knew it was going to rain: that is why he said he had the tooth-ache. I swear he hasn't one of his own left. I believe it is gout ails him. And Mike hasn't sense enough to go out with a light. Ha! there's one!"

The trees more widely scattered showed him a sudden glimmer of light across the murk below, like a fallen star. He urged the mare forward down a steep hill, and found from her quickened pace he was on a travelled road. Then she shied and stopped, and he was close to a shut gate. He dismounted, opened it, and, mindful of cattle, closed it after him. After a short walk he saw the dark outlines of buildings, a house with corrals and barns: from the last came the savage barking of dogs and the clank of their stretching chains as they leaned from their kennels. Mac, in duty bound, set up a challenging uproar, silenced only by his master's whip. From the lighted windows Craig saw the house proper was built of logs and raised considerably from the ground, with a wide veranda approached by a long flight of steps. A door in the L that was on a level with the ground suddenly opened, and a man came out with a lantern,—an under-sized man, with a white face, deep-sunken black eyes, and a scrubby beard around his chin of such a blue-black color his face looked deadly pale.

"What a State's-prison mug!" Craig thought; but he said, politely, "I have lost my way."

"Well, this is not it," said the man, holding his lantern rudely near Oliver's face.

"I do not need your assurance of that, my civil friend; but if I insulted you with a bribe could you put up my horse and give me shelter for the night?"

"No."

"Western hospitality is evidently out of your line. I fancy New York or the adjacent islands are more to your taste than a ranch in the mountains. Perhaps you could direct me to Lord Morris's shooting-box: it's on the Troublesome, about five miles from Parkville. I am a stranger here, as I only bought the lodge this spring."

"I don't know where it is."

"Ah! a stranger too. You own this place?"

"I don't see that that is your affair."

"I might make it mine, if the odds were not so against me," Oliver muttered, turning, and tightening his saddle-girths. A door in the house suddenly opened, and in the flood of light streaming out Oliver saw a slight girlish figure peering into the darkness.

"What is it, Louis? Not Monsieur de Restaud? Is—is he hurt?"

"Only a tramp. Go back into the house," called the man, rudely.

A fat little woman in a cap ran out, seized the girl's arm, and tried to drag her in the door; but the young woman defended her rights vigorously, and, freeing herself, ran down the steps.

"I have entered a romance," thought Craig, advancing to the steps. "After travelling in extremely beaten paths for forty years, I have suddenly achieved an adventure." "I have lost my way," he said, lifting his hat. "I am not a tramp at all, but a neighbor,—even a landed proprietor. I did hope for shelter, but I will only ask a direction——"

"But I don't know any directions, sir, and I wouldn't trust Louis's: he'd like to get any one into trouble. I am thankfully ignorant of this horrid country: I want to be: I hate it. But you must come in and get dry and have your horse rubbed down. What a lovely dog!"

The fat woman, who had descended the steps unobserved, here interposed an objection, clutching the girl's arm tightly, and talking hastily in whispered French that sounded like a prolonged hiss, so great was her agitation.

"Hush up, hag!" said the singular young woman, again freeing herself. "And now do come in for a little while."

She was bareheaded, and wore some kind of a sleazy gown. As the rain was speedily wetting her shoulders, Oliver was forced to go up under the roof of the veranda.

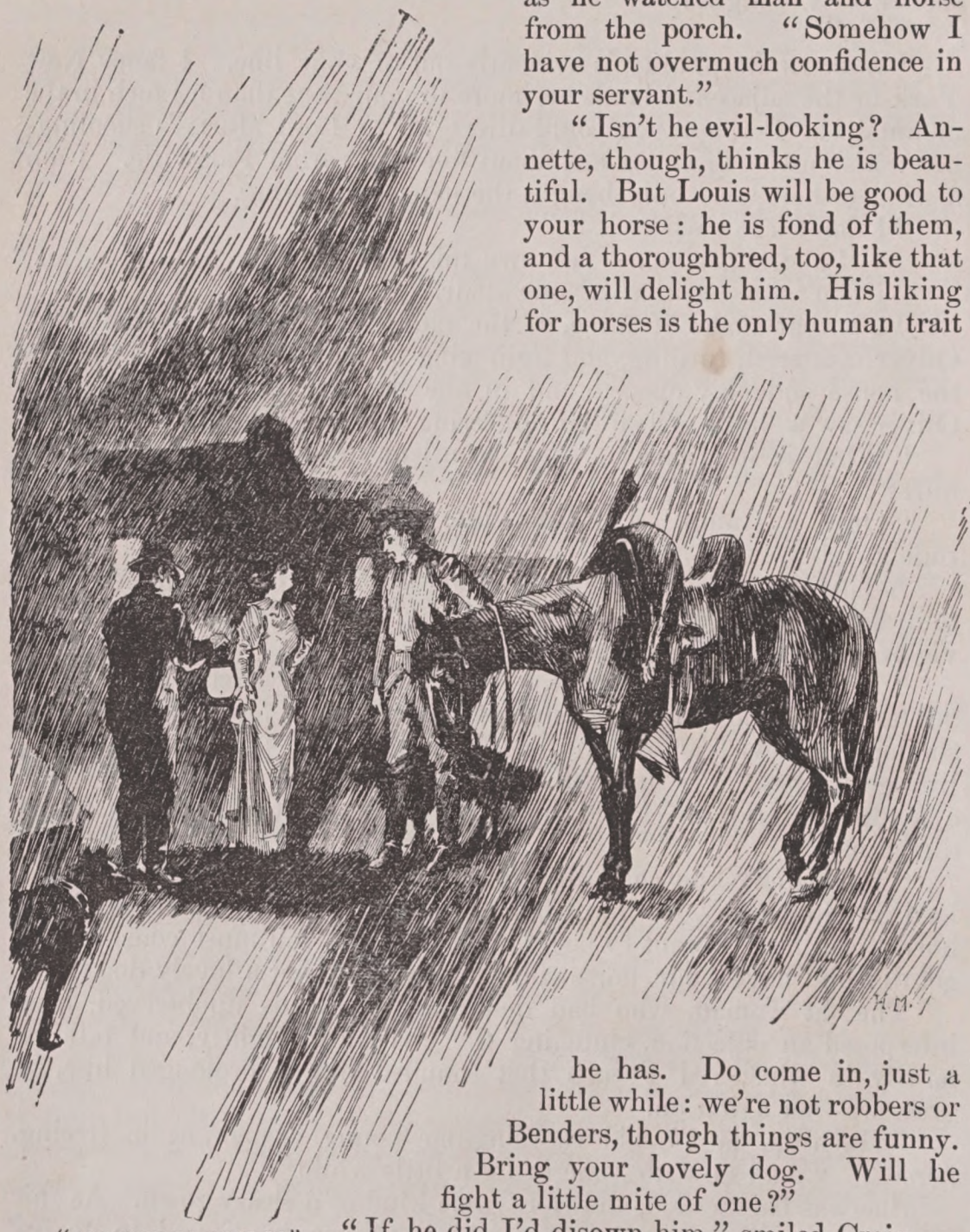
"You needn't be shocked," she went on, merrily, "at what I said to her: she does not know a word of English, and she's gone and won't come any more. Half the fun I have is calling her names and saying things to her she would so like to know.—Louis, take the gentleman's

horse and give her good care. None of your tricks, for Monsieur might this once like to be friendly: you never can tell: he and Lord Morris were. Monsieur can be agreeable, quite lovely, to strangers, if he wants to be."

The man, grumbling to himself, led the mare to the barn.

"I don't fancy leaving her to his mercies," said Oliver, uneasily, as he watched man and horse from the porch. "Somehow I have not overmuch confidence in your servant."

"Isn't he evil-looking? Annette, though, thinks he is beautiful. But Louis will be good to your horse: he is fond of them, and a thoroughbred, too, like that one, will delight him. His liking for horses is the only human trait he has. Do come in, just a little while: we're not robbers or Benders, though things are funny. Bring your lovely dog. Will he fight a little mite of one?"



"AND NOW DO COME IN."

"If he did I'd disown him," smiled Craig.

She stooped and picked up a fluffy Skye terrier, and, holding it in her arms, led the way into a luxuriously-furnished room with piano and fine pictures, a bright open fire, and evidences of travel and culture in bric-à-brac. It was strangely at variance with the wild and lonely country outside, but oddly natural in Colorado.

In the Rockies the unexpected is always happening: a day-laborer is often a college graduate waiting for a stake, or a cowboy may be the son of an earl acquiring experience.

"If we tried to snare travellers," said the young lady, coolly, "Louis would rather hurt our business, his manners are so bad. This is the den of Monsieur de Restaud, who came here to avoid the war with Prussia: he was only a young lad then, but a born coward; and his brother is a colonel in the French army, his father a general. He daren't go back to France. Sit down. Here's a chair for your coat; you will feel better dry. I'll excuse your shirt-sleeves."

Talking all the while, she set a chair for his coat, one for himself near the hearth, and then, kneeling down by the big dog, she put the little one on the floor and proceeded to make them acquainted. Skye instantly became a fluff of growl and fight; but Mac, with an ennuyéed sigh, stretched himself and lay down to rest. He realized he was intruding, but meant to make the best of it in peace. She jumped up, the dog under her arm, and flung a log on the fire.

"There, are you comfortable?" she asked, standing and smiling on him, a lovely flush on her face.

"Delightfully so."

Oliver looked at her in wonder. Was she child or woman? A slight, girlish figure, but beautifully formed, tiny hands and feet, a mass of short reddish curls around her neck, parted smoothly in the middle, hazel eyes with dark lashes, a nose retroussé, piquantly so, and a rose-bud mouth that showed small white teeth of dazzling brilliancy. Her skin was almost unnaturally pale, and a dimple in the left cheek drew attention to its soft roundness. Her gown of yellow China silk clung to her beautiful curves, and the wide ruffle of the yellow around her throat was like the petals of a flower. He looked at her left hand: there was no ring: in fact, all the jewelry she wore was a bunch of silver bangles on her right arm.

"Do you live here?" he asked, lamely, as she knelt again on the rug to pat his dog, Skye in her arms.

Instead of replying, she made her dog sit up on its hind legs and beg,—an accomplishment Skye disliked showing, as he desired to get acquainted with the new dog, and this circus business seemed derogatory to his dignity.

"See!" said the young woman, breathlessly; "isn't he cunning? But he does it much better when there is not company: he never will show off. Can your dog give his paw?"

"I don't think I ever asked him," stammered Oliver, who was thinking what a pretty picture the girl made.

"Well, he is too tired to tease now. Oh," jumping up and standing by the fire, "you asked who I was."

"No: if you lived here."

"Do you think," half sadly, "a person could live here?"

"I—I don't know."

"I do," said the young woman, emphatically. "I have tried it two years and winters, all the long shut-in months. I eat, sleep, breathe, but I don't live. I am called Minny,—christened Minerva, after my

father's ship,—a funny name, that does not suit me. Children ought to be allowed to name themselves: don't you think so?"

"It might be better, but Minny is a pretty name, and," with a smiling glance of admiration, for Oliver liked a pretty woman, "suits delightfully. I was named Peter,—think of that!—but luckily had a middle name. Allow me to introduce myself: Craig Oliver, of Denver, and your neighbor in the valley of the Troublesome."

"I am"—she hesitated a moment and looked at him defiantly—"Mrs. de Restaud. I knew you'd have to know. I put it off on purpose. Now please don't look at me out of the corner of your eye and wonder I am not more dignified and stop being pleasant to me because I am married."

"I don't see," said Oliver, unconsciously becoming more distant, "that your being married makes any difference."

"I am glad; for up here they daren't talk politely to me because of Monsieur: in fact, for weeks I only have Skye to talk to. I know I run on foolishly; but I am like an exile meeting a neighbor from the home country. No gentlemen come here: Lord Morris was not; he might have been once, but liquor changes everybody. Since Aunt Hannah was sent away, six months ago, there has not been a living soul here I even endured. By the way," smiling again, "are you hungry?"

"I breakfasted this morning," answered Oliver.

"Well, I'll get you something to eat. Please let me: it's such fun to have a visitor. And don't you mind if you hear growls from the kitchen."

She ran out before Oliver could object: so he sat and watched his steaming coat, wondering if the proprietor would shoot on sight. He remembered now seeing the "crazy Frenchman," as he was called in the valley, a small, wizened creature, looking as if he took morphine, from his strange color and the unnatural brightness of his eyes. The pity of it! the girl—a child, almost—was his wife. "This is odd," he thought, "an adventure, and Doctor John will never believe a word of it." Unfortunately, Mrs. de Restaud had left the door ajar, and Oliver became painfully aware of her conversation:

"Annette dear,—how I wish the Utes would carry you off! how tired they'd be, though, of their bargain!—let me get that tea. Don't you touch me. Witch! they'd hung you in Salem days. I am getting this for the stranger who looks like a hero out of a book,—a big, broad-shouldered man; not a little, evil thing, like your dear Monsieur or your own pet Louis with his Sing Sing manners. Such a charming stranger, with the kindest smile, and eyes that smile too, and a gentleman like I used to know before I was shut up here. Cat, let the waiter alone! I hate your Monsieur! his own father called him a coward. Oh, wait, my love, until I practise shooting: some day I will put a little round bullet-hole in your lovely cap-frill."

A crash of crockery, the slam of a door, and Mrs. de Restaud came back, flushed and triumphant, with a loaded waiter and a conquering air.

"Cold ham, fresh bread, and tea," she said, setting it on the table.

"It is better than nothing. I have been on a foraging expedition and outgeneralled the enemy. Now do eat. Perhaps you ought to have whiskey; but Monsieur has the keys."

"I have a flask," smiled Oliver, "but this tea is much better."

"I think so. And are things nice, truly?"

"The very best, and how good you can imagine to a man who has fasted since seven this morning. You see, I was bound to have that antelope: I was on his trail the whole day."

"It seems cruel to kill the poor little things," she said, wistfully, "they have such a hard time in the winter, and the elk are so starved then they come down to the corral to eat hay with the cattle. I would like to put hay out for them, but I am not allowed; and, just think, my money has bought this ranch: it was mortgaged for all it was worth,—Monsieur spent everything, you know; but you don't know, and think I am dreadful." She ran to the window and looked out. "You would not mind," she said, anxiously, "hurrying a little? Monsieur ought to be back any moment. If he and his friends have been drinking very much, they are ugly,—especially Monsieur. Oh, I did not mean you should stop."

"I am through," said Oliver, uneasily. "It was very nice indeed; but I am afraid I have made you trouble, will do you harm by being here. You must know where Morris's place is."

"Down the road here somewhere, but I don't know just where. I never was there: it was not a fit place. Don't you think," she went on, feeding his dog scraps from the waiter while she spoke, "that it is funny of me to talk of my husband to strangers?"

"I don't want to be a stranger," said Oliver, gently, "and you know one could not live here without hearing something of—of——"

"The crazy Frenchman."

Oliver put on his coat in silence. The big shepherd dog leaned his beautiful head against the girl's knee while she fed him, and little Skye, quite content with a stray bite now and then, looked on in approval. Oliver thought he would like to take her in his arms, as if she were the child she looked. That pretty little yellow gown, the bright girl's face, with its saddened look, touched him sorely. He was not wont to be interested much in women; those he met were of two classes, and this child was of neither class,—a different being,—a pathetic, haunting one; a child in years, and yet two years a wife, and of such a man. She glanced up and saw his grave face. Her lips quivered.

"Don't think me dreadful," she said, piteously. "I am so lonely, so forsaken, and you brought back the old days. You look so kind, the words just came: I could not help it. Suppose you were me shut up here, my father lost at sea, my mother dead two years ago, and my only friend, my only relation, saying it was my duty" (a sob) "to live here for ever and ever. I wish that you would try to like me, and that I could feel there was somewhere in the world a good man who would be a friend to me and pity me."

He took her little hand in his big one and looked down on her sunny head.

"You are like a little child," he said, softly. "I know your life must be hard; I cannot bear to think of it. I shall be proud and happy to be your friend: I haven't many. When one has lived long in the world he has sorted the wheat from the chaff; and I can count my friends on my fingers,—on one hand, indeed."

"Then let me be the little finger," she said, shyly.

The sound of horses' hoofs outside made her withdraw her hand suddenly, and a frightened look came over her face. Oliver picked up his riding-whip, bit his lower lip, and waited. Mac, with a growl, slunk up to his master's heels. The door was flung rudely open, and a man stepped in the room, so overcome with anger he could at first form no word,—a little man, with a dark evil face, sunken eyes, and long black beard. His corduroy suit was dripping, and the hat he flung on the table soaking wet. He had the air of one who has ridden fast in an evil mood.

"Are you keeping a hotel, Madame de Restaud?" he hissed. "Truly this is a very pleasant surprise for a man."

"The gentleman asked shelter, Henri," the girl said, trembling. "He lost his way, and Louis would not tell him how to find Lord Morris's place."

"You can of course give me the direction," Oliver said, courteously, though his hand clinched the whip-handle tighter. "Lord Morris told me of your hunting-exploits. I thought we should have met before this; but Doctor John and I are unsociable sort of men and don't go about much."

"The road you came, straight down two miles, turn to the left," said De Restaud, coldly. "My man has your mare ready."

"Thanks.—Mrs. de Restaud, you have shown true Western hospitality. I shall always remember it. Good-night."

He could not look at that shrinking figure, with its frightened eyes.

"Good-by," she said, sadly. "I hope you will find your road."

As he closed the door he heard her give a cry of pain, as if she had been rudely seized, and he almost stopped, then went hastily down the steps. He wished one of the ruffians dismounting before the porch would speak to him: he would have liked to silence him. No one spoke, however. Even Louis led the mare up in silence. Oliver looked her over as he mounted, tossed the man a dollar, and said, as he cantered off,—

"I trust you and I will meet again, my civil friend."

The gate was open, so he went easily past all pitfalls, and, the mare being rested, in a short time he saw the light from his own cabin, and with an odd sense of comfort, too. A lost, homeless man is a pitiful object the world over. Mike rushed out to take the mare; he was just going to look for him; the doctor had worried. But Oliver, without a word, went into the house. He went to his cigar-box, lit a cigar, then stood before his own hearth with a queer air of possession. It was just as he thought. There sat Doctor John in that ridiculous flowered dressing-gown and embroidered cap, with his eternal pipe, as unconcerned as possible.

"Back at last, old man?" said Doctor John, cheerily. "We were getting worried about you."

"Thanks," growled Oliver.

"We waited supper," continued the other, a little, elderly man, with bright blue eyes, close-cut gray hair, and long gray beard. "Mike was bound to go for you."

"And you to prevent him," sneered Oliver.

"Well, I did think it nonsense. Where could he look? Let's eat."

"I am not hungry. I had supper."

"Where?"

"At a house," Oliver answered, briefly, as Mike entered with the supper-things. However, he sat down, and found himself eating heartily.

Neither man spoke, Doctor John being used to Oliver's moods. The meal over, they sat before the fire. Oliver took a cigar, while Doctor John lit his pipe.

"I was at the summit of Sisty's Peak to-day," said Oliver, after a long silence.

"Ah?" interrogatively from Doctor John.

"I followed an antelope,—a splendid shot, the best I've had; a big buck."

"Too bad you did not bring it. We're out of meat."

"But I did. I know you." Oliver smiled. "The evidence is on my saddle."

"There's a butcher-shop at Parkville," said Doctor John, meditatively.

"Is there?" said Oliver, indifferently. "I was not that way. I had supper at De Restaud's."

"The crazy Frenchman's? Honestly, Craig?"

"I give you my word. His wife is a sweet little woman."

"They all are to you, my boy. Your weakness. You don't say! —at De Restaud's!" Doctor John smoked awhile over it; "actually got in his house! Why, they say he is the very devil. You were lucky you didn't lose your life instead of your way."

Craig looked into the fire. He thought of the little girl in the yellow gown. How plainly he remembered even the bangles, the Skye terrier, the dimple in her cheek! perhaps he had lost his heart.

II.

Though fifty miles from a railroad, the valley of the Troublesome was well settled by ranchmen, and the little village of Parkville, a few miles from Oliver's cabin, was the meeting-place for a large section of country. Here gathered miners from the distant peaks, prospectors, cowboys and sheep-herders from ranches, with the drift around such a place, gamblers and men with no visible means of support. In the rough mob that congregated in the two saloons at Parkville Oliver often saw the Frenchman. He was generally intoxicated, always the

wildest of the merrymakers. He met him and Louis riding late at night at a mad pace with other vagabonds invited from the town, and he heard of orgies at De Restaud's home that reeked of city slums. Oliver himself never ventured towards De Restaud's house; the road was a private one, and he had no wish to come in contact with the owner. Sometimes he pitied the young wife when he thought of her, but as the days wore on her image faded. He had never mentioned her but the once to Doctor John, yet he hoped before he went away from the Troublesome to see her again. He had promised to be her friend.

Mike had told him the story in the valley was that she had come to Colorado Springs with a consumptive mother, and that the Frenchman, who was more careful then, and boarded at the hotel with them, wormed himself into the mother's confidence to such an extent that on her death-bed she desired to leave her daughter in De Restaud's care and prevailed upon her to be married then. A sentimental little creature like the girl could not refuse; Oliver had an uncomfortable feeling that she would be too easily led. De Restaud had brought his wife to the lonely ranch after her mother's death, and had kept her a prisoner. He was madly jealous of her, his crazed brain imagining all sorts of things she never dreamed of doing. Then it was also thought that, as he had entire control of her money, he kept her away from her friends for fear they might question his guardianship.

Oliver was thinking of her one night two weeks after his strange visit. He was alone by the fire, for Doctor John had gone to see the sick wife of a ranchman: the doctor said he felt the errand hopeless, as the man had told his wife's condition, but if they thought he might help he would go.

"He is a good old chap," Oliver said, aloud. The shepherd dog, thinking the compliment intended for him, gently thumped his tail on the floor. "There's his gown and cap: he'll make a guy of himself because his old landlady made them for him. I wish I had told him more about the girl at that ranch; he might have suggested something. Perhaps she can't get letters to her old aunt. If half the stories I hear are true, she ought never to stay there. The man is crazy."

Mac whined uneasily, and went to the door, standing listening, his head down.

"Watching for the doctor, Mac? He won't be back for hours yet. Hark!"

The dog growled, then barked loudly. There was the sound of hurrying footsteps on the hard ground, and the door was opened without ceremony. In her yellow gown, bareheaded and dust-stained, her little dog held to her breast, De Restaud's wife staggered into the room, her face ghastly in its pallor, her eyes red with weeping, even the dog cowering with fright and pain.

"My God!" cried Oliver, leaping to his feet. "Is he out there?"

"No, no; I am alone."

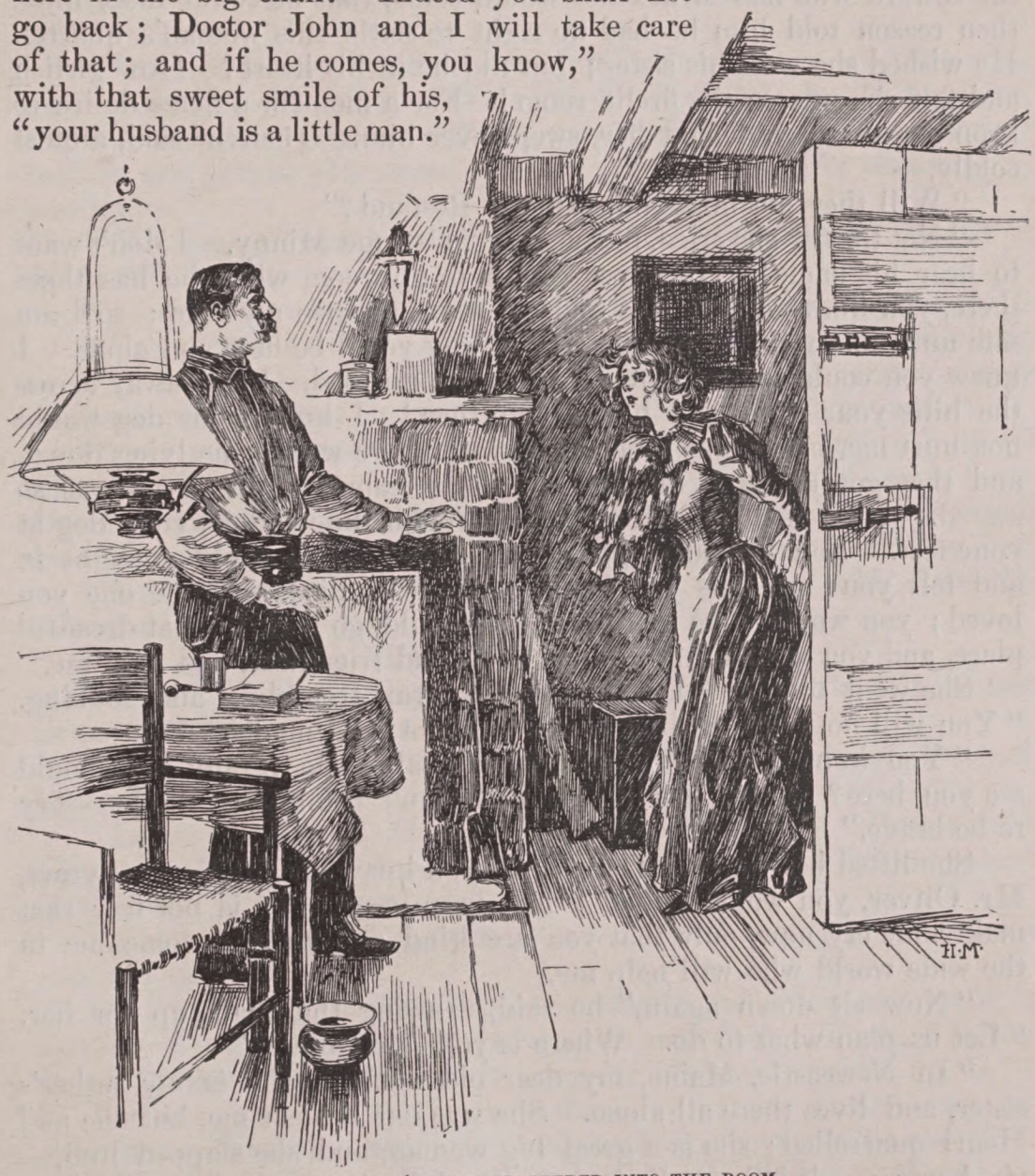
"Child, how could you come here? how could you come?" he cried, vexedly. "Why, he would murder you if he knew."

"Don't send me away!" she screamed, "oh, please, Mr. Oliver! I

thought all the way you were kind and would help me. Look at the marks on my throat; he choked me; and there are welts on my arms, paining me dreadfully; and he—he kicked my dog. I think its leg is broken. Don't mind me. Look at Skye: is he badly hurt?"

Oliver took the shivering little beast in his arms.

"Only bruised," he said, gently; "but you——" He was sick with the horror of it! to strike that child! "You look so ill. Sit here in the big chair. Indeed you shall not go back; Doctor John and I will take care of that; and if he comes, you know," with that sweet smile of his, "your husband is a little man."



DE RESTAUD'S WIFE STAGGERED INTO THE ROOM.

"I don't know what I did," she said, dazedly. "Maybe because I rode my pony down past here, and Louis told him, or Annette. He was drunk and ugly when he struck me and kicked Skye out of the way. Skye tried to bite him, and I interfered. Then I think I fainted, for I woke on my bed all hurt and bewildered. Annette came creeping in, sort of scared, and said he was sorry and had gone off to the village, but I pushed her out and locked the door. When

he came back and they were playing cards I climbed down over the roof and ran here across the fields, not in the road,—a long, dreadful way. Now you seem as if you were sorry I came!" She reached down, lifted her dog to her lap, and hid her face in its coat.

"I only cared for your sake," he answered, softly. When she bent her head he could see the cruel marks on her throat, and she still sobbed as she spoke. Was ever man so placed? He almost wished the coward who had struck her would come, that he could meet him; then reason told him he had no right to settle this woman's quarrel. He wished she were his sister; but did he in his heart? How girlish and fair she was in the firelit room! For a moment a fierce desire to keep her there, to defend her, swept over him. Then he said, almost coldly,—

"Will they not miss you, Mrs. de Restaud?"

"Not that!" she cried, piteously. "Call me Minny. I don't want to hear his name! He never comes to my room when he has them there, you know, and he has told me never to open my door: so I am safe until morning. I prayed all the way you'd be here and alone. I knew you could tell me how to get to the railroad. I saw away across the hills your light, and how I ran then! I knew your dog would not hurt me, but I was afraid of cows; there were some lying down, and they got up as I ran past, and I screamed right out, I was so scared. I watched you sitting here through the window, your dog at your feet. You looked so good and kind, I felt I could go right in and tell you; perhaps you had a sister who died, or some one you loved; you would hate to think they should go back to that dreadful place, and you would think of me alone and friendless, and help me."

She went to him and clung to his arm, trembling and sobbing. "You will not send me back? you will not send me back?"

"You know I will not; but what shall I do, if any one should see you here? Don't cry like that; I can't think what to do. Try to be brave."

She lifted her tear-wet face. "If you knew my life for two years, Mr. Oliver, you would think I had been brave. It is not fear that makes me cry now, only that you are kind and there is some one in the wide world who will help me."

"Now sit down again," he said, drawing the chair up for her. "Let us plan what to do. Where is your aunt now?"

"In Newcastle, Maine, my dear old home. She is my father's sister, and lives there all alone. She was out to visit me, but she and Henri quarrelled; she is a great big woman, and she slapped him,—oh, I was so glad!" vindictively,—"and he just went into fits about it, the insult to the family honor. She thought, though, because I was married I must make the best of things; she's a member of the Orthodox church back there, and they are very particular. I thought you could take me to the railroad and lend me the money to pay my fare; he has all my money, you know, and never gives me any,—for fear, I suppose, I would run away. But Aunt Hannah will pay you: she's awfully honest, but she wants her due to the last farthing; that's New England, you know."

She half smiled, and leaned back in the chair comfortably. The ridiculous dog was fast asleep after his trials. Oliver thought it not unlikely Mrs. de Restaud would take a nap too.

He went swiftly and woke up Mike and sent him for his horses and the buckboard. Mike looked out of the corner of his eye at the young woman; he knew who she was, for he was an observing youth, and he whistled softly to himself while he harnessed the mettlesome horses. Oliver saw the look, and felt the first cold water of the world's criticism.

"Now, the money question need not bother you at all," he said, coming back to her side. "You see, I'm a well-to-do old bachelor, with no demands upon me. When you get to Maine you can send it back or not, just as you please. I owe you something for that supper, you know."

"That supper you had to gobble for fear of Henri? Wasn't it funny?"

"A case of boy and frogs: what was fun to you was death to me."

"You were not afraid a bit," she said, looking up with admiring eyes. "I have thought of you so much since that day, and I always pictured you afraid of nothing and doing all sorts of brave acts."

Oliver had a very uncomfortable feeling that he was decidedly afraid this moment of what the world would say. He could even fancy Doctor John's cool incredulous glance, and his "Craig, haven't you had lessons enough in the past?" and "It's a dangerous path, old boy."

"You are very kind to think of me at all," he said, distantly. "And, now, haven't you a hat?"

"No, nor a shawl. I'll be a queer-looking traveller."

"That Turkish dressing-gown of the doctor's,—could that be used as an ulster?"

"It might, by a lunatic. Perhaps I could play that," she said, hopefully.

"Leave that for me, Mrs. Minny," laughed Oliver: "Doctor John will think after this I need not play it. That cap of his,—he don't look human in it, but you might try——"

"I have been looking at it. Does it do?" putting it coquettishly over her curls.

"Very becoming. You could be eccentric, you know, and prefer to make your own hats; for that has a home-made look. There, I believe he has a shawl. Doctor John is a regular old maid, luckily for us."

He brought her a thick gray shawl, which he draped over her shoulders. It quite covered her, and she looked very small and odd.

"You look like a child in its big sister's clothes," Oliver said, abruptly leaving her. He was not made of iron, and she kept looking at him with happy affectionate eyes. "Haven't you a shawl-pin?"

"How could I, when I had no shawl?" she laughed. "Do you think women are pin-cushions?"

He departed and rummaged around in his room; then he returned in triumph with a diamond scarf-pin.

"Some woman gave me that atrocity: it will do well for the shawl."

"I am glad to take it away because a woman gave it to you. I hate to think of anybody else liking you. Is Doctor John a young man?"

Oliver thought she was either an experienced flirt or the most innocent of young persons, but her liking was so honest and apparent he felt the better for it.

"No, Mrs. Minny: he is an old chap, like me."

"I do not think you old," with a tender glance. "Besides, I'm twenty myself."

He put on his overcoat in silence, and turned out the lamp. "Must the dog go?" he asked, resignedly.

"Of course. I would die without him."

Mike was waiting with the horses. "Where will I be afther tellin' the doctor ye've gone, sor?" he asked, calmly as if a midnight elopement was not unusual.

"Tell him," said Oliver, thoughtfully, "that Mrs. de Restaud came to me for assistance to get to the railroad, and I took her there: there was nothing else to do. He must say nothing if De Restaud comes, and keep him from finding out, if possible, that I helped his wife. I trust to your Irish wit, Mike, to send him away from the cabin in the dark. If I can make it I will be back here by noon to-morrow."

"The greaser livin' foreninst the wather-tank have a good harse, sor," said Mike, as he cautiously released the horses' heads and they started down the road at a gallop.

The night was warm and pleasant; the chinook blew from far sun-warmed plains, and myriads of stars pierced the darkness. The road was fairly good, though seldom travelled, and lay mostly on an incline towards the plains. It took all Oliver's strength to hold the horses, shut in for a day or two and headed for Denver, where they keenly remembered the comforts of oats and a city stable. Mrs. de Restaud as the buckboard swung around often touched him; she caught his arm once with a little cry as they plunged into a hollow; but he talked distantly of her journey, restraining any affectionate confidences on her part with references to the absent Aunt Hannah.

She would go to Colorado Springs; the train passed through there; she had a friend,—a poor woman—well, their washerwoman when she and mamma lived there that winter; and this washerwoman was really a nice lady, who could buy her some proper clothes.

"But the money!" she cried, in dismay. "Have you got any with you?"

They were going up a hill, the horses panting heavily. Oliver took a roll of bills and put them in her hand. As his fingers met hers, every nerve in his frame thrilled.

"This seems a great deal," she said, timidly. "Perhaps Aunt Hannah would not like to pay so much."

"You need not spend it all, Mrs. Minny, then; and, besides, the bills are small: that's what makes them seem so many. Now please put them carefully in your pocket, and don't let the dog chew them."

She laughed merrily. "Of course not, you goose! Oh, this ride is lovely! I never saw horses go so fast. Even if he should follow us you

would not let him take me." She clung to his arm then, but he freed himself gently.

"I have to drive, you know," he said, coldly. He meant to do or say nothing that the whole world should not know, but it was very hard to be distant, she seemed such a child. He felt she cowered away from him at his words, hurt and frightened, but he forced himself to be silent. At last she said, timidly,—

"I know you hate me, and I seem to realize all at once you are almost a stranger; and I have asked of you more than one should even require from an old, old friend."

"Please, Mrs. Minny, don't. I am silent because I'm thinking of your journey, if we should miss the train, if the washerwoman should be dead or moved,—for washerwomen are migratory,—if even Aunt Hannah should fail you."

"But the town will be there, and Mr. Perkins, the dépôt-master, is a neighbor: his wife takes care of Aunt Hannah's cat and parrot when she goes visiting."

"That, of course, alters things."

"The only thing I fear from Aunt Hannah," she said, dubiously, "is a long moral lecture about the duties of married women and their having chosen a path—she says parth; they do down there—and ought to walk in it. She wouldn't let me run away with her."

"Show her your bruises," Oliver said, hoarsely.

"I will; for she told me if he struck me I could come to her; and sometimes, honestly, Mr. Oliver, I used to tease him so he would and I might have my chance."

Oliver whistled softly under his breath: he would not have liked Doctor John to hear that last speech. "You must not tell her," he said, quickly, "about this ride and coming to my house."

"Why not? I would like her to know how good you were."

There was no need, but he slashed his horses angrily; then he said, curtly, "I am sorry you cannot understand. Could you explain it satisfactorily to Mr. de Restaud?"

"How cross you are! and I know you look just as you did when I talked mean about him,— a sort of disgusted impatience. But he is not a reasonable being. Other people may be."

"Would you have gone to those amiable friends of his for assistance to get to the railroad?"

"Of course not. You know that."

"Well, how is the world to know I am any better?"

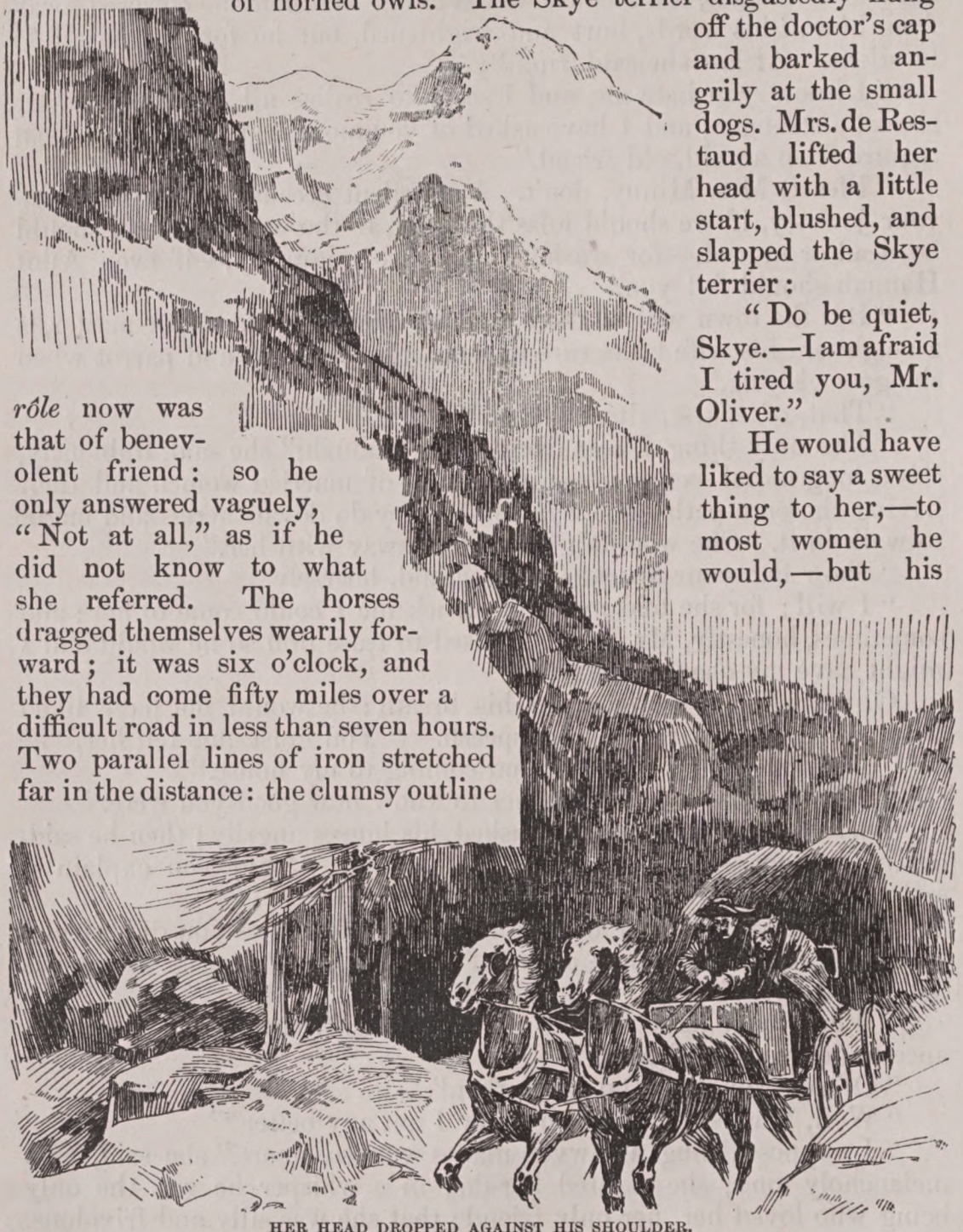
"I suppose being a lawyer makes you so smart," she said, in a melancholy tone; she assured her dog in a whisper he was the only being who loved her, her only friend; that she was silly and frivolous, Aunt Hannah said, and seemed to be a great trouble to mere strangers of good dispositions. Oliver said never a word; a little smile curved his lips, but he did not turn his head. Soon she grew quiet, and her head dropped against his shoulder, the soft wind lifting her curls to blow across his cheek. The dog, ornamented with the doctor's cap, slept in her lap.

Across the level land before them crept the gray glimmer of the

dawn. Rose-colored light flamed in the far east, reflecting on the new snow on distant mountain-peaks. Prairie-dogs hopped out of their holes and sat on their hind legs discussing local politics and happenings, the bill to abolish free rents for rattlesnakes, and the extortions of horned owls. The Skye terrier disgustedly flung off the doctor's cap and barked angrily at the small dogs. Mrs. de Restaud lifted her head with a little start, blushed, and slapped the Skye terrier:

"Do be quiet, Skye.—I am afraid I tired you, Mr. Oliver."

He would have liked to say a sweet thing to her,—to most women he would,—but his *rôle* now was that of benevolent friend: so he only answered vaguely, "Not at all," as if he did not know to what she referred. The horses dragged themselves wearily forward; it was six o'clock, and they had come fifty miles over a difficult road in less than seven hours. Two parallel lines of iron stretched far in the distance: the clumsy outline



HER HEAD DROPPED AGAINST HIS SHOULDER.

of a water-tank loomed up just ahead. The goal was reached, and away in the north a ribbon of smoke outlined on the sky proclaimed the coming train. Oliver lifted Mrs. de Restaud down. Skye rushed madly to the hole of a venturesome prairie-dog who had taken up a residence near the tank and was out enjoying the morning air. The terrier found only a vanishing, and vented his annoyance at this and all the other vagrant

dogs in shrill barks. His mistress was vastly amused: the strangeness of her undertaking had quite gone out of her head.

Oliver, in some concern, gave her advice regarding her journey; he was uncertain of his horses about the train, and had to stand by their heads: so Mrs. Minny frisked about with her dog, entirely confident her difficulties were over.

"You must send me word to Denver when you get to Maine," he said, "and be sure and make no acquaintances on the cars."

"One would think I was just out of boarding-school."

"The primary department," he said, crossly. "I wish you would be reasonable and listen a moment. I shall tell the conductor you are one of a camping-party and your mother is ill at Colorado Springs,—that you had to leave in such a hurry to catch the train you had no time to get ready. If I must tell wrong stories for you, Mrs. Minny, please don't make me out in a lie the first thing."

"How good you are!" she said, softly. "I shall never, never forget what you have done for me. I shall say to myself, Minny, you may be frivolous,—Aunt Hannah says as unstable as water,—but one big handsome man is your friend and always will be."

"Always, Mrs. Minny, to the end of my life."

The rush of the near train terrified his horses almost beyond control, and he was obliged to send her for the conductor when the train stopped for water. The obliging official showed no surprise at Oliver's ingenious story: he was used to camping-parties. He imparted the welcome news that the state-room was vacant,—she could have that,—and accepted two fine cigars.

"My daughter is unused to travelling alone," Oliver said, gravely: "so will you telegraph for a carriage to meet her at the Springs, and see that she gets out at the right place?"

The conductor would be very happy to oblige. Then the young lady asked meekly if a dog, a very little one, might also ride in the state-room.

"He might," said the official, "if hidden under a shawl; for if this precaution is not taken, on the next trip all the women in the train will be bringing along their dogs. And I guess it's time to get aboard."

"Good-by," said Oliver, holding out his hand.

Mrs. Minny picked up her dog; with it under one arm, she took Oliver's hand, reached up, and shamelessly kissed him, a ghost of a kiss touching his cheek.

"Good-by, papa," she called, running to the car, and from the step waved farewell until the train vanished in the distance.

Oliver, as he drove along the road by the track in search of the Mexican who had the good horse, was almost dazed. He could not forget that farewell. He was haunted by the presence of the little lady of the Troublesome. He had not returned the kiss,—well, there was no time,—but how thoughtless, in front of the train! and was there ever another woman like her? He had never seen one. Trying as she was all that long way, could any man have played the *rôle* of honest friend better? "Not even Doctor John," said Oliver.

III.

Monsieur de Restaud looked up from his cards as the chill gray of dawn stole in the window.

"Heavens!" he muttered, "what a night I've had!"

He pushed the chips away, for he had been a heavy loser, and staggered to his feet. He flung the banker at the game a roll of bank-notes and fumbled in his pockets for gold. The villanous faces of his four companions looked sallow and hideous after the long hours. His own head was aching, his mouth dry and parched. He leaned out the window, drinking in the fresh chill air as icy water. The room behind him was foul with cigar-smoke and the smell of dregs of liquor in many glasses.

"Go to bed," he said, wearedly: "you know your rooms. I've played enough, and you're all winners; you ought to be content."

One man muttered about giving him a chance, but De Restaud shook his head impatiently, and they all went away.

"I was ugly to the little girl last night," De Restaud said, half aloud. "What did I do? Odd I can't remember. I wish she would keep away from me when I'm not myself. She has no more sense about some things than a child. I'll go see her."

He tried her door: no sound, not even the angry bark of her inseparable companion.

"I wonder if I killed the dog when I kicked it. Wish I had; but she'd never forgive me. She riding down the road to see that fellow,—thinks of him all the time. I know in my heart she's as innocent as a child about it, just out of school when I married her, but he will think she's like other women and take her nonsense in earnest. A man of the world, evidently. He had better keep out of my way. Those boorish Americans,—he has a fist like a blacksmith."

He went muttering down the corridor to his own room, and flung himself, still dressed, on his bed. The house was silent for hours. Annette in the L went softly about her work, Monsieur was so dreadful if awakened. Louis currying the horses in the corral scarce spoke above a whisper, but taciturnity had become a habit with him. The poultry, however, clucked merrily in the back yard; the gobbler gave his views, and the hens, women-like, cackled about it, while the ducks enjoyed the bonanza of deep mud and pools after the rain. The cows, loath to go upon the hills, huddled near the barns. Annette, round-faced, beady-eyed, neat as a pin, stood in the door, her hands on her hips. She looked with pride on her fowls,—how well the plump darlings repaid her care!—then she glanced across at her husband, ten years her junior,—the beautiful man who had spent her dowry and told her so charmingly he married her for that money, and who had brought her to this wild country. She smiled to herself in satisfaction: in this wilderness no girl could take him away. Those Paris girls were such wretches, brazen things. The ranchers' daughters here, however, were well-behaved; no matter what eyes Louis made, they would have none of him. The young girls of the mountains were

brave and good. How they must suffer, though! for Louis was so fascinating.

"Louis," she called, softly, stepping out on the plank walk, "Madame is not yet awake, nor the little dog. It is a strange silence for them who are usually out so early. You climb up on the roof of the corral and look in her window. She never would open her door to us."

The man hurriedly obeyed. He had been thinking all the morning something was wrong. If she were dead—Monsieur was wilder than common last night, and so hasty: he had been gambling and losing all day. The dog must be dead: he hated Louis, and generally made his appearance at the window early to bark at him. Louis climbed up one of the posts of the roof, crossed, and looked in the open window. Annette watched him, shading her eyes with her hand.

"She is there, Louis?"

He shook his head, and dropped to the ground at her feet. "No: she is gone. The bed hasn't been slept in."

"Heavens!" cried Annette, wringing her hands. "Monsieur will be terrible."

"He ought to kill her, the little cat. You need not pity her: she makes game of you always because you cannot comprehend her English tongue. I must wake Monsieur."

Followed by Annette, who prayed in a whisper, he knocked at Monsieur's door. No answer. Then he went in and shook the sleeper gently.

"Monsieur," he said, tremulously, as De Restaud sat up dazed and haggard-eyed, "I hate to tell you, but I must: Madame is gone."

"Liar!" cried the other, leaping to his feet. "She would not dare. Get my coat. Gone! Where? Who would take her in? Ah, I know. I was not far wrong all the time. It is maddening. Break in her door, Louis: I have no strength."

The man burst the door open with one powerful thrust, and they entered. The pillow was tumbled, an impress of a head, and there was a crumpled handkerchief still damp from tears. A little round depression at the foot of the bed showed where the dog had lain. De Restaud looked in her wardrobe. He knew she wore that yellow silk: she persisted in that since the stranger had been there. Her very small shoes were all in a row,—an untidy one at that. She had worn her little bronze slippers. And here, Annette vouched for this, were all her hats and wraps. She had no money, he was sure of that: did not Hannah Patten tell him she had refused to give Minny money, for fear the child might run away and get into trouble? He hated Hannah Patten, but he knew her to be honest. There was one man who would dare aid her,—that stranger, with his cool gray eyes and contemptuous glance. It was all the sense Minny had, to go to this entire stranger for help; and he would help her: was she not young and pretty and a fool? De Restaud was very white now, and oddly cool. He went to his room for his pistols. His friends, awakened by Louis, were looking at the loading of theirs. Annette had hurriedly prepared coffee, which the men drank standing up. Louis brought the horses around.

"Shall I come, monsieur?" he asked, eagerly.

"No; you would be needed if I did not return. You will tell the general. If my suspicions are true, I shall kill that man or be killed myself. But I will be sure; and all of you wait until I tell you to act. I intend to make no mistakes."

The five men galloped down the road in a haze of golden dust. It was eleven o'clock, and Madame de Restaud had been gone as many hours. She had a long start on her way, and they might ride far and fast to find her. Doctor John, in his flowered dressing-gown, but without his embroidered cap, which had mysteriously disappeared, sat before the closed door of the log cabin. He was smoking peacefully, and seemed to regard the five strangely-acting men in the road as a pleasing part of the landscape. De Restaud, leaving his companions some little distance away, rode close to the cabin.

"Mr. Oliver is, of course, within?" he said, politely.

The doctor looked up at the pallid face with its blazing eyes, the working lips, the clinched hand, the frightful controlled passion of the man, and answered, calmly, withdrawing his pipe, "Of course."

"He is alone?"

"I think so. His man is cleaning the guns back of the house."

"Mr. Oliver he sleep very late," hissed the Frenchman, forgetting his English in his wrath and muttering something in his own language.

"He do," said the doctor, ungrammatically, with a twinkle in his eye.

"I must ask you, sir, to wake your friend. I have business with him."

"And I must answer, sir, I am very sorry, but I know his temper, and I do not care to wake my friend. He is not, as your nation say, très aimable, when awakened from slumber."

"I do not come here to quarrel with you," cried the Frenchman, "but with him."

"It would require two to quarrel, Mr. de Restaud, and I am a peaceable man. Therefore I may say I do not wake Mr. Oliver for business."

"It is my belief, old man, you are lying. Oliver is not in your house."

"It is his house: let us at least be correct. Suppose you question his man: he may be willing to wake Mr. Oliver. Or you may settle your business with him.—Mike, Mike, I say."

As the big fellow came around the house, grinning sheepishly, the doctor picked up his book.

"Here, or, as your nation say, voici le hired man. He is yours, monsieur. With your pardon, I will resume my chapter."

He received no answer. De Restaud, seeing Mike had a fine rifle in his hand, went back to the waiting men, and they had a conference which ended in all riding closer to the house.

"Go tell your master Monsieur de Restaud desires to see him," said De Restaud, angrily. "I will endure no impudence. Do as I tell you."

"I'm sorry, sor," said Mike, humbly, "'deed I am, fur I'd loike to

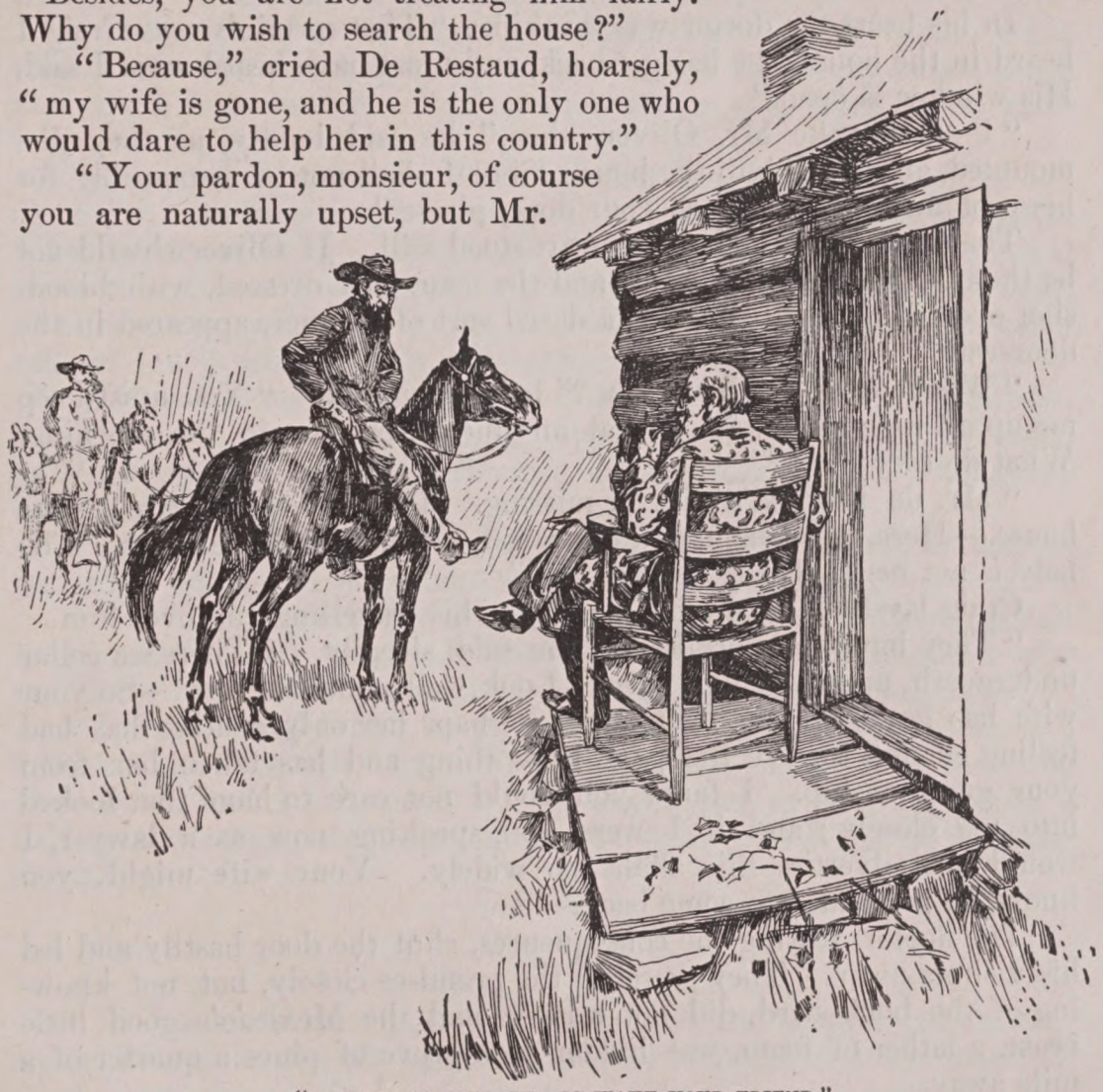
oblige yees, but him an' me set up till late last night waitin' fur the doctor, who'd gone doctorin', an' I was ordered to lit Misther Oliver have his slape. The doctor's the only wan as iver I see as could go widout slape an' appear the fresher fur it."

"Don't lie to me. Stand away. I'll find out if he's in the house. We'll break in the door and search it."

"He might think you robbers and shoot," said the doctor, calmly. "Besides, you are not treating him fairly. Why do you wish to search the house?"

"Because," cried De Restaud, hoarsely, "my wife is gone, and he is the only one who would dare to help her in this country."

"Your pardon, monsieur, of course you are naturally upset, but Mr.



"I MUST ASK YOU, SIR, TO WAKE YOUR FRIEND."

Oliver has only met the lady once; is it not making a story out of nothing?"

"I know her," hissed De Restaud, "and, if he is your friend, he is a blackguard; he is, as I know, the only one about here who would offer to aid her."

"Not the only one," said the little doctor, rising. "I should have been very glad to have helped the young lady escape from your care; any true man would have been. You are rating the settlers here very low, monsieur. Unfortunately, all we hear of you does not point to your making either a happy or a safe home for a good woman. Put up your revolver; I am not at all afraid; the ranchmen here are

friendly to me. Now, if you desire, dismount, and I myself will show you through the house."

"Humph! you've changed all of a sudden," grunted one of the men.

"I have always held," said the doctor, pleasantly, "that a man who could not change an opinion was a bigot. Obstinacy is often ignorance. Your errand being such a serious one has quite convinced me it is not only right but my duty to wake Mr. Oliver."

In his heart the doctor was thinking, "That certainly was Craig I heard in the house; he has got back, and must have heard what I said. His window is open."

"I shall wake Mr. Oliver, then," he said loudly, as they dismounted and went into the house, "but I shall not be responsible for his profanity.—Craig, open your door, please."

The doctor rapped, but his heart stood still. If Oliver should not be there! The bolt shot back, and the man, half dressed, with bloodshot eyes, disordered hair, and a dazed sort of manner, appeared in the door-way.

"What in h— is all the row?" he said, angrily. "You must keep me up all night and wake me at an unearthly hour in the morning. What do they want?"

"Mr. de Restaud's wife is missing. They desire to search your house.—Here, gentlemen, is a camp-bed, a trunk, and one chair. The lady is not here. Shall we keep on?"

Craig lay back on the bed and drew his travelling-rug over him.

"They have my permission," he said, sleepily. "There's a cellar underneath, and one small barn. Look well under the hay.—So your wife has gone, Mr. de Restaud? Perhaps her only relative has had feeling enough to save the poor little thing and has taken her from your guardianship. I fancy you would not care to have that looked into too closely; and if I were you, speaking now as a lawyer, I would not advertise this affair too widely. Your wife might, you know, be persuaded to come back."

The doctor, fearing the consequences, shut the door hastily and led his visitors away. They searched the premises closely, but, not knowing of the buckboard, did not miss it, and the Mexican's good little beast, a lather of foam, was hidden in a grove of pines a quarter of a mile away.

Shortly after his guests had mounted their horses in sulky silence and galloped away, Oliver, newly shaven and carefully dressed, came out in the sunlight. He was ghastly pale, and staggered as he walked.

"I've had Mike make me some coffee," he said, sinking in a chair. "Gad, I'm played out. I wasn't five hours coming back; and I'm a heavy man for the horse. I'd like to own him. I can't sleep: too tired, I suppose. Besides, I was a little worried. Where is our friend?"

"Gone," said the doctor, laconically. "And now, Craig, as questions are in order, where is the Troublesome lady?"

"On her way to Maine, I hope."

"If you are not honest in the matter that man will kill you."

"I have lived long enough on the frontier, Doc, to know that threatened men live long,—are safe. I did help Mrs. de Restaud escape: you'd have done the same. She came with great purple marks on her throat, in a piteous state of terror. She is as innocent as a child, utterly ignorant of the world. Only such a woman would have stayed here so long. Any ranchman here with daughters of his own would have helped her. They know what he is, and they are chivalrous men. She came to me because—because——"

"Craig, it's the old story. I don't doubt you're in the right this time,—I'd have helped her too,—but you had to say sweet things and make love to her. You needn't shake your head: you can't help it."

"On my honor, Doctor John, all that long way I thought of her as of my own little sister sleeping in the old graveyard of the village I left twenty years ago. The man who remembers a child sister would have thought only of her, of the purest things, with little Minny. She has your embroidered cap, old chap, and you will treasure it as a relic of lovely women if ever she returns the loan."

"But you're not a married man, Craig," said the doctor, plaintively, "and women can be aggravating, especially little ones with red hair, as Mike says she's got. There must be something on the Frenchman's side."

"Lunacy. There is my coffee at last. We'll go for elk to-morrow instead of to-day: I hear there are some on Sisty's Peak."

"But, Craig," said the doctor, as the other stretched out his tall length and walked wearily to the house, "there's the Mexican who will bring back your team and whose horse you had: he might tell."

"I have bought him at a good price," said Oliver, carelessly. "Still, if he does tell, if the Frenchman pays more, why, then the Frenchman and I will settle it. If one is put to sleep to-day or a half-century hence, what matters it? I like life, but I am not shirking death."

IV.

"If I ever become poor and friendless, and should be walking along the streets of a city about six o'clock at night and the smell of fried onions were wafted towards me, I should become a criminal. I would steal," said Doctor John, firmly, "so that I also might have them."

"Rather a lowly taste," said Oliver, lazily. They had been to the top of Sisty's Peak for elk all that day, but found no sign of one, only a young antelope, the chops of which, with the fried onions, Mike was cooking for supper.

The doctor, radiant in his flowered dressing-gown, but, alas, minus his beautifully-embroidered cap, stirred the tobacco in his pipe and leaned comfortably back in his chair.

"Don't scorn onions, Craig. I know you better. Here in this desolate region, miles away from women-kind, you positively revel in 'em."

"Women-kind?" Oliver asked, vaguely.

"The vegetable, fortunately. Your thirst for tobacco, your senseless haste to return to Denver, your restlessness, are bad signs. Eve entered our paradise, and back we go to civilization to-morrow because we expect a letter from her. I shall prescribe for your case a dose of moral reflections, with references to celebrated cases of the sort I have heard you discuss with disgust."

"How far imagination will carry a man!—almost to idiocy!" murmured Oliver.

"The question," continued the doctor, plaintively, as if he had not heard, "is, what are you going to do? You meant well: I should have no doubt assisted the Troublesome lady,—not driving so far or so fast, perhaps. But your honest Mexican accomplice rode his 'gooda beasta' to Parkville last night, and he and the well-mannered Louis were amiably intoxicated together. Monsieur is probably well informed of all that took place."

"Which was little enough. I would have told him; but I had no desire to quarrel with him, or perhaps fight a ridiculous French duel over a young woman I had only seen twice, and both of us duellists possibly landed in jail for breaking the peace by some sagacious sheriff."

"I would not go your bail, either, my friend," smiled Doctor John. "I would like to see you shut up awhile: you've sent enough to prison walls in your time. If I don't mistake,—passers are few this lonely way, and his horse was a roan,—here comes the Mexican and his 'gooda beasta,' also a nondescript creature following, who I hope is not the Troublesome lady returning."

"Your judgment in matters pertaining to female kind is not accurate," said Oliver, who had jumped up anxiously at the doctor's words. "This is an elderly, gaunt, and tall female, and she sits that mule as gingerly as if he were liable to go out from under her any moment. Do you know, I half believe that is Aunt Hannah."

"Didn't know you had relatives," said the doctor, following Oliver to the road.

"I haven't. Mrs. Minny has; and if the old lady is seeking her, where is the young lady, and what kind of a difficulty have I got myself into? She looks warlike enough."

"I have brought ze-a lady from ze railroa," said the Mexican, obsequiously. "She com-a Monsieur de Restaud. He sent-a here for Madame."

"So you told him I had taken her to the train?" Oliver said, quickly, a dangerous light in his gray eyes. "You were a fool. I shall come here again, and I can pay more than the Frenchman. I would even have bought that horse of yours at your most exorbitant price."

"You haf not enough mon-nay for to buy my horse, señor. He is one race-horse. He haf win grand mon-nay for me. I leaf ze lady with you: my mule he tire: she yell all ze way and bump zeround."

While he spoke, the old lady, with more haste than elegance, slid to the ground, unfastened a carpet-bag tied to the saddle, straightened her black alpaca skirt, and delivered a five-dollar bill to her guide.

"All you'll git," she said, in a high-pitched nasal voice, "if you talk lingo forever. I ain't to home in a kentry where my native tongue is butchered as you do it, and that's all I'll pay you, if you talk balderdash all night."

"Si, señora," gasped the Mexican.

"Yis, I do see; and I've a mind to report your insolence to the authorities, for that 'see' is all I've got out of you the whole way. And if we ain't leagued over unprofitable meaders and everlasting hills

"THE MEXICAN AND HIS 'GOODA BEASTA,' ALSO A NONDESCRIPT CREATURE FOLLOWING."

this day, and barren wastes, to last me till I die. When I git back East I'll hate to look at the settin' sun, for getting reminded of this journey an' Minny's misfortunes here. Now, he being gone, misters," she said, abruptly, as Juan rode rapidly away,—"that Warn, as he calls himself,—which of you is the man that made the mischief in my nephew by marriage's family?"

It was rather an embarrassing question. The doctor politely requested that she sit down and rest, as she seemed much flurried, and

they could talk more comfortably. After a sharp glance at him, she consented, sitting carefully in a chair with a groan. She was a tall, raw-boned woman, flat as an ironing-board, tanned and wrinkled, with strong features, a mass of untidy gray hair, and handsome blue eyes with a sly twinkle in them as if she could see a joke and make one too. Somehow the barren life of New England brings wit and pathos to the surface, of the first the dryest, quaintest sort, as of the other the saddest and most hopeless. Her ungloved hands were work-worn and large-knuckled, hands of that pride of the village, a good housekeeper and one who has flowers in summer of her own tending. She pushed an unstable bonnet she wore back on her head, and looked at Oliver severely.

As she seemed to know, he said, abjectly, "I helped Mrs. de Restaud get to the railroad."

"I didn't need no telling," she answered, promptly. "I'm clean beat out. I never rode on an animal before of any sort or kind. I've got real rheumatic pains in my back and shoulders. It is hard for a woman at my age to have to gallivate over an onsettled country hunting a connection."

"Here are some cushions," said Doctor John, coming out, his arms full. "Those chairs are uncomfortable. Now, isn't that better?"

"Yis. I suppose I'll eat my meals off the mantel-piece for a week. Now, you being old and settled-like, why couldn't you have helped Minny?"

"Because I was not here. Object to smoking?"

"No, land sakes, no; keep the skeeters off, if they be any that kin git a living up here."

"Now, this is cosey," continued the doctor, lighting his pipe. Oliver sat down near them. "You see, I was called off to a sick woman, and she died,—poor soul."

"Of what?" asked the new-comer, eagerly, all curiosity.

"I should say homesickness if I told the truth, but I called it mountain fever. Well, she was dying, you know, and here, as Craig is sitting alone over the fire, comes a little lady in a yellow silk gown (Mike told me, Craig; you needn't think you've been talking in your sleep). On her white neck are big ugly bruises, welts from a whip are on her arms, and the little dog she brings with her has been brutally kicked. She throws herself at Craig's feet, and begs him to save her——"

"You don't never tell me that evil little foreigner dared strike Minny Patten!" cried the old lady. "Oh, I'd like to git my hands on him! All her mother's fault,—always taking up with strangers."

"Any man would have helped her," said Oliver; then he went on and told what he did, and how he left her safely at the train: he omitted her eccentric farewell,—possibly because he had forgotten it.

"The poor little bird," sobbed the old woman, "my dead brother's child; and what a man he was!—marster of a ship at nineteen; and here's his Minny he idolized living in nowheres-land with a crazy Frenchman. I put up with him for months when I visited here, for her sake; but one day,—the Pattens is all quick, on my mother's side

I'm a Knox, and hist'ry tells what he was,—and I slapped Henry right in the face like he'd been a young one. He set me out the door, and his man hove my trunk after me. Back I had to ride in a springless wagon, and, gitting home, found things going to rack and ruin with the shiftless folks I left taking care of my house. I did advise Minny to stay, though, Mr. Oliver," she said, looking at him with her honest, kindly gaze. "I'm an old-fashioned woman, so I 'lowed it was her duty: she'd made her bed and had to lie on it. You can't never tell me a girl is made to git married in this kentry, whatever it may be in France, an' Minny is awful frivolous. I hain't no liking for men that sympathizes with young wives when they air young an' pretty."

"I should have dragged her back, to be killed the next time," Craig said, coldly.

She rose and held out her hard, wrinkled hand. "I think you done noble by her, Mr. Oliver; and though by your looks you seem to be one of them city bachelors that ain't no good moral characters, I know her own dead father couldn't have done kinder by her. How you rid them miles in that time I can't see, for that Warn an' me set out afore sun-up an' got to the Frenchman's jest turned five o'clock. Now, how much money did you give Minny to frivol away?"

She took out an old leather wallet and began unwinding a strap that held it tight.

"I have no account. Wait until you hear from her."

"I am well-to-do, and Minny's all I've got to leave my property to; so that needn't worry you; and I don't like her being under obligations to strange men. How much did you loan her?"

Oliver looked confused: "I—I don't know; there might have been three hundred dollars in the roll,—perhaps more."

"What!" almost screamed Aunt Hannah. "Heavens to Betsy! you and me won't never set eyes on Minny Patten till every cent of that money is gone. She don't know the value on't. She never had none of her own to spend afore."

"I think she will use it to good advantage," smiled Oliver. "Besides, it is better she has plenty, as she seems to have missed you. How did that happen?"

"I've been away six weeks, visiting connections by marriage in Iowy, an' I was coming here to see how she was treated, for she ain't writ to me for 'most two months, an' he's mean enough to keep her from it. None of the neighbors knowed where I'd went, on account of their curiosity: I told 'em mebbe Floridy, an' boarded up the lower winders in my house."

"Well, the neighbors will take care of her," said the doctor, cheerily. "Here is Mike: so, Miss——"

"Patten,—Hannah Patten."

"There is nothing for you to do but to accept our hospitality,—city bachelors live well, you know,—and to-morrow go down to Denver with us. Mr. Oliver probably has a letter from Mrs. Minny at his office waiting for him, as she promised to let him know if she got home safely."

"I believe I will, and thank you," said Miss Patten, beginning to

smooth down her hair. "The smell of them fried onions struck me all in a heap, for I ain't eat since breakfast, my niece's husband not even offering me a chair to set on, let alone something to eat, and I've got a feeling of goneness that reminds me of one of Cap'n Sam's sea-stories,—Minny's father, you know,—where a shipwrecked crew eat their boots and chewed sticks to keep 'em alive."

"You see," smiled Doctor John, "I was right about our humble vegetable. It appeals to every heart."

"And stomach," said Miss Patten, walking majestically to the house. "It mayn't be proper for me to stop here, but I guess our age protects us."

"Why, certainly," said Doctor John, meekly. "It's in the very air out here to do erratic things, but the neighbors in your town shall never know, I swear it."

V.

A week later Oliver's office-boy, a freckled and red-headed youngster by the name of Sam, changed to Slam by the much-tried clerks, knocked and announced hoarsely, "Lady to see yer." He threw such meaning in the words, his bearing and manner were so full of dark mystery, Oliver almost expected Mrs. de Restaud, instead of Aunt Hannah. No letter had come from the little lady of the Troublesome, and that discourtesy showed she might almost merit her connection's condemnation: it was certainly frivolous to neglect assuring her preserver of her safety. The doctor had been especially unpleasant about it. "You see," he would say, "I told you there were two sides to every story; and the Frenchman may have been a much-enduring man." The office-boy dragged a chair near Oliver's desk, and with a significant look withdrew.

"It's either breach er promise or some feller wot's cheated her on a land deal," he said to the clerks as he shut the door carefully. "I guess there's meat in it; for the boss grinned when he see her."

"I hope you have good news, Miss Patten," Oliver said, eagerly.

"If no news is good, I have," she answered, with a sigh. "I've heard from Mr. Perkins that keeps the dépôt, and he says she ain't been there at all, nor no word come. There wa'n't no mail for me, neither. I seen that woman at Colorado Springs: she says Minny got there all right, and she bought her a plaid ulster, a hat, and some other things, and Minny and the dog went by train the next day, and Minny promised to write to her, but hadn't. The only one that knowed anything down here was the ticket-seller, who remembered her and said he sold her a ticket for Chicago. She must have been afraid her husband would ask. He said lots of the conductors were discharged about that time, and that was why, most like, all I interviewed hadn't set eyes on her."

"Still, it is almost impossible for a girl to be lost travelling nowadays. She probably took elaborate precautions, for fear De Restaud would follow her; but if the dog went along she will be found easy enough."

"I am, as you folks say out here," said Miss Patten, grimly, "going on the trail, and shall watch out most for the dog, which I know she'll drag around with her. I don't doubt but I shall find her when that money's gone, Mr. Oliver: as I told you, she would not appear until it was all spent. I think it's my dooty to pay you now."

"Don't you think it would be better to let her settle her own accounts? She must be taught the value of money someway; and when you find her, if she is determined not to go back to her husband you should institute a suit to make him account for her property. They told me up in the mountains he was getting rid of it rapidly."

"I hain't in general," sighed Miss Patten, "much liking for lawing: folks gits in jest as rats in a trap, and there ain't much of a property left when they git out,—asking your pardon for being plain-spoken, for I always speak my mind."

"You are a little severe on us," he laughed; "but I should be happy to advise you in any way, and to recommend a young lawyer I know here who would do well for you. Of course under the circumstances I myself could do nothing."

"I understand; and, Mr. Oliver, I'll apologize again. Till I see that woman to the Springs I did half think you knowed where Minny was; the doctor's joking and your being a city bachelor, you know, sot me ag'in' you; but here's my hand in friendship, and I'll send you word if I find Minny."

"Thank you. I shall be glad to know she is safe; for sometimes I think I may have done wrong in helping her that night."

"You done right, Mr. Oliver; and if she should come to you again,—as she might, having no sense of propriety,—you telegraph me to Newcastle, Maine, and send her straight home to me. I'm going to travel a bit afore I go home. On account of taking care of pa and ma in their old age, I ain't seen much of the world. I cal'late even to stop awhile in New York, for there was a Blinn there that married a Blake, and I'll board with her. Now remember, Mr. Oliver, she is a little young thing, and you're old enough, I take it, to be her father, and the world is a censorious place. She shan't go back to him, I'm resolved on that; and being a divorced woman is bad enough in the world, without giving no other reasons for talk."

"You can trust me," he said, soberly; and after she was gone he sat long in thought. He wanted the good opinion of that grim, honest old maid. She was as unbending as her own granite hills, as stern and bleak to a world of easy-goers. He imagined duty ruled her always: a wicked thought crept in then,—how poorly duty had rewarded her! mentally and physically angular and hard, ruled with an iron rod of conscience. Yet the soft little creatures of curves and beauty like her ungrateful niece knew nothing of conscience or duty, and the world loved them and gave them its best.

Sam, after a discreet knock, put in his tousled head. "Perlice to see yer, sir," he said, breathlessly.

"What?"

"Perlice from City Hall."

Oliver went hastily to the outer office. Could she be in their

hands? What new horror was the Troublesome lady to endure? Or was this some freak of the Frenchman's? he was capable of any meanness. The two clerks were looking sideways at the brawny man in blue, but Sam gazed in open-mouthed admiration. Going to fires, he felt some days he must be a fireman; the longing was intense as engines sped by at lightning speed; but in a row or a deed of mystery how necessary the police, how high their positions, what chances for seeing things and driving the crowd, principally small boys, away!

"Sorry to trouble you, sir," said the man, awkwardly, "but the old lady said you was to be sent for, as you could testify to the bad character of the man in charge."

"What old lady?" asked Oliver, sharply, much annoyed at the matter.

"Name Patten, I think,—a big woman, considerable thin. She come from your office, she said, and had noticed for days a black-looking man a-following her, and she sees him waiting for her in the street. So she strolls, careless-like, towards the City Hall, sir; right near she sees he's still after her, and she turns and grabs him and runs him in herself, as neat as any of the force could 'a' done."

"You don't know the man?"

"His face ain't in the gallery, sir," as if in apology, "but it's black and ugly enough to be, I'll say that for him. She tumbled the man down the steps right in the Chief's room, and he sent me here. She wanted the man arrested for a suspicious character: so the Chief sent me to get your testimony."

"I'll go down at once," said Oliver, picking up his hat. "I fancy I know the man."

"I'll walk behind, sir," said the policeman, politely, "for seeing me walking with you in the direction of the lock-up your friends might think you was being run in."

At the station, as he suspected, Oliver saw the man was Louis, De Restaud's servant, and black and ugly he was, swearing to himself in French, but refusing to answer any questions. Oliver had seen master and man the past few days in Denver, and knew he himself was under their surveillance. He told the Chief that Miss Patten was justified in her proceeding: the man had a bad reputation in the North Park, and had certainly been acting in a suspicious manner; the past week he had seen him watching about the streets. The Chief admitted the man was not handsome, might have acted oddly, but there must be some charge brought against him. Was the lady willing to go into court and swear she had fears of her life from this man Louis's hands?

"Me," said Miss Patten, majestically, "afeard of that raskill? Not a mite. But I won't have him trailing of me around, and if the perlice can't stop it my umbrella will: so there! I won't go into no court-room for it, either."

"Suppose you search the man," said Oliver, smiling. "I will make a charge against him of carrying concealed weapons."

Louis resisted, with frightful profanity, but the search was made, and the result was a loaded revolver and an ugly knife.

"A greaser outfit," said a stalwart policeman.

"You can keep him in jail a day or two on this charge," continued Oliver, "to give Miss Patten a chance to leave the city. I tell you on my own account, knowing the man up at my shooting-place, he is a dangerous character. I had an encounter with him once, and found him an unpleasant person to deal with."

"GRABS HIM AND RUNS HIM IN HERSELF."

The exasperated Frenchman was led away, breathing curses and defiance. In Oliver's gray eyes was a smile of malice that Louis well understood. He had paid up that rudeness, and the accounts were squared. There would be a debt still when Louis was free again: the man who laughs last laughs best. Just now Oliver was decidedly amused.

"I'm obliged to you, perlice," said Miss Patten, rising, and pinning her shawl, "but I don't want you to think as I was in any mortal fear of De Restaud's hired man. I wa'n't; for if I can't fight men with their own weapons of strength I can outwit 'em.—Good-by, Mr. Oliver; I'm sorry my family has brought you so much trouble, but I cal'late from now on you've heered the last of us."

As days lengthened into weeks, and weeks into months, without a word from Hannah Patten or her erratic niece, Oliver felt the force of her remark. He was hurt and angry. At least they might have sent him word. De Restaud found his missing servant on the chain-gang after two days' incarceration in the city bastile. The master blustered a good deal, but finally yielded to reason: certainly there was a law against a man's being a walking arsenal. Oliver, conscious that threatened men live long, went calmly about his business, often meeting De Restaud, but neither spoke.

Doctor John frequently discussed the whereabouts of the "Troublesome lady," as he always called her, but Oliver seldom spoke of her. If, however, a fluffy Skye terrier ran up to him in the street, he would look around eagerly, and sometimes a wave of color would flood his face, while his heart quickened. If something had happened to her on the long journey could he ever forgive himself? He owned, with a sense of anger, she was senselessly innocent and strangely familiar: no doubt she had told her story to everybody on the train who would listen.

One June day the doctor came into his friend's office in a jaunty gray suit with immaculate creases and a general air of fashion and newness quite dazzling.

"You must be going to be married," laughed Oliver. "Why this state?"

"A trip East, my boy. I want to breathe the fogs of my native State. My lungs are shrivelled up. You never suspected I was born in Skowhegan, Maine; I never told you, it would have been such a background for feeble jokes. Besides, what man would want to say he was born in a place called Skowhegan? I had to be born somewhere, though, and Colorado is too young for me. The Achorns are an old family in Maine, and, though some of us call it Ach-orns, I like the old way. Please, your joke now,—great oaks from little acorns grow."

"I'm too startled, too dazed by your decision. You haven't been East in fifteen years, to my knowledge."

"Never too late to mend. Besides, I'm going to Newcastle. I would like to see how the Troublesome lady is, and her aunt. I like the aunt,—good old New-England kind, honest as the day, narrow, perhaps, but solid worth. In another generation those old maids will be as extinct as the dodo."

"It does not seem to me the proper thing to call on them when neither has sent us any word."

"That's Aunt Hannah, bless her good heart," smiled the doctor. "She looks on you with suspicion, Craig, for Mrs. Minny is a married woman, and down in Maine a married woman goes into her tomb

when the service is over. Young girls may go to dances and other village jollifications, but a married woman's place is at home, doing the Napoleon act and raising citizens. I like that law, too: it saves lots of trouble."

"Perhaps; but, remember, Maine is prolific in divorce cases."

"Well, they live too shut in, folks do down there, and they are all opinionated and strong characters. I'll write you from Newcastle, at all events."

This Doctor John did after a month. The letter brought a sense of uneasiness to Oliver, and the conviction that, with the best intentions in the world, he had done a great wrong. Mrs. Minny had never been heard from. Miss Patten had been at home some weeks at a time during the winter and spring, but would go off again, "wandering-like," Mr. Perkins said, and seemed not right in her mind. Mrs. Perkins took care of the cat and parrot, and she too affirmed that Miss Patten was queer and that she had remarked "it was wrong for dumb beasts and birds to be housed when her own dear niece—her only connection—was a homeless wanderer on the face of the earth."

Mr. de Restaud had also visited Newcastle and interviewed the dépôt-master, but he got no satisfaction, for Mr. Perkins told Doctor John "he'd knowed Minny Patten from the time she was a little girl, when she played with his little dead Janie Ann, and he wasn't going to tell a black-looking foreigner where she was if he knowed," and he took much pleasure in mystifying the infuriated husband.

"Dear Craig," the letter ended, "I think I am getting senile, for I begin to doubt my best friend. Do you know where Mrs. Minny is, and have you known all the time? I believe you (until I know to the contrary) an honorable man. I shall think you a scoundrel if my suspicions should be verified. At least make Mrs. de Restaud write to that poor distracted aunt wandering about the world looking for her. It is like uprooting a plant to tear an old woman away from her home."

Oliver wrote a few lines in reply:

"You had better return before paresis sets in: you will be kindly cared for here. Soberly speaking, if I were the man you suggest, I ought to be in the penitentiary. I assure you I know nothing of Mrs. de Restaud: I have never heard from her; and the fact that I assisted in sending such an irresponsible young person adrift in the world will always be a worriment to me."

So there were many hearts to be lightened by Mrs. Minny's appearance; but of this she had no knowledge. Her lightest moments would have been saddened if she could have seen a gaunt old woman overcoming a shuddering horror in some great city and then venturing timidly to see a dead face in the morgue,—an unknown, young and beautiful, found dead. Nor would Mrs. Minny have known herself as pictured by the trembling lips of that fast-aging old woman,—"the dearest, prettiest little thing, and as innocent as a child." Truly, to disappear in this world is to leave behind a trail of broken hearts and long days of worriment and pain. Sad enough in contrast is to be among the missing with no human being left to care, to ask, and to

be buried in the potter's field,—to have been a bright-eyed baby loved on its mother's breast, hoped for by her fond imagining, dreamed of in the great future, and to be the fulfilment, unclaimed clay.

VI.

When the train in which Doctor John was returning to Denver suddenly stopped at a place where there was only the small brown house of a switchman, the doctor looked out of the window with relief. He thought it very hard that on his first trip across the plains in so many years there should be only stupid people in the car, not a congenial soul to talk with and to compare the present times with the old. Doctor John had crossed the plains in an ox-wagon, and he would so have liked to discuss that voyage with some pioneer or newcomer eager to hear about it. He supposed there was an accident: there had been two stops already about that hot box. A little crowd passed the window carrying something—he could not see what, for those standing around. He craned his neck, his professional instincts aroused.

A worried-looking woman in the door of the brown house seemed to be denying the sufferer entrance with animated gestures and angry shakes of her frowzy head. Three white-haired little children hung to her skirts, and she pointed to them in proof of her assertions. Doctor John half rose as the conductor came in the car.

"Is there a doctor here?" the man said, eagerly. "There's a woman very sick; just taken from the day-coach. That hag out there wouldn't hardly give her shelter."

"What seems to be the matter?" asked Doctor John, briskly.

The conductor hesitated: "Well, sir, she's a young woman, but I think she's married."

The ladies in the car took up their books in disgust. An elderly, portly man in front of Doctor John buried himself behind his newspaper: Doctor John knew him to be a physician.

"I'm a doctor," said Doctor John, gathering up his belongings. "I shall be glad to see what I can do."

"You may be detained over a train," hesitated the official; "and she's evidently poor,—hasn't any baggage."

"I am, fortunately, able to attend to the suffering without having my pay dangled before my eyes to spur me on," growled Doctor John, passing the lady readers with looks of disgust. "Not one of 'em offered even a shawl: and the sick creature I suppose is destitute."

He pushed through the crowd gathered about the house, and dispersed them with very vigorous English. A pleasant-faced young man handed him a roll of bills:

"I collected that in our Pullman. We're not all so heartless as you say."

"So that's you, Jimmy Watson," smiled the doctor. "I ask your pardon; before this I thought you were just a dude. I shall tell your mother there is hope for you."

"Thanks," laughed the younger man. "There's twenty-five dollars. I suppose, though, your fees will gobble it all up."

"To the last cent, Jimmy: that's why I got off the car." He shut the door smartly in the face of the crowd, and, finding the switchman's wife in the small hall, said, severely, "I suppose you call yourself a Christian woman, ma'am."

"There hain't no meeting-house in this forsaken country not for forty mile, jest plains," she said, sourly, "and, having a family of my own, I ain't obliged, if my man do work on the railroad, to take into my house strangers with complaints as may be catching."

"Well, this is, I take it," grinned the doctor, "to your sex."

She smiled a little grimly, and took up her youngest child in a motherly sort of way that pleased the keen observer.

"You've got a kind heart; your tongue runs away with you, that's all. And now do your best for the sick woman. I have plenty of money to pay you."

"I—I put her in my bed," said the woman, shyly. "She's a pretty little thing, and is clean out of her head, but she hain't no wedding-ring."

"Well, she is punished now, poor girl, for her share in the wrong-doing, without you and me saying anything."

"All aboard!" sounded outside. As the train rattled away, Doctor John went softly to the little room where the emigrant woman lay unconscious of this world, so nearly on the threshold of the next.

In the chill gray of early dawn Doctor John came out in the kitchen, where Jonas Macon, the switchman, sat over the fire: he had been forced to sleep in his chair the long night after a day's work. The hospitality of the poor often means personal deprivation.

"Is she goin' to live?" asked the man.

"I hope so. The baby is a fine boy."

"Both on 'em better dead, if what wife thinks of her is true," sighed the man. "As for the boy, if he must grow up and work as I've done, never gittin' no further, he won't thank you for a-savin' of him."

"He may turn out a great man some day; and then," said Doctor John half to himself,—"she is not a common or uneducated woman, the mother,—he may be the better for the story of his birth, strive to rise the higher for it."

"Likely not he won't. Them 'sylum children don't amount to much in general. Takes a mighty smart man to come out of the mud."

"Your wife has done nobly by her," said the doctor. "She has the best heart."

"She is kind," muttered the man, "an' she have stood about everythin' a woman can stan'. I'll git my own breakfust. You tell her to turn in an' sleep with the kids awhile."

The doctor went back to his patient, and Mrs. Macon brought the little flannel bundle out by the stove. Later the children were wild about it. Did the train leave the baby? were they going to have it always? and could they see in the windows of the trains, as they passed, lots of baby faces looking out for mothers to take them?

At night Mrs. Macon woke the doctor, who was taking a nap on the children's bed.

"I think, sir," she said, worriedly, "the little lady is gone out of her head. She's feeling round in the bedclothes for a dog, and calling one pitiful-like."

"I have been a blind fool!" cried the doctor. "I felt all the time I'd ought to know her." He ran to the sick-room, and, luckily, had some quieting medicine in his case. The sufferer, however, resisted long, as she slept sighed, and one tiny hand felt around nervously, while the other, clinched hard in the sheet, resisted all pressure to open it.

The next morning the white-haired children were very quiet; they played a long way from the house, and towards evening Doctor John kept them by him in the kitchen, telling stories. To this day the youngest one looks in vain for a baby to come by train that shall be his own property, an illusion created by the doctor's stories.

"She's asleep," said Mrs. Macon, coming out, "and here's a little purse I found in her pocket. I couldn't get it before, for, loony as she's been all day, she watched me if I went near her things."

A shabby little purse, containing only a five-dollar bill and a card, —Craig Oliver's, with his office address.

"I didn't need this to tell me," said the doctor. "She is a married woman all right, Mrs. Macon: her name is Minny de Restaud, and her people are well-to-do. How she came here I haven't the faintest idea; she disappeared last fall, and her aunt has searched all over the country for her."

In the morning when the doctor went to see his patient he found her conscious, looking with ineffable disdain on the red-faced bundle beside her.

"You're the kind doctor who stayed off the train on account of me," she said, faintly. "You were ever so good, but I'd much rather have just died. She" (with a weak glance at Mrs. Macon) "told me about you."

"Most women would be pleased with that nice little baby."

"Would they?" indifferently. "It has black eyes, and is so ugly. Besides, it has no sense. My dog knew everything."

"Tut! tut!" scolded the doctor: "that is not pretty talk."

"You act like my old-maid aunt."

"Weren't your dog's eyes black too, Mrs. Minny?"

"How did you find my name?" she cried, piteously. "And you can't call me that; for some one I love dearly has that name for me."

"You said it when out of your head," said Doctor John, calmly. "Now go to sleep."

"But I've got lots of things I must attend to about him," looking at the baby curiously. "You see, having him makes me different. I feel I must do things for him I don't want to tell."

"To-night will do."

"I might die."

"You are not in the slightest danger, nor is the boy; and, though you have had your own way a long time,—possibly too long,—you must mind now."

She obediently closed her eyes, and in the late afternoon when Doctor John returned greeted him with a radiant smile.

"I'm quite sure I am going to die," she said, happily, "and you don't know how glad I am. I feel so good and sensible, I know I can't live long. Now I want you to write out legally all about the child and me, how I came here. His name is to be François—French for Francis, you know—de Restaud, after his grandfather, who is a general in France. His father's name is Henri de Restaud. My name, which is funny, is Minerva Patten de Restaud, and my old aunt Hannah Patten, in Newcastle, Maine, has my marriage certificate and all my other papers. She took them away when she visited me up in the valley of the Troublesome. She was afraid my husband might take them from me and say we were not married if he wanted to go back to his people in Paris. I never wanted to see any of them; one member of the family was enough" (with the ghost of a smile); "but the baby has made me see things differently. The family are very rich, and there is only one heir, Henri's older brother's son. Henri said he was sickly, his mother's family being consumptive. That little baby may grow up a man, and he would hate me because I had not looked after his interests. Of course it will seem strange to people in France that I was here without anybody, and that is why I want you and the Macons to witness a legal paper telling all about it."

"I have half a mind to send to Denver for a lawyer," said Doctor John. "If the little boy's claims should ever be disputed,—and they might, you know,—it would be best to have everything right. Besides, the French people are great for documentary evidence, certificates of birth, and such things."

"I suppose you had better," she sighed, lying back on her pillow, "but I hate any more people to know. I've had such a long peaceful time, I am sorry to have to go back to quarrelling."

"Mrs. Minny, before you go to sleep I will tell you something, but you must not ask a question, for you have talked enough. I know all about you. I was Craig Oliver's guest last fall, and I have seen and talked to your aunt Hannah: so you need not think me a stranger, but an old friend eager to serve you."

She caught his hand with her frail little one and turned her face away without speaking. He sat by her until she slept, and he felt, as Oliver had done, that she was a woman child, not a woman, and doubly dear by that clinging helplessness.

A week had Mrs. Minny been sick at the switchman's house when Doctor John telegraphed to Oliver to send a lawyer to the station. He also added, "If Hannah Patten is in Denver, send her along." He had telegraphed to Newcastle and found she was not there.

When by special order the train stopped at the lonely brown house, Doctor John was on the watch. He went daily to the track for papers, having established communication with different conductors. He had received no answer to his message sent the day before, and he surmised that Oliver, with his usual attention to business, had sent a lawyer directly the message was received. The station was only a night and part of a day's ride from Denver. To his surprise and dismay, Oliver

himself stepped down from the train, turned, and assisted a tall lady to descend, a lady much burdened with parcels and carrying a large basket.

There was no chance to speak until the train was gone: then Miss Patten said, calmly,—

"Where is she?"

The doctor pointed to the house. "I must tell her first," he said, in a whisper: "she is still very weak, and the surprise might upset her. Where did you come from?"

"Bosting. I've traced her, but went on to Denver instid, an' was in Mr. Oliver's office when the telegram come. Him being a lawyer, I persuaded him to come too."

While she spoke, the basket in her hand tilted up and down, and a mysterious whine came out of it. Mrs. Minny, wide awake, was being entertained by the white-headed trio: they were discussing whether they would rather have a baby or a dog to play with: they decided in favor of the latter, for they had never had a canine friend, while there was a new baby every year or so: in fact, the oldest girl had a care-worn look on account of her duties as nurse. In the door of the house appeared a white-headed child who called out shrilly,—

"Lady wants to know what's squeaking out here."

"Says she's going to get up and see, if Doctor A-corns don't come and tell her," shrieked a second white-head.

Miss Patten opened the basket, and a fluffy mass of disapproval bounced out, spun around, and made a vicious dash at Miss Patten's ankles, while she stood a statue of patient endurance.

"I'm used to it. He hates the basket," she said, shaking him off. "I can't blame him, for I've fetched him clear from Bosting."

"Says she just knows it's her dorg," yelled the third white-head; and the doctor, with various inane cajolements, coaxed the dog to the house. Luckily, Mrs. Macon removed the infant; for, with a wild bark, Skye leaped on the bed, kissed his mistress's wan face, her hands, uttering joyful little barks, and then, remembering old days, curled himself in a little round heap at her feet, looking at her with affectionate eyes.

"Put the baby down and see if he'll growl," commanded Mrs. Minny.

"You heartless thing!" scolded Doctor John.

Mrs. Macon gingerly laid the baby on the bed. Skye sat up all interest and amazement, then with depressed demeanor slunk to his feet and scuttled over the side of the bed out of the room. How Mrs. Minny laughed! Miss Patten heard her.

"It's many long days since I could laugh," she said, grimly.

"She is only a child," said Oliver. He wished he had not come: he should have sent his clerk.

"Is Aunt Hannah out there?" asked Minny, softly.

"Yes. She brought the dog."

"Is she very, very angry with me?" piteously. "I did not want to be caught and made to go home. I want to tell her, though, if she worried, how sorry I am."

"She can come if you will be quiet and let her do the talking," cautioned Dr. John.

"I'll be good," she answered, eagerly. "You know I do everything you tell me to. What will she think of him?"—with a look of pride at the red-faced bundle. "After that she can never call me frivolous again. Why, she's quite a young thing in experience beside me. Wasn't she good to bring my dog?"

Aunt Hannah meant to be severe and cold, perhaps to speak her mind a little; she had not forgiven the long, anxious months; but the

WITH A SOB SHE GATHERED BOTH TO HER BREAST.

sight of the girl lying there white and frail, the baby in her arms, softened the stern old face, and with a sob she knelt down and gathered both to her breast.

VII.

"Craig," said Doctor John, sitting down on a nail-keg, "why did you come here?"

"Because you sent for a lawyer and for Miss Patten. I connected the mystery with the young lady I had assisted to run away, whose fate has been a good deal of trouble to me ever since. I wanted to help her, if need be. Is she very ill?"

"Getting better fast. It was mad folly to start on a journey sick as she was. I don't blame you, Craig, for that long ride and the risk you ran: she is very winning, this troublesome little lady, and brave too. It is a wonder what a woman can endure, a slight frail creature whose hand you could crush in your fingers."

"But she had," said Oliver, uneasily, "plenty of money, had she not?"

"She was travelling in the day-coach, and has, I think, about five dollars in a shabby little purse. Miss Patten was right when she said we should not see Mrs. Minny until the money you gave her was all gone. Where has she been all these long months? By her finding the dog, Miss Patten probably knows now."

"Yes, and it was as I thought,—something entirely original. Near Boston Mrs. de Restaud got acquainted with an elderly female who ran some sort of a retreat for aged pets, invalid dogs and cats. The idea was so novel Mrs. Minny decided to stop over and see the place. Finding Mrs. Blinn agreeable, and Skye contented in the society of his kind at the retreat, she remained. She met a sailor from Newcastle in the street one day, and he told her Miss Patten had not been home for a long time. So she decided not to write any one, but to remain hidden. One day a few weeks ago she came home from the village much upset, and acted oddly: she had either seen some one or read something in a newspaper, for the village storekeeper saw her poring over one, looking much upset. Two days later, leaving a note containing board for her dog, she disappeared. This Mrs. Blinn, who seems to be a good sort of a person, worried a great deal, looking for her everywhere, and in her search wrote to the postmaster at Newcastle, for she had heard Mrs. Minny speak of having been there. Through that letter Miss Patten found Skye, and then started for Denver."

"She may have seen De Restaud, or that servant of his," mused the doctor. "Well, now you are here,—though I'd much rather a stranger had come,—I want you to draw up a paper setting forth the facts in this case in proper legal phraseology."

"I fail to comprehend just what you mean."

"You see," explained the doctor, "the French people are particular about documents; and between the property of De Restaud's father and this child of Mrs. Minny's there is only a feeble child."

"Mrs. Minny's child?" repeated Oliver.

"Why, of course. Perhaps I had not mentioned it. A nice boy,—healthy, I think, and bound to outlive his cousin across the sea. The little chap born in that poor place, that switchman's hovel, may be the heir of millions. So there must be no flaw in his title or the record of his birth."

"A child, and she here friendless, almost alone." Oliver's face saddened. "Poor little thing!" he muttered, "what a hard world it has been for her!"

"She is sensible about it, too," went on Doctor John. "She wanted me to write for a lawyer and have everything straight."

"Did she suggest sending for me?" asked Oliver, oddly.

The doctor hesitated. "No: she has forgotten you, old boy. Women are not particularly grateful. Then it has been a long time since she saw or heard of you. Your vanity may be hurt, but is it not better that she has forgotten?"

"Undoubtedly," Oliver said, coldly. He went towards the house hurriedly. "A freight-train passes here in a half-hour; I will go on

that: so get your papers ready and have the people here sign their statements. Miss Patten should also get that Mrs. Blinn to give an account of Mrs. de Restaud's stay at her house."

Mrs. Macon cleared the kitchen table and brought pens and ink. Oliver wrote swiftly, comparing his notes with the doctor's remembrance and Mrs. Macon's assertions. Finally she and her husband signed their statements, the doctor his, and then Oliver looked at the clock. How hard that writing had been to him no one ever knew. From the closed door came the murmur of voices,—one that thrilled every nerve and set his heart fast beating. A feeble cry now and then sounded strangely,—the little life that had come in this far-off place and that might mean so much in the future. Outside, the white-headed children played in the sunshine. Skye, liberated from his hideous basket, which he always regarded with terror and plaintive whines, rollicked with them, glad of his freedom. How infinitely painful to record those facts before him, and to think of her as he had seen her first, that child woman in her clinging yellow gown petalled like a flower with its wide ruffle, her glowing hair, her beautiful pathetic eyes! She had gone so far from those days in bitter experience and suffering. Was she changed, grown saddened and old, care-worn with thought?—a calculating woman, forced to be for the child's sake? Odd, in his mental picture of her he could find no place for the child. He could remember her with the little Skye terrier and that childish manner, but as a woman, a mother, never.

Ill, friendless, homeless, no waif of the streets was ever more desolate than she when she stepped off the train at this barren spot, forced to accept the charity of strangers. Her dead father would have risen from his grave could he have known. His every thought, his sister said, had been for little Minny. Well it is the dead do not know.

"How fortunate you were on that train!" Oliver said, suddenly.

Doctor John started. "Me? Yes, it was, and that I should have found our little runaway. I own up I looked for her all the time I was away."

The door opened, and Miss Patten came softly in.

"She is asleep, poor dear," she said, gently. "I guess my eyes is red. I was upset, and she don't seem to think she done any harm in not letting me know where she was, she was so desprit and scared-like."

"When you return to Boston," said Oliver, "have Mrs. Blinn make a statement of Mrs. de Restaud's stay in her house. I must caution you also to be very careful of the marriage certificate and all other papers you may have concerning your niece."

"You can trust me," said Miss Patten, grimly. "I took 'em away from that farm of theirs when I was a-visiting there, and I mean Minny's baby shall have his rights, for he's part Patten, anyway, and would 'a' been my brother Sam's grandson. Sorry I be he ain't alive to see him. Minny says she saw a Bosting paper that offered a reward for her whereabouts or any information concerning her, giving her name right out in the paper, and that was what made her go away from Mrs. Blinn's, who was a kind, good woman, if she is in a foolish busi-

ness; but I don't know why dogs and cats shouldn't be took care of, and folks in Bosting is always running to some new freak. Minny evidently thought Mrs. Blinn would tell on her and get the reward; but Mrs. Blinn said she'd 'a' done by Minny as her own child."

"Was that what made her come West?" asked Doctor John.

"The poor little soul thought it her duty to go to her husband, brute as he is," said Miss Patten, brokenly. "And to think that I said she was frivolous and hadn't no stability! As much grit as I've got, I wouldn't dare go to that wolf's den on the Troublesome and to be in that man's power. I always thought he wa'n't right in his mind. Minny cal'lated on account of the baby he'd be more kind, and for the baby's sake she ought to make up with him."

"WIMMEN DON'T GIT NO CREDIT FOR BEIN' BRAVE."

Oliver drummed idly on the window-sill. Doctor John walked up and down the room, that had grown so still one could hear the ticking of the clock.

"Wimmen," said the switchman, slowly, "don't git no credit for bein' brave and goin' through things 'count of what they thinks is their dooty. My wife thinks it's hern to live here 'count of me, when she left a good home back East. That little woman in there is larnin' the woman natur' of endurin' for a man; but where my wife 'ud live and make comfort outer it, she'd jest lie down an' die a-frettin'."

"You've read her right," said Miss Patten, solemnly, "an' I'm goin' to take her home with me: she ain't goin' no further West, nor to no lone farms in mountain valleys, which was nearly the death of her afore."

Oliver glanced at the clock, then abruptly said good-by. He left no message for Mrs. de Restaud, nor did Miss Patten ask him for one. She was rigid in her ideas of what was proper, and he respected her for it.

"P'r'aps," she hesitated, "you'd like to see the baby. I could fetch him out without waking him."

"No," Oliver smiled: "a city bachelor, as you called me once, Miss Patten, has no interest in infants. I—I think I should be rather afraid of him."

He and the doctor walked up and down beside the track, waiting for the train. The latter had his big pipe, but not his flowered dress-

ing-gown. His embroidered cap was at the retreat for invalid pets. Skye had not chewed it, Mrs. Minny asserted, for she meant to keep it forever, especially now, as he was such a dear man.

"She—she—likes the baby?" Oliver asked, awkwardly, as he lit a cigar.

"I am sorry to say she does not manifest any rapture at all. I think she was more delighted to see her dog. I always have the idea when I see her with young François that she is a little girl playing with her doll. She is afraid of him if he cries, and moans because he has black eyes and looks like the Frenchman."

"Well," said Oliver, smiling sadly, "the chapter is ended. I have turned a page in my life's story. She will be safe and sheltered now, and I delegate to you my position as adviser. In the next elopement Mrs. Minny makes you must be the assistant. There is my train; and so good-by."

Oliver thought the whole affair would pass from his mind, especially as Doctor John on his return said they had gone to Maine and Mrs. Minny had never mentioned him; but one day a month from that time at the switchman's house a letter came to Oliver. He looked at the scrawly superscription, the post-mark Newcastle, and he knew well Hannah Patten did not attempt an Italian hand. He smiled with pleasure: it was good to be remembered after the long silence, and he had braved many dangers for that ungrateful young woman, the worst an encounter with her frenzied husband.

"DEAR MR. OLIVER,—

"To think you were so near and I could not see you! I cried when they told me. I am not going to pay your money back yet until I get my own from Mr. de Restaud. We have put our case in the hands of an old lawyer here who was a college-mate of my dear dead father, and he thinks I ought to get a divorce, and has written to Mr. de Restaud so. We watch the baby closely, for fear Henri will try to steal him. I have never thanked you for helping me run away. How good you were! I think of you often; but Aunt Hannah will never speak of you, and folks here think it is dreadful to be divorced. They say I am she that married a Frenchman—I suppose they think he is from Canada—and is going into the courts to get a separation from him. For no fault of mine I must be disgraced. Even Aunt Hannah admits I never ought to go back to him; it would not be safe.

"I had a nice time at that dogs' home; it was a funny place, with the nicest old dogs and cats. Skye had a grand time. One dog was fifteen years old and had to be fed on gruel. Still, I think taking care of poor animals is better than theosophy and those fads, and Boston does have some real good freaks. I expect some day they will build an old maids' home. You never saw so many old maids as there are there. Mrs. Blinn has seven sisters in one of those Newton towns, —there's an endless chain of them,—and not one of them—the sisters, not the towns—ever had a beau.

"Please do not dislike me, or at the mention of my name put on your haughty look, as you did when I said things offending your nice

sense of what a woman's conversation should be; and write me one little letter to say you are still my good friend. I shall never ask you to help me again; I do not need it: so you will be safe in continuing our acquaintance. Aunt Hannah does not know I have written you. I get too many moral lectures anyway from her, for she says I must educate myself so my son will have a high opinion of me. He does not bother about me, but divides his attention principally in blinking at her and the lamp, with a leaning towards the light. That last is naughty, is it not?

"Always your friend (as the doctor calls me)
"THE TROUBLESOME LADY."

The wound was not healed, Oliver thought bitterly. Why of all women must he care for this one and be so haunted by her memory? Every look of hers, her words, her gestures, the little yellow gown, were as plain to him after a year as if he had seen her but yesterday. He had striven hard to forget, to do his duty. Yet was there harm in writing just a few lines? The narrow path was terribly lonely in life,—not a path that had been his in the past; and yet—and yet she was a child. That stern honest old woman believed in him and trusted to his honor.

While he mused, the shock-headed boy knocked and thrust in his freckled face. "Gent ter see yer," he said, hoarser than usual, for there had been a base-ball match the day before, and he had been excused from duty because his "mudder was sick."

"Show him in," said Oliver, locking the letter in his desk. The last man he expected to see entered the room, shut the door behind him, took a chair, then, with almost a threatening gesture, moved it close to the desk. Henri de Restaud!

VIII.

Oliver wondered if the Frenchman had come to kill him. There was no time to cry out or to move in self-defence. If De Restaud came to murder, he was prepared to do it quickly: up in the valley of the Troublesome he had been called a good shot. A vagrant ray of sunshine filtered in between the slats of the closed blind, resting on a faded spot on the carpet. Oliver idly watched it, while thoughts of his past, the present, the woman who had just written him, went through his mind swifter than ever electricity carried a message.

A lamp lit and bright, a flash, a crash, and darkness. Oliver's fingers tightened on the arm of his chair, his lips quivered. He seemed to be gazing down the unfathomable depths of eternity. The sins of his past came and leered at him; the awful, unanswered question of the centuries, of all recorded time, haunted him: "And afterwards?"

He had heard that madmen quailed at bravery, were deterred from evil purpose by quiet common sense: so he looked steadily at his visitor. What a dreadful creature he had become! Nor was it liquor

alone that had crazed his brain. There is a drug so easy of purchase, so pleasing of effect at first, that insensibly it steals away reason, caution, decency. On the hairy hand of the Frenchman were tiny red dots; and similar dots tattooed all his body. He had not learned to take morphine in the convenient capsules, and his dissipation was attended by a tiny pain like the prick of conscience. He was terribly pale, with the glazed pallor of a corpse, his eyes weirdly bright, his hair, a few months ago untouched by time, streaked with gray. Of all sad drift on the shores of time a human wreck like this is the most dreadful.

"You are surprised to see me," De Restaud said, calmly, but his long thin fingers trembled, showing the agitation he strove to repress.

"I should be glad to assist you in any way," Oliver answered, his voice strangely hoarse, the words coming with difficulty.

"I think you can," said the other, slowly, "for you seem to have influence with her and that old she-dragon, her aunt. I know all about that night, your visit down the railroad. I know I have a son, and for his sake I want you to help me."

"What can I do? Surely you must have a lawyer of your own. I would not undertake your case for any consideration."

"Do not be too hasty, Mr. Oliver. I do not require your services in any legal capacity, but, as you say in this country in your labor difficulties, as an arbitrator. My nephew in France is dead, and my father writes me to come home and bring my wife and child."

"She will never consent," Oliver said, hastily. "Her aunt would not let her go."

"I think a husband has some rights, Mr. Oliver. You see I am very temperate in the matter, though I have cause for anger. Now, my son has a future; my father will make him his heir, for my brother is rich, and, besides, none of us are long-lived. I shall not last long; you see I have failed very fast. I want to go back to my own country and live the few days left, and I—I—want you to help me." He broke down then in a womanish way and took out his handkerchief. Oliver had felt contempt before, it turned to pity now for the shambling creature so wretched in his mental degradation. "I am willing to forgive her the disgrace she has brought upon me," he sobbed, "even that application for divorce. My father will overlook the fact that I married out of my station,—beneath me; though never before would he notice my marriage. The child has made all the difference in the world, and I haven't even been allowed to see him. It is a crime to treat a father so. Even an American court must recognize my rights."

"I have no confidence that you would treat your wife decently if she came back. It would be an unwise experiment," Oliver said, coldly.

"But I give you my word I will. She can have that awful aunt with her always. I will not say three words to either of them. She can have her own house in Paris, or live with my father: only I ask that my child shall be brought back to me and my father shall be his guardian. You can see yourself I am fair and generous in the matter.

There is a great difference between the heir of the De Restaud millions, one of the finest names in France (I know I am not a worthy representative of the family, monsieur), and the child of a divorced woman in that frightful Maine town, where they go to sewing-societies for one pleasure and to prayer-meetings all the week. You know my wife is not fit to bring up a child. How did she act with you? Was that right and proper even in an American young lady, eh?"

"I fail to see anything in the conduct of Mrs. de Restaud that would not stand the most searching investigation," said Oliver. "Your own case would not be so clear; and I warn you an American jury is always on the side of a woman if she is good and has been wronged."

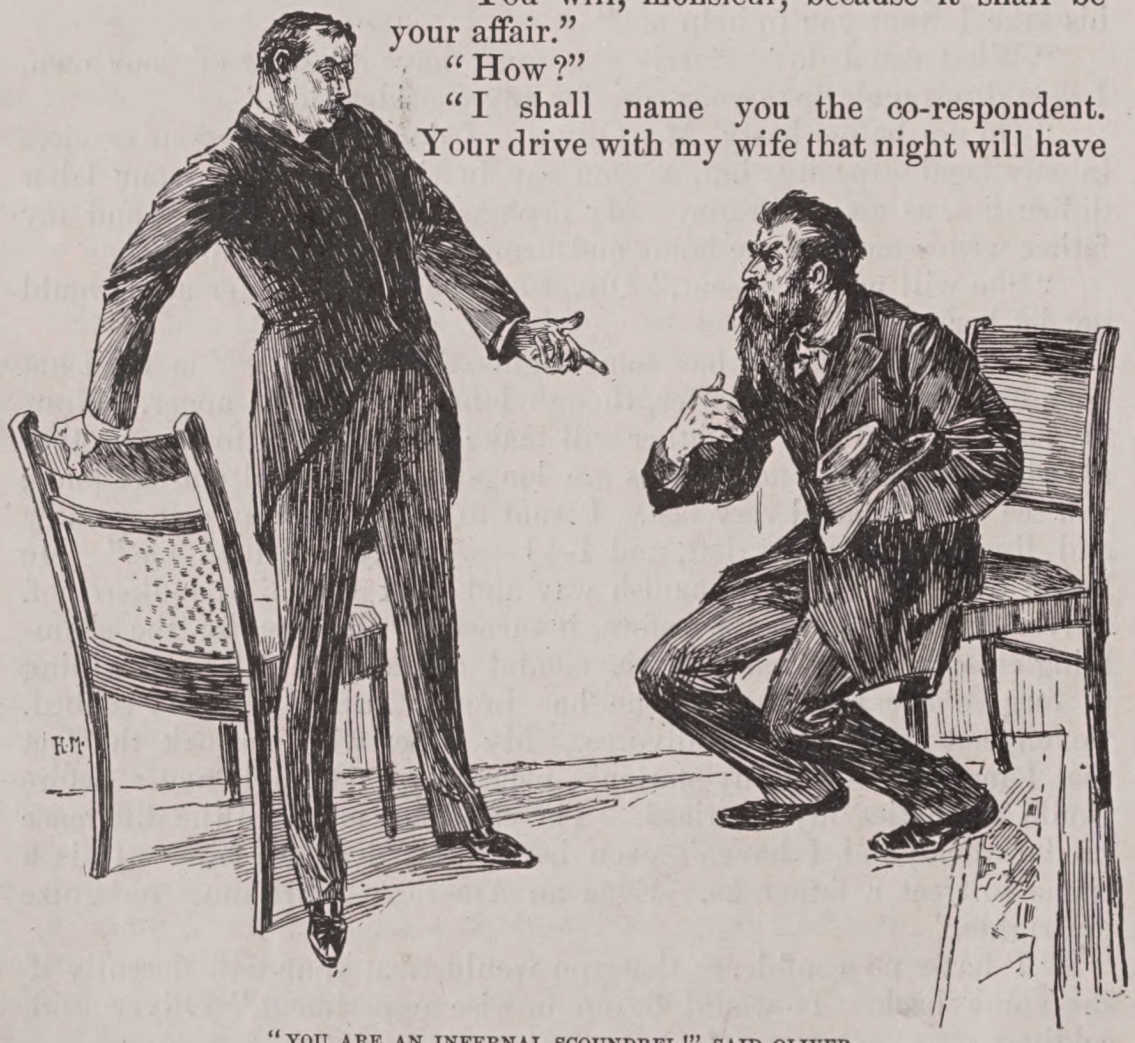
"You are on a very high horse, Mr. Oliver. Perhaps I can assist you to dismount. My wife's lawyer writes me she will sue for a divorce. Very well, so shall I myself."

"Really, Mr. de Restaud, this is none of my affair," cried Oliver, impatiently. "I refuse to listen to you any longer."

"You will, monsieur, because it shall be your affair."

"How?"

"I shall name you the co-respondent. Your drive with my wife that night will have



"YOU ARE AN INFERNAL SCOUNDREL!" SAID OLIVER.

no romance for a jury of sober-minded citizens. Do not be too hasty. I have listened to conversation at a club political here, and I have heard you desire office some time, to be governor of the State. The scandal which you cannot silence will hurt your chances, eh? I find

the world eager to hear such things,—the newpapers of the opposition most anxious to publish ugly stories of an opponent. You have made many enemies in your profession: this will be their opportunity."

"You are an infernal scoundrel!" said Oliver, white to the lips. "If you were anything but a morphine wreck I would throw you out of my office."

"I do not desire quarrel. I am a sick man,—much weaker than I thought." De Restaud paused and wiped his wet forehead, breathing heavily. "This has been a task. You know the consequence: you persuade my wife to come back to me, with the aunt if she desire, but my child, and go to France, or I bring suit for divorce and the custody of my child and tell all the facts."

"It is utter folly," cried Oliver. "What can I do? I have no influence over your wife; I hardly know her; and the aunt will never permit her to return."

"The old lady is strict; she is proud, too; and a young woman who has been through a divorce trial seldom comes out with a good name,—not without reproach. Consider it well, and write Miss Patten what I say. Truly I think my wife has a great fancy for you."

Oliver rose and opened the door: "Mr. de Restaud, I will write you my decision. I really must ask you not to prolong this interview. There is a limit to my forbearance."

De Restaud bowed mockingly. "I shall look for your answer soon. Perhaps the doctor also could influence Mrs. de Restaud. I esteem the doctor: he is an honest man, and has been good to my son."

With a polite bow the Frenchman disappeared, and Oliver went back to his desk. What should he do? what could he do? De Restaud would carry out his threat, there was no doubt of that. And, after all, would it not be better for his wife to return? If the family in France would care for her and the child they would be safe; and most women would look forward to such a bright future. If she refused to come, a trial, the publicity of a court-room, the newspapers, a life-long something to be whispered about her by some one who had heard. How explain that daring drive across country? viewed in the cold light of reason it was a foolish thing; and he, Craig Oliver, must go on the witness-stand and be questioned. A lawyer is a poor witness, and he would be. A man of his age doing such a romantic silly action. Then that story to the conductor. The other side would find him, of course, and perhaps a passenger who had seen Minny's farewell. The whole thing was inexplainable. Then his own past, the life of a wifeless man of the world,—how would the jury of hard-working men view that? They had families and no temptations, and he was rich and had enemies. It was social and political death for him, and he knew it as he sat there, yet he did not write.

A week later Doctor John came in. There was no need of telling him: he had met De Restaud, and had come to see what Oliver would do.

"I have not written her," said Oliver, awkwardly, "except a little note thanking her for her letter. I shall not write what he wanted."

"I have, though," said Doctor John, "both to Mrs. Minny and her aunt. The Frenchman cannot trouble them long, and after a year or so Mrs. Minny will be a Parisian. All I know of Paris and life there is from novels. Gad, I think if they are true Mrs. Minny will be quite at home in France. She likes things different, you know."

"I should be a coward to advise her in this matter," cried Oliver. "I shall have nothing to do with it."

However, after an hour's talk with his sensible old friend he changed his mind and wrote a severely formal letter to Mrs. de Restaud, advising her to return to her husband. Her answer was a piteous appeal. What did he mean? After all that had happened, did he think she should trust herself with a man who every one said was crazy. Doctor John read and shook his head. "She won't come," he said; "but you keep on writing, for the Frenchman means what he says. I see him often as he comes to my office. She need not say three words to him, and her aunt can be with her always until she is safe at his father's."

This was duly written, but the answers both from Miss Patten and her niece were unsatisfactory until a few days before the time set by De Restaud. Oliver, maddened by her disregard of his warning, for he learned De Restaud had his lawyer engaged and the case would be presented, telegraphed her, "Are you coming or not? I beg you will come at once. We cannot face the consequences." He felt like a coward, but what else could he do? Fight with a madman in a court-room? it was horrible. The answer came promptly from Mrs. de Restaud: she would start at once.

Oliver took the telegram and went to find De Restaud. The suit for divorce must be stopped. He had done his part, and there was no need for further anxiety. He drove to Doctor John's office, but the doctor was up in the mountains attending a case, and would not be back for a day or two. He knew where De Restaud lived,—a furnished house he had hired for a few months,—and he drove there. After some delay, Annette, more corpulent than ever, opened the door in response to his ring. She seemed worried and timorous in her manner, and looked at him blankly as he asked her in English if Monsieur was at home. Then Oliver remembered, and tried in imperfect French. She brightened up.

"No, monsieur," she said, eagerly, "he is seldom here; and Louis is always away. I like the farm better. I am alone always, always. Monsieur is so bad, too,—oh, dreadful! even Louis is afraid of him."

Oliver hesitated. The poor soul was even friendly, she was so lonely. Perhaps she was not bad-hearted.

"Do you think it would be safe for Madame to return?" he asked, slowly, recalling each word from an imperfect memory. He repeated it, as she did not comprehend; then her manner changed.

"Oh, monsieur," she cried, in horror, "never, never! He has said he will kill her. He walks all night, sometimes, and raves about her, and looks so dreadful. Louis said he did not like Madame, but,

for the general's sake, she must keep away from Monsieur. There would be a crime; and the De Restauds are so proud. I think Monsieur is quite mad now; and he is so thin; he eats nothing, and some nights there are two men to hold him, he sees such things. I did not like Madame, she was not a French lady, but I wish my worst enemy no such fate as to be here."

"You knew," said Oliver, "there was a baby, a little boy?"

"Yes, monsieur, and I am thankful. Madame may have a good heart: she loved the little dog. I think she would do right to go to France,—to the general; he is a grand man, and now there is no one of the name; little Alphonse in Paris is dead, and his beautiful mother is dying of grief, they write us."

Oliver slipped a dollar in the woman's fat hand. "You are a good soul," he said, kindly. "I trust some day you will be back in France and have a farm of your own."

"Thanks, monsieur,—and the beautiful poultry I had such comfort with in the mountains: it was better there."

He heard the bolts rattle behind him as he went to the waiting carriage. The poor soul was almost a prisoner from her fears. What should he do? Mrs. Minny had started, and he could not reach her by telegraph. He told the driver to go to the different gambling-houses, and at each one he got out and searched for the Frenchman. He was not gambling, the dealers told him, all knowing De Restaud only too well, for the mad Frenchman had been a familiar figure in the night world of Denver for years. At the police station Oliver could learn nothing: De Restaud had evidently bought immunity from arrest. Sick at heart, Oliver gave a description of the object of his search to a detective and went home. In the early morning the man came to his house. He had not found De Restaud, but had learned and told such a story of depravity and vice that Oliver's half-formed purpose became an instant decision.

"You see," the detective said, coolly, "when a gent gits down he's apt to be a sight lower then jest a borned tough; and, as I can learn, this pertikler one has set out to see jest how quick he kin fling away what little life he's got left in him, an' how low he kin git a-doin' it; an' this ain't harf I've learned."

"It is enough," Oliver said, briefly, as he paid and dismissed him. Then he hastily ate breakfast, left directions for his clerks, and took the train for the East. He had written Mrs. de Restaud what road to come to Chicago, for he might wish to telegraph her there, and he reckoned there was yet time to meet her before she took train for Denver. He would tell Miss Patten the whole story and send her and her niece back. He would advise them to go direct to Paris. Annette's advice was good. He was careless never to have thought of it before.

Oliver shuddered at the prospect of the case in court. He would have to endure it if De Restaud would not listen to reason. Perhaps he could keep it out of the papers. But he knew in his heart not: he was well hated. "All for the Troublesome little lady," he sighed. "A pretty mess I got myself into, assisting distressed damsels.

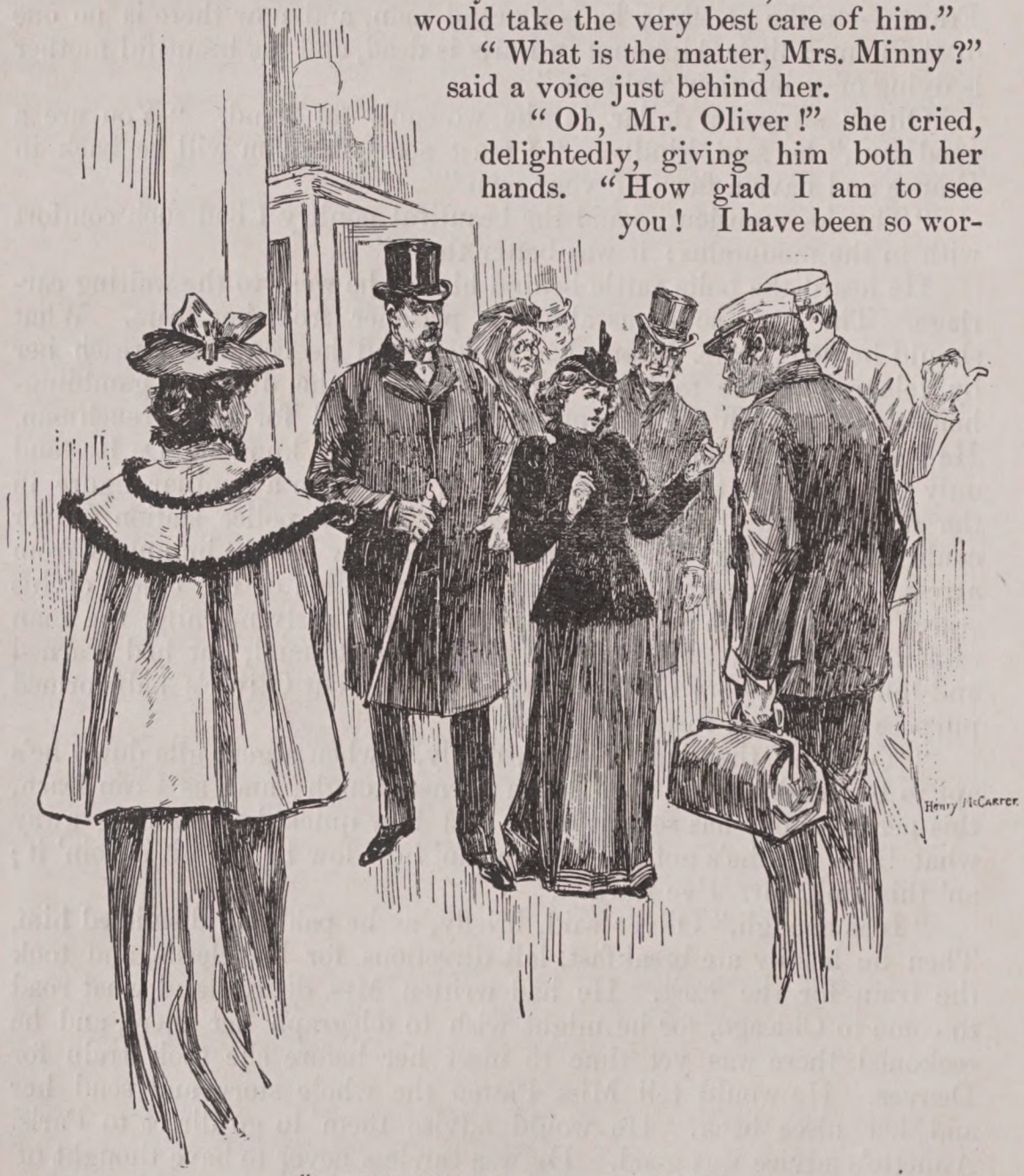
And yet what man situated as I was that night would have done otherwise?"

In the dépôt in Chicago a pretty young woman was frantically searching for a particular baggage-man. She had on a neat blue gown, a seal-skin jacket, and a jaunty hat set over her curls. She was so sweetly pretty that several iron-hearted train-employees were moved to interest and sympathy.

"He was quite short and fat," she said, anxiously, "and Skye really seemed to like him, and he said he would take the very best care of him."

"What is the matter, Mrs. Minny?" said a voice just behind her.

"Oh, Mr. Oliver!" she cried, delightedly, giving him both her hands. "How glad I am to see you! I have been so wor-



"WHAT IS THE MATTER, MRS. MINNY?"

ried! I hate travelling! I can't find the man who has my dog. Oh, there he is!"

A fat baggage-man came along the platform at that moment, dragging a disconsolate mass of wool tied by a disproportionately large rope.

"Oh, thank you ever so much!" Minny beamed on him, hugging the dog in her arms. "Isn't he nice? He knows everything."

"A sight," said the man, pleasantly, "and wasn't no particular trouble."

"Here is my trunk-check," Minny said, giving it to Oliver, "and my satchel is somewhere: in that corner I set it down; it's a wonder I did not lose it. Oh, what a time I've had! Now where shall we go?"

"To find Miss Patten," smiled Oliver, taking the satchel and umbrella, while she followed carrying the dog, and the small audience of train-men looked after her in open approval.

"To find Miss Patten, of course."

"Oh, goodness! I wish we could!" giggled Mrs. Minny.

"What?" cried Oliver.

"It's her turn, Mr. Oliver. She has run away."

"Not with you? You are not alone?"

"Why, of course. Who was there? I think it is mean of you to look cross, when I came to keep your name out of my troubles because the doctor wrote it would ruin all your political prospects. You helped me once, and I am coming back to a man I—I hate,—yes, I do,—and am afraid of, so no one will say a word about you." She looked at him with triumphant virtue so satisfied and sweet he hung his head, the words of reproach dying on his lips.

"Well, there's the baby and nurse-girl," he said, hopefully.

"Why, no," she laughed. "Didn't I tell you? Aunt Hannah stole the baby. She ran away herself this time. Oh, do hire one of those cunning cabs, and we'll go for a drive, and I'll tell you all about it."

"The hansoms would be too cold, Mrs. Minny. We will take this carriage," he said, calling one; and she, very well pleased, got in with the dog while he deposited her luggage on the front seat.

"You see," she said, leaning back on the cushioned seat as the carriage left the noisy stone pavement and talking was possible, "Aunt Hannah got it into her head that I did not love François—the baby—enough. He really did seem to fuss the moment I took him; and Aunt Hannah knows so many rules for bringing up children that I was nowhere with my own child. Old maids do, you know. Then he got to look more like Hen—Monsieur de Restaud every day; and that was a trial. Aunt Hannah said he was just fretty, but I thought him de Restaudy. I suppose I am awfully wicked, but I was glad Aunt Hannah wanted him. Then there was——" Mrs. Minny hesitated and looked away; a faint blush colored her round cheek, —"a red-headed young man who took me riding,—horseback-riding. I am sure there is no harm in that. A homely young man," she added, seeing the shadow on Oliver's face, "not nice at all; but one must have some friends. And then one morning when she was making the bed Aunt Hannah found your letter under the pillow,—your first one; not the ugly ones telling me it was my duty to come back to my husband. Funny business letters those, not like you or that lovely ride we had. I was desperate at having to come back: so maybe I

was mean to Aunt Hannah. One day she and the baby and its clothes disappeared, and she left a note telling me that I was not to search for her, for she was going to put Frankie—that's what she calls him—in safe keeping."

"I am sure there was no harm in that letter," he said, stiffly.

"Oh, she wouldn't read it; I couldn't get her to; and, just to tease because she said my behavior was scandalous, I kissed the letter and hid it away."

"Well, this is a nice affair," said Oliver, smiling a little because Mrs. Minny was so gayly happy. "I don't see what we are going to do. I thought your aunt would be with you, so I hurried on to prevent your coming. It would not be safe. Your—Mr. de Restaud has grown worse,—I think is losing his mind. I came to send you to France, to the old general, where probably Miss Patten has gone. Now you are alone. De Restaud has a spy following me, I am sure; he had in Denver, and——" Oliver could not say his worst suspicions.

"It will be brought out in the court, this nice little ride and everything," chirped Mrs. Minny, "like the chops and tomato sauce in Dickens, and everybody will think me dreadful."

"You are very thoughtless," he said, coldly.

"Now please don't be cross," her pretty mouth quivered and her eyes filled, "just as we were having such a lovely time. I can't help being jolly because I don't have to go back to him. You know I thought how sorry you'd be when I died of a broken heart and his meanness and you'd come to see me in my coffin. The Troublesome little lady would be troublesome no more, but still and quiet as you'd like her to be, and old and sorrowful, for one day of my old life with him would take all the youngness out of me. Perhaps your conscience would hurt you a little because you had driven me back; for I would not have come but for you. The thought that your kindness to me would injure your good name made me miserable. Doctor John wrote how your political prospects would be ruined,—political prospects is right, is it not?—and you couldn't be governor or anything."

"Minny, say no more," cried Oliver, his voice trembling, "my dear little girl. It breaks my heart. Doctor John was cruel to write such nonsense; he was too eager to serve me. I don't want office; and I would face the slander of the world to spare you a moment's pain."

She trembled so at his words he stopped in the midst of a sentence, reproaching himself for his lack of self-control. They were silent a few moments; then she said, with her old smile,—

"Now we've made up,—haven't we?—and you are just as nice as you were that night, so please may my dog run a little on the snow?"

"Of course," he said, and set free the small animal, who darted after birds, barking joyously. Among the discomforts of having an erratic mistress were long confinement in cold dark cars and surreptitious journeyings under shawls and in baskets: so in these latter days of sudden journeys and imprisonment Skye had grown to prize

his hours of freedom. Perhaps in his heart, though, he willingly endured nights in the baggage-car for the joy of being rid of that red-faced, black-eyed something who slept so much and whom he must never waken with a happy bark or jump. How many times on account of that red-faced thing who cried had his darling's aunt scouted him out of doors with a broom, saying, "Scat, you dog! there, you've waked the baby again." Now his dear mistress was like her old self, and he, Skye, though he never would tell, had seen Miss Hannah and that baby slinking away from the house in Maine like criminals, and he had never noticed their departure by one small bark, for fear they might return.

"I am very hungry," said Mrs. Minny as the carriage turned back to the city, "and, as my dog is hungry too, it would be a good idea for you to take us to a private room in some restaurant, where we can feed Skye on the carpet when the waiter is out."

There was nothing to do, of course, but to accede to this demand: the very fact that she was hungry appealed to Oliver's generous heart. He thought, however, as they went up the stairs to a cosey private supper-room, this would sound unpleasantly to a jury. He could even fancy the attorney for the prosecution's question, "Did you, Mr. Oliver, think this proceeding a proper one? Does society consider it discreet for an unmarried man to take a young married lady to such a place in the absence of her husband?" etc. Still, Mrs. Minny enjoyed everything so much, Oliver forgot his fears, and was merry enough in his way. The dog, gorged with food, showed off his most amusing tricks, which Mrs. Minny admitted he never would do before when strangers were present.

"I think he is really getting fond of you," she said, tenderly.

Oliver, aware of the silliness of it, but pleased at that trustful glance, said he hoped so.

He left Mrs. Minny at a hotel, registering her name and ordering a good room for her, then with almost a sense of relief walked to another hotel, a long distance away. He hoped the spy might be following: once or twice he looked behind, but there seemed no one. At his hotel a telegram awaited him. It was from a clerk in his office:

"Dr. Achorn telegraphed from Pueblo to you in Denver, 'Henri de Restaud died this morning at the insane asylum. Funeral in Denver.' I telegraphed him you were in Chicago."

A second telegram was brought Oliver just as he was going to bed: it was from Doctor John:

"Tell Mrs. de Restaud. They need not come on,—too late for funeral. Was unconscious. Left no message. Glad you are with them.

"JOHN ACHORN."

Death had released the suit for divorce: it would never be brought, and the vengeance of a crazed brain was over. With a quick beat of

his heart Oliver realized Mrs. Minny was free at last: perhaps she could learn to care for him some day,—with a swift repulsion as he thought of the dead far across the plains. Yet for once death had been kind to the living, and who was there to mourn Henri de Restaud? His mother died in his boyhood, his father drove him from France, his wife hated and feared him, his child would never see his face, and his servants were only kept by lavish payments. So men may make a mockery of living, a shame of days, may be blots on this fair earth, useless in a useful world, may cause but pain and sadness, and go into eternity more friendless, more wretched in their self-inflicted degradation, than the outcast dog slinking through the alleys of a city.

IX.

Mrs. Minny was oddly pale and quiet when Oliver met her in the hotel parlor. She looked as if she had not slept; and his heart throbbed at the pain he had caused her. Of course she had worried about her strange position and the trouble in Denver on account of it. He could tell her at least the fear of the divorce was over. Death had settled the case. Yet it was hard to tell her of that death. He hesitated, and talked of the weather.

"It is always horrid in Chicago," she said, mournfully. "I shall hate this hotel, too; they would not let me have Skye in my room; they put him in some cellar, and he was not like himself when I took him for a little walk before you came."

Oliver had a bunch of roses he had bought for her on his way, but it seemed even heartless to offer them to such an afflicted being. However, he sat down beside her on the sofa and laid the flowers on her lap.

"Thank you," she said, mournfully. "I don't think I ought to wear them. The chambermaid asked me if I was a skirt-dancer."

The gloom settled on Oliver now.

"She was impudent," he said, crossly. "You see how impossible it is for a young lady to go to hotels alone."

"Well, you didn't offer to come with me," she sighed: "you even went to another hotel. Oh, I know! I looked for you in the register."

"You were down in the office?"

"I had to go down for my dog and to tell them how mean they were," Mrs. Minny said, wearily. "And you don't know what an awful great ghostly room they gave me, full of closets and wardrobes and places for people to hide. I burned the gas all night, and I had dreadful dreams." She bowed her head over the flowers and sighed again. "Roses make me think of funerals: do they you?"

"I am sorry I troubled you with them," Oliver said, stiffly.

"Now you are cross, and you've got that little wrinkle on your forehead." She looked at him thoughtfully. "When you are smiling I think you are the kindest friend in the world. I guess I am cross myself. Do you know, I dreamed Henri came into that room last

night. The bath-room had a little window looking into the room, and I dreamed he looked through this at me and made dreadful faces. He used to frighten me that way once,"—she blushed and hung her head then, and was silent a moment,—" when we were first married, you know. He'd wake me up by staring at me,—testing the power of the eye, he called it. I was afraid, anyway, because my mother had just died, and I had never seen a dead person before. I can see her yet in her coffin, so dreadfully waxen and strange. Henri swore once over the Bible that if he died first he would come back and haunt me. After that dream I couldn't sleep, but lay shivering with fear until daylight. I must go away from here to-day. Another night in that room would frighten me to death."

She trembled so at the thought, Oliver felt his task doubly difficult.

"Don't you think," he asked, gently, "that those fears are very childish?"

"Of course," she said, briefly, "I know I am not sensible; you, Aunt Hannah, and Doctor John call me frivolous; yet I have tried to do right. I came here on my way to save your good name, and I get scolded. I tried to go home once,—the time I was so sick; and even Aunt Hannah said I was brave then. When my horse ran away in Maine I held on, and that red-headed young man said I was game."

She looked at him wickedly out of the corner of her eye. A little smile curved her pretty mouth as she saw the wrinkle on his forehead.

"I wish that you could be serious for a little while," Oliver muttered. "I want to talk to you about something that concerns your future,—something that has happened."

Oliver hesitated now: how could he tell her? She listened with her eyes on the carpet, a doleful expression on her face. He went off on a new tack. In an easy conversational tone he asked,—

"Would you not like to live in France?"

"No," she said, promptly: "I should hate it."

"Why?"

"Because—because," answered Mrs. Minny, picking viciously at one of her roses, scattering the petals on the floor, "from Henri's descriptions his relations must be horrid. Then he or they think America queer and not nice; everything is France. I should be mad a hundred times a day. The English up in the Park used to say, 'This blarsted country, you know,' until I felt like saying, 'Why don't you go back to England and stay there?' To the De Restauds I should be the unpleasant foreigner our poor son married; in my own country I am myself, an American. I think it is very mean of you to talk about my going to France; and if that is the serious thing you needn't talk any more. If you are going to be horrid I think I shall go out and take my dog for a walk."

How sweet she was in her wilfulness! Oliver forgot his errand, looking at the lovely childish face with its pouting mouth and rebellious eyes.

"I think you are cruel to my poor rose," he said, softly.

"You are cruel to me."

"Minny," he drew nearer and took in his firm warm clasp her little hand, "I must tell you something,—something that will shock and grieve you. Try and be brave."

"Not the little baby?" she cried, piteously. "He is not dead?"

"No, no; but some one is dead,—one that you feared, almost hated, and now must forgive and try to think kindly of,—the man whose name you bear——"

She gave a frightened cry and hid her face against his sleeve. He could feel her tremble and quiver, but she made no sound. What must he do? Would she faint? How did women act, anyway? He put his arm around the cowering figure and tried to look into her face. She was ghastly pale, in her eyes a curious frightened look.

"My dream, Mr. Oliver!" she cried, shuddering. "Oh, he will keep his word: he will haunt me always. I shall go mad from fear. Last night that was him. He looked just as he used to when he woke me up making faces. I am all alone. What shall I do? Oh, if Aunt Hannah were only here! I could creep up to her in the night. She is so brave; she said she wouldn't be afraid of him living or dead."

"Minny, you are talking foolishly," said Oliver, sternly. "No dead person comes back. I am ashamed of you. And to be so silly, so heartless, when that poor soul is lying dead!"

"You don't know anything about the dead; no one does," she gasped. "My grandfather was drowned at sea, and that night he came and knocked at grandmother's door—his old knock—three times. Even Aunt Hannah says that story's true. I can't be sorry,—truly I can't. I was afraid all the time; and he was so dreadful. I gave him all mamma's money, and he took her jewels, everything of value. I am not a hypocrite, Mr. Oliver; I can't make up sorrow just to please you."

"I don't want you to," he whispered, close to her ear. They were alone in a corner of the big room, and no one could see. "I spoke hastily because I hated to think of that dream and how you would make yourself believe he came back."

She drew away from him indignantly.

"I am not a child, Mr. Oliver, and you must not treat me as one. In some things, in suffering and worry, I am older than you are; and few women could come out unscathed from the horrors of that ranch. I did. I kept my reason because I was frivolous and had my little dog to love, and a bright sunshiny day would chase all my night terrors away. I'd say, 'Minny, it's good just to be alive.' But always I have been afraid in the dark; when I was a child queer faces used to peer at me, faces circled in yellow light. As I grew older, I was more afraid of them, and slept in a lighted room. At the ranch Henri used to crawl up the porch and peer in the window with a mask on, until I shot one night: then it was not so funny. It amused him to torture me. I won't tell you any more, because you can't understand. But I shall not go to Denver. It would be a mockery."

"Doctor John telegraphed you need not—you must not come. Shall I tell you any more?"

"No." She rose and scattered the petals of one of her flowers on the carpet, brushing her dress with a trembling hand. "Nor will I put on black. I shall go home. What is my home, Mr. Oliver?" she cried, accusingly. "You have brought me here; I was doing your bidding. My aunt has left me: she has taken my baby. The man I married is dead: he has no interest in me but to haunt me. Everybody is gone. I who have made all the trouble am left to bear it alone. If she comes back she will know of this,—my being here; she will mistrust me; even Doctor John will. I seem to have grown old and wise, and, oh, so tired of the world!"

"Come here, Minny," he said, in a strange tone. She started, and looked into his face. It had a different expression somehow, yet the gray eyes were very kind, and there was a tender smile about his mouth. She hesitated, then she returned to the sofa, sitting gingerly at the extreme end. He turned so as to face her, but sat no nearer.

"Minny, we are both culprits,—innocent ones. We have been punished long enough. If I thought——but I am twice your age, you have not been happy in bondage, and it would be bondage still, though a loving one. No red-haired young men in it, no wild journeys alone, no drawing back when once entered in. If I dared to dream, I would hope that you cared for me. I would say, Minny, I love you; let us go away from our troubles and have a long vacation. It is dreadful to talk this way in the shadow of death, but I cannot let you go back to Maine alone or to the terrors there in that lonely house. I do not know where your aunt is, or when she will return; and if people should talk of this time, I could silence them if you were my wife."

She was strangely quiet, but he saw the roses tremble on her breast.

"You talk, Craig," she said, sadly, "as if this were part of your sacrifice for helping me once, for being a kind friend."

"How cruel women can be,—even the sweetest of them! How can I be different, when I must remember the dead in Denver? Yet, Minny, I could talk love to you; other women have said I did that thing well, and I did not care for them: your little finger is more precious to me than all the women I have ever known."

She sighed and moved a little nearer, a blush on her fair cheek.

"Even to touch you, to take your hand, seems dreadful," he cried, hastily. "What a coward custom makes of us all! If it were a year, now, instead of a day. Let the worst come." He took her cold little hand in his and drew her to his side. "Shall we go forth on our holiday, Minny, leaving no address, forgetting the past, and be as if the world were new and we but just created?"

"You talk nicely now," she said, slowly, holding herself erect and stately in spite of his restraining hand, "but you said bondage, and that has frightened me. I have been scolded so much and driven about; I want to be loved and made a friend of. If you would be as sweet as on that ride, if you——"

He drew her close and pressed his lips against that soft round cheek blushing so prettily now.

"Try me, Minny. I swear to you those dear eyes shall never shed

tears from any word or act of mine. I have loved you since you came out in the light that dismal night and I thought you a little girl."

"And I loved you," she whispered, lifting her tousled head from his arm, "when you looked so disgustedly amazed at things in that ranch that I told you, and all of a sudden smiled on me as you are smiling now. Craig, I mean to try and be grown-up and good always."

"No, no; just be yourself. And now, dear, go smooth your hair and get your things on. We will be married in the quietest way. I know a couple of fellows I can get for witnesses: we can pick them up on the road."

She jumped up all rosy and smiling. At the door she looked back. "May I take the dog, Craig?" she said, hesitatingly.

He smiled. "Of course," he said, resignedly. "You don't have to ask 'may I?' we are comrades, you know. By the way, tell the chambermaid to pack your trunk. Pay her. We will go away in the early afternoon. I want to be free from all memories."

She kissed her hand as she ran away, and he, somewhat dazed at the turn matters had taken, looked out on the street with unseeing eyes. In his heart, though, he was happy, deliriously so. He had loved her from the first, and there had been few holidays in his busy life. He would forget that ghastly spectre lying at the morgue in Denver, and for months live for love. The world lay all before them: they would put the past by.

"I will steal my happiness from life," he cried. "Let the world condemn me. I can fight her battles; and no man knowing my story and hers, seeing her frightened, tortured by that maniac's memory, would do otherwise than I do now."

Mrs. Minny appeared in her jaunty travelling-suit, her seal-skin jacket, a dainty dotted veil over her hat, and her dog under her arm.

"I never get married like other people," she said, cheerfully. "Look at me in these clothes; and the other time I had on an old dress, too."

Oliver winced. "Perhaps at the third you'll have better luck, my pet."

"I have said something awful, I suppose," she laughed, "but I am so happy I don't care, and I said good-by to that ghost-room. Oh, I'm so glad I've got somebody alive to be with!"

"I believe you are going to marry me out of fear," he said, as they drove along in the carriage.

"You don't think that, sweetness," she said, contentedly; "and you have got your lovely look. You always were like a man out of a novel to me. A city bachelor, Aunt Hannah says. Won't she be surprised? but, do you know, she said I had leanings towards you all the time."

Mrs. Minny was very reserved when the two strange gentlemen joined them, and when the marriage service was being read trembled a little, until Skye yawning dolefully—he had not slept well, poor dog, in the hotel cellar—made her smile, and she was radiant when the

solemn ceremony was over. They were married in a shabby parsonage of an out-of-the way church, by an underfed parson in threadbare clothes, and Minny's generous heart rejoiced when she caught a glimpse of a fifty-dollar bill Oliver paid for the few moments' talk that meant so much,—the ceremony that is, after all, the strongest link in the chain of human happiness.

Oliver had told his two friends something of the events preceding this strange marriage, so they were tactful enough to say the right things at the little dinner the four had in the very private room where Minny had eaten the day before. Skye behaved pretty well, and the only cloud on his mistress's brow was when one of the strangers stupidly asked if the dog was going on the wedding-trip.

"Of course," she said, decidedly.

"Of course," echoed Oliver, meekly, and the two guests smiled the old, old smile of the married man who knows.

"It was a little like Hamlet," Minny whispered when she and her husband, and of course the dog, drove to the dépôt,—"the wedding-feast."

He laid his finger lightly on her lips. "Sweet, there are things best unsaid."

"You will find me so full of faults," she sighed, in remarkable meekness. "Skye, give me your paw; this is your new papa, and if he gets cross, why, I can pet you. It will be no new experience to you, unhappy dog."

Then Oliver laughed and hugged her.

"What a child you are!" he said.

At the dépôt he sent a telegram to Doctor John:

"I have married Mrs. de Restaud. We are off on a trip, and want to hear nothing from Denver. Tell my clerks I won't be home for four months. Have sent word to Jones and Bailey to take my cases. I am happy, and she is divine. We have the dog along.

"Craig Oliver."

When, after two months' absence, Oliver telegraphed Doctor John to forward his mail to St. Augustine, the first letter he opened was one addressed to himself from Newcastle, Maine. Mrs. Minny leaned on his shoulder as he read:

"Dear Mr. Oliver,—

"The first thing I saw on my getting home from Paris, France, was a letter in my niece Minny's unreadable handwriting, which she says is Italian, but is as hard to read as a picket fence. I would have wrote right away, but the house was in such a muss from shiftless people—I left some Baileys in charge of it—that I had to turn to and go to house-cleaning before I could live in the place. I made out that Minny is married to you, and most likely on the very day her first husband was being buried. I do hope folks here won't learn of it: my family has given the village more to talk about than they ever had before, and they are dragging me over the coals now. Most of 'em

knows I've been to France, and they pester me to death inquiring round.

"I guess you about felt obliged to marry Minny to take care of her, and I foresee she set a store by you before her first husband died. I was right, too, in questioning you about her. Well, folks' ways is different nowadays. If I'd had niece Minny's bad luck with one man I never should have taken another one."

AUNT HANNAH'S LETTER.

Oliver looked back into the rosy face leaning over his chair. "Well, Minny?"

"You dear thing," cooed Mrs. Minny, with a soft little kiss, "she don't dream how lovely you are! Read on: I don't care. Aunt Hannah's letters are like cold shower-baths: they send chills all over you, and little stings, but make you feel good afterwards."

"I am sure, though, you, being well on in years, can regulate Minny's conduct, and be stern with her, too. Mrs. Poole is mighty bitter towards Minny for her goings-on with Sam, and says he's taking

to smoking cigars and playing billiards since she rode with him and acted so flirtatiously. But Minny didn't do much."

("Aunt Hannah's relenting," laughed Mrs. Minny.)

"And that Poole boy ain't half baked, anyway: none of the Pooles ever were. I want you to see that Minny wears her rubbers when it's wet, and takes care of herself; for her mother's folks is weakly, and her mother died of consumption."

Oliver drew his wife to his knee, and, dropping the letter, looked at her anxiously.

"The Pattens are awfully long-lived," she said, merrily. "Don't be a goose. She didn't think I would hear that, you know."

"I shall take you to Doctor John," he said, seriously, "when we get home."

"I like him so much!" she murmured. "In my trunk I have his smoking-cap; I'll give it back, now I have you. I kept it to remember our ride by."

Oliver took up the letter again.

"I can't have no regrets that Mister de Restaud is dead. He was a dreadful profitless man to everybody, and made Minny unhappy enough. I hope he had change of heart afore he died in that asylum; but Doctor John wrote he didn't know anything. It was good of Doctor John to go there and stay by him: there ain't, to my mind, many men angels walking about on earth, but the doctor's one of 'em. Before I forget it, bring him with you when you come down next summer, as I hope you will come, Mr. Oliver, for I set a store by you on account of your kindness to the poor child."

"You see she pats you on the back now," chirped Mrs. Minny.

"Before I close my letter I must tell you about my visit to Paris, France; and, though it seemed heartless to take Franky away, Minny is honest about it and she will tell you I done right. I was mortal afraid Henry would steal him off, and, as he is a croupy child, he would get his death: so I just took him myself across ocean to Henry's folks. I wa'n't much sick on the voyage, nor the baby, but was bothered most in France on account of folks not understanding me. Howsomever, there was some Philadelphia people along that I got acquainted with, and they set me right, for they could talk with the French. Finally, when I got to the general's house, coming in a cab that charged a mortal bill for waiting, on account of me being interested in talking, I found the general in,—a fine old man, too, and he could talk English reasonable well. I up and told him everything, keeping Franky on my lap. 'Now,' says I, 'if you don't want this poor little child and treat him as your own, I take him to my home, for I'm well-to-do, and the little creetur's growed into my affections.' Goodness me, he knowed most of it, that man Lewis having kept him informed. He set right down and talked friendly as possible, said Minny ought to have come to him, he would treat her as a daughter; then his eyes filled with tears, and he took little Franky in his arms, and told me their Alphonse was dead, and his eldest son's wife was a helpless invalid who wept night and day. I took my things and went up-stairs with him to her room,—such a grand house!—and there she

was, a pale little creetur, that could only jabber in French; but baby smiled on her,—babies knows any language,—and she shook hands kind with me, and the upshot of the matter was I stayed two weeks in their house, till Frankie got acquainted with the new nurse. I forgot to tell you I never thought of that cab till I was eating dinner three hours afterwards; and I jumped right up, and was running out, but Henry's brother, a respectable solemn-looking man, sent one of the help out, and a bill there must have been, but he wouldn't let me settle. 'Fore I left, news of Henry's death come, and upset them all, and then Lewis and Annette was expected, and, as I didn't want to see them two,—especially him,—I went away. They sent a cordial invite for Minny to come, but I told them I guessed she'd like America best, as I do, where you can tell what folks say when they are talking.

"The general give me to understand they would legally adopt Franky, and I told 'em you would sign any documents—as I know you would—for the boy's sake. He will have a fine property some day. I was awful lonesome going home: my old arms was empty, and I cried myself to sleep lots of nights.

"I will now close. Be good to Minny, Mr. Oliver, and come down early and stay all summer.

"Yours to command,

"HANNAH PATTEN."

Sometimes, as the years glide by, Mrs. Minny's arms are empty too, and her heart yearns for the little baby over the sea. No other child has come to her, and her husband frowns at the mention of a journey to France: he is jealous of even the little hold the lost baby has on her affections: so there is a thorn in her bed of roses. Skye, too, is old and sleepy; or is it herself who has no desire for play? Is she becoming grown-up and different? Will he love her just the same, perhaps more? He must tire of her childishness. But he does love her, and so fondly.

Oliver, on his part, saw the decay of his political prospects with calmness. He heard one day at the club something they did not wish him to hear. A knot of men were discussing the possibility of his securing the nomination for governor in the coming election.

"Never in the world," said one of his friends. "There is some story about his wife: she does not go in society at all,—a pretty little thing. I wonder, though, how a man can throw away his future for a pretty face."

"What was wrong?" asked another.

"I'm not sure," answered the first. "I do know he married her the day after her husband—that crazy French fellow De Restaud—died, and that he ran away with her one night from her home up in the North Park. Oliver had a shooting-box there. You couldn't make him governor; regular exodus of our wives to the East: they never would call on her."

The words stung Oliver a little; but that evening, when his wife ran to meet him at his door, wearing a little yellow gown, too, as in that night in the past, with Skye at her heels, he smiled in content. How

infinitely small were all honors men might give man beside the real heart-happiness of love! He thought he would rather be married than be President; and he blessed the kindly fate that led him to the valley of the Troublesome and the little Troublesome lady there.

THE END.

FANNY KEMBLE AT LENOX.

THERE is no name recalled with greater pleasure by the older generation of play-goers than that of Fanny Kemble. Of commanding beauty, inheriting talent from a long line of histrionic ancestors, and a thorough student, she was equalled in her impersonations of Shakespeare only by Mrs. Scott-Siddons, and in some of her *rôles* excelled that famous actress. During a series of visits to Lenox, the summer home of Mrs. Kemble for twenty-five years, I gained the friendship of an old and respected citizen, a former friend of the lady, who in our quiet walks and chats imparted so much of interest concerning her that it seemed incumbent on me to share it with the public. Lenox has been a noted resort of famous men and women. Bryant, Hawthorne, Dr. Channing, Catherine Sedgwick, Miss Martineau, David Davis, Henry G. Shaw, Charles Sumner, Bret Harte, Harriet Hosmer, and General McClellan figured in my friend's reminiscences, but I observed that none of them had so vividly and lastingly impressed themselves on him as had Mrs. Kemble. For the others he had only commonplace mention, but at her name his eye brightened, and incident, anecdote, and reminiscence came to his lips unbidden. The public saw the actress only; he had seen the woman in domestic life, educating her children, superintending her farm, fishing on the little lakes that gem Lenox, in familiar intercourse with friends, now spurring her horse over the rugged hills, anon declaiming Shakespeare on Greylock, or reciting Bryant on Monument Mountain; and his recollections had that piquancy and freshness which such propinquity alone could give.

"It must have been," he began, "in 1832 that I first met Mrs. Kemble. In June of that year, I think, she landed in New York with her company, having come to repeat her London successes in the States and at the same time to retrieve her father's fallen fortunes. She was then twenty-three, in the first flush of womanly beauty, fresh from her early triumphs in Covent Garden. Catherine Sedgwick first introduced her to Lenox. The two had met while the latter was abroad, and had formed a firm friendship, which continued to the end of life. Quite naturally, after her engagements in New York were filled, the actress came to Lenox to pay her friend a visit, and, being deeply smitten with the beauty of the place, she fell into the habit of spending her summers here.

"If she had a passion, it was for a good horse: she was the best horsewoman I ever saw. I was then a lad of eighteen, and, having the reputation of being a good 'whip,' was employed by her to attend her in her rides, and to drive her on her long journeys. Many a time, before the days of railways, have I met her at the steamboat dock in Hudson or Albany with four black horses and a 'bus,' the latter well filled with her Lenox friends, who had driven over to welcome her: Mrs. Kemble probably had no circle of friends nearer

and dearer to her than those in Lenox. The village was then the shire town of Berkshire, and the seat of a very pleasant society: Mr. Charles Sedgwick, the clerk of the court, a very intelligent and amiable gentleman; his sister Catherine, the authoress; his wife, one of the Dwights of Northampton, a marvellously beautiful woman, though of a different type from Mrs. Kemble; the young ladies of Mrs. Sedgwick's school, eighteen or twenty of them, bright vivacious damsels; Miss Charlotte Cushman and Miss Harriet Hosmer; usually two or three distinguished strangers, guests of the Sedgwicks or visitors in town, completed the circle. Fishing, riding, and excursions to the mountains were the chief recreations of this circle of friends, the latter taking precedence. Mrs. Kemble was the leading spirit in all: on a dewy morning in June she would order round the four horses and the great omnibus, send for me to take charge, drive around to the Sedgwicks', take Miss Catherine or Mrs. Sedgwick and twelve of the young ladies,—one-half of the school were allowed the treat on alternate Saturdays,—and away we would go for a trip to Greylock yonder, thirty miles distant. The black horses took us there at a merry rate.

"My driving in those days brought me many compliments from the ladies. I shall always remember Miss Cushman's remark—poor lady, I drove her to Pittsfield for I think the last carriage-ride she took on earth—that 'I could drive the slowest, and get there the quickest, of any man she ever knew.' If I could have bottled up the sparkle, the wit and humor evolved in these excursions, I could have made a book to be read by everybody, but it would be difficult now to reproduce it. If you have read Miss Sedgwick and heard Mrs. Kemble and Miss Cushman, you can faintly imagine what must have been its character.

"Arrived on the mountain-top, the ladies rambled over its hoary head, spying out the finest views and trying to excel one another in the adjectives applied to them. At noon hampers were unpacked and lunch was spread: later came singing, music on the harp, and recitations from Shakespeare by Mrs. Kemble. What renderings they were, and on what a stage! The public, sir, has no idea of Fanny Kemble's powers, having never heard her on the Lenox mountains in the company of her friends.

"Another very popular excursion was to Monument Mountain, celebrated by Bryant in poetry, and whose splintered peaks you can see yonder filling in the southern vista, as Greylock does the northern. On this mountain Mrs. Kemble always read Bryant's poem of the Indian maiden who in despair from love cast herself headlong from the highest pinnacle. The maiden, as you may remember, had fallen in love with her cousin,—a passion deemed unlawful by those stern tribes,—and in reciting the poem Mrs. Kemble would ascend to the topmost crag and set forth the vain struggles of the unfortunate girl to tear her passions from her heart as though they had been her own, then depict her overcome with grief and shame ascending the precipice with a companion, 'a playmate of her young and innocent years,'

> Who sang all day old songs of love and death,
> And decked the poor wan victim's hair with flowers,
> And prayed that safe and swift might be her way
> To the calm world of sunshine, where no grief
> Makes the heart heavy and the eyelids red,

until at the final catastrophe, when the maiden threw herself

> from the steep rock and perished,

there was scarcely a dry eye among those susceptible maidens, and it seemed to me that the lady would follow the example of her heroine and throw herself from the pinnacle.

"When we drove far south to the Salisbury Twin Lakes, Mts. Washington and Riga, and the wild gorge of Bash Bish, we occupied two days, and the gentlemen would condescend to accompany us. I remember one of these parties very well: it comprised Mr. and Mrs. Charles Sedgwick, Miss Catherine, Mrs. Kemble, a German professor whose name I have forgotten, and half a score of young ladies from Mrs. Sedgwick's school. We drove down to Bushnell's tavern on Mt. Washington of a Friday, proposing to spend the night there, ascend Mt. Riga next morning in time for sunrise, and finish the day amid the wilderness of Bash Bish. The tavern was an old, rambling farm-house, with a long kitchen, and a ball-room set apart for country dances. This the ladies no sooner caught sight of than they were wild for a dance; and to quiet them the professor and I drove three miles in the rain for black Cato, famed through all the country-side for his skill with the bow, and the dance went merrily on until midnight, when Mrs. Sedgwick bore the young ladies to their slumbers. Perhaps the most ludicrous thing of all was Cato's pride at officiating for such grand ladies and gentlemen.

"Next to these mountain excursions Mrs. Kemble loved angling: I heard her tell Miss Sedgwick that it was a passion with her, inherited from her mother. Her favorite fishing-grounds in Lenox were Laurel Lake and the Stockbridge Bowl. I have spent days with her on these lakes from eight in the morning till sunset, engaged in her favorite pursuit: when tired of fishing, she would let the boat float idly and sing or recite. I remember that on three separate occasions she invited a special friend to share in the sport. They were Catherine Sedgwick, Mrs. Charles Sedgwick, and Mrs. Minott, the latter's daughter. Mrs. Minott went first, and as we rowed out I remember Mrs. Kemble's telling her that she might consider it a great honor, as she rarely invited visitors, absolute quiet being required for success in the sport. As the fish were caught and lay flopping and writhing in the boat, Mrs. Minott, a lady of very tender sympathies, began to grow uneasy, and at length exclaimed, 'Fanny, how can you bear to catch these poor fish and see them struggle so and die? It is awful.' Mrs. Kemble was a little pricked in conscience, I suppose, for she answered sharply, 'None of your sympathy, Eliza. As sure as I hear another word I'll have William take up anchor and row you ashore.' Mrs. Minott remained silent, and presently Mrs. Kemble continued: 'I confess that

the lingering agony of the poor creatures is the great drawback to the sport. I have tried many times to find an easy death for them. In Georgia I used to tell my slave Jack to knock them on the head the moment he took the hook from their gills, but he banged them about so horribly that I longed to bang him: he even went to the extreme of cutting their throats from ear to ear, so that they looked like so many Banquos without the gory locks. But what do you think of the negroes at the mouth of the Altamaha, who bait a long rope with clams, shrimps, and oysters, sink it with a heavy lead, and, after leaving it for hours, draw it up with sheep's-head, drum, and purple mullet struggling on its hooks, where they have been perhaps all night!'

"Mrs. Sedgwick's excursion on the lake was also marked by an incident. Mrs. Kemble was the purest woman that ever lived, but she had her ideas about dress, and on this occasion appeared in full bloomer costume,—blouse, pants, and boots. Mrs. Sedgwick, who was very particular about dress and had a New-England woman's regard for the proprieties, said to her, 'Fanny, how can you bear to make yourself so conspicuous?'—'Elizabeth,' she replied, and I shall never forget her voice or manner, 'I won't listen to moralizing on this subject. When I go on the stage I dress for the occasion; when I go into the drawing-room or to a ball I dress for the occasion; and when I go a-fishing I dress for the occasion.' By and by, as we rowed out on the lake, the water began coming into the boat, and Mrs. Sedgwick's long skirts became saturated with the not very clean fluid. Mrs. Kemble several times called her attention to the superiority of her dress for boat-wear, and, as we rowed in, quite crushed her with the remark that she was the most bedraggled creature she had ever seen.

"The tragédienne was very benevolent, and felt keenly the absence of any poor in Lenox to be made her beneficiaries. Soon after she became a resident she was asked to give readings in the Town Hall, and on accepting proposed to donate the proceeds to the village poor. I can still see her look of surprise on being told that we had no poor. The proceeds finally went to aid our village library. Another large sum, procured in the same way, purchased the town clock, which you see yonder in the old church tower on the hill, still keeping good time after nearly fifty years of service.

"When Kossuth came an exile to this country he visited Lenox as the guest of the Sedgwicks. Catherine Sedgwick's heart was so soft, and her sympathies were so broad, that every distressed and persecuted thing fled naturally to her for refuge. During his stay a public dinner was given in his honor, to which all the gentry of the region were invited. After the dinner there was a ball, at which Mrs. Kemble led off the dance with Judge Bishop of the Superior Court.

"There are old residents who still remember the furore caused by a very innocent act of the lady's. One hot July day she discovered that several men mowing in her meadows were working only on water from the well, and her generous heart prompted her to send to Pittsfield, six miles away, for a barrel of beer to aid them in their labors; but what was her surprise to find that not one of them would touch it, all being teetotalers, and that she had laid herself open to

suspicion for having introduced into Lenox a mischievous and pernicious practice!"

Often as she looked at the lovely scenery of the Berkshire Hills Mrs. Kemble used to exclaim upon its beauty. "William," she said to the lad who was wont to accompany her on the fishing expeditions, "your American people are very stupid not to come and see all this. Some day they'll find it out, and Lenox will be a great place." Could Mrs. Kemble see the neighborhood as it is to-day, she would know how true a prophet she had been.

C. B. Todd.

ON THE WAY.

WHEN I set forth for a day's outing, I want to have a good time from the start.

Experience has taught me that it is unwise to defer the beginning of your fun until you get to the place appointed for its consummation. If you do, the chances are that you will not be keyed up to the right pitch till too late. When, as a boy, I went to the school picnics, I used to go to the picnic-ground by the most picturesque and agreeable route I could find; so that when I reached there I was already in the mood to dive into the midst of the festivities, and had, moreover, had the advantage of a holiday humor for an hour or so already. On the other hand, those methodical and conventional persons who could not dissociate picnicking from the special spot selected for the ceremony allowed themselves to become the prey of work-a-day thoughts and anxieties until the rustic feast had been spread between the wood-side and the brook; and then, by the time they had succeeded in striking their proper holiday gait, it was time to pack up and go home again.

Now, in my old age, I am going to the great picnic of the nations at Chicago. But I am not going to break my neck about it. I intend to enjoy myself by the way. There is a great deal that is well worth seeing between Boston, or New York, or Philadelphia, and the Big City by the Lake. There are several ways of getting there. I have made up my mind to take the way that is the prettiest and the most interesting, and I am going to travel in such a manner as to see the pleasant things to the best advantage.

Now, I maintain that the city of Washington is one of the most beautiful cities in the world. The only reason I don't come out flat-footed and say that it is *the* prettiest, is that there are some places in the world that I have not been in; but, though I refrain from adopting the full superlative, I have my own opinion nevertheless.

I am yielding to no one in my admiration of what is to be seen this memorable summer in Jackson Park. The epitome of the world's progress in art and science is there. But Jackson Park has its limits and its limitations, and it cannot include our Capital City, to say nothing of the Alleghanies and the big rivers. These must perforce stay where they are; but, although they cannot come to us at Chicago,

we can go to them, inasmuch as they lie on our way thither; and those of us who jump into a "Limited" and never get out until we run into the big dépôt over there are simply forfeiting half our opportunities.

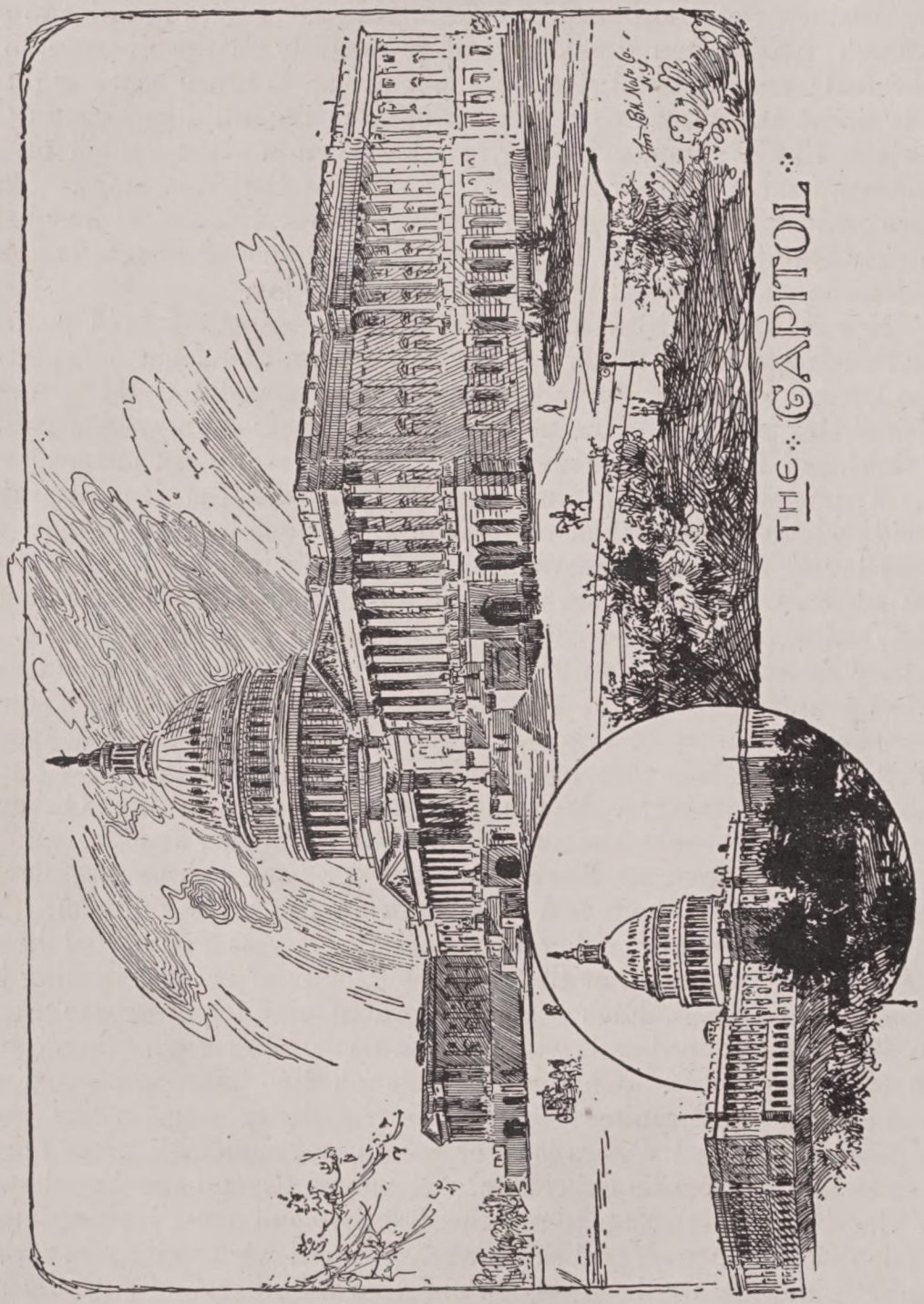
If you take out your map you will observe that the little southern angle which the Baltimore and Ohio Railway makes in order to pass through Washington does not add perceptibly to the distance to be travelled; and if it did, I should not care. When I catch sight of that airiest and most exquisitely proportioned of all domes cutting the horizon like a summer iceberg, I take down my hat, snatch up my gripsack, and am ready to alight as soon as the train stops. There were great men before Agamemnon; and however beautiful may be the mighty Buildings by the Lake, there are creations of architecture here which cannot be studied without emotion and joy.

Nor is it the architecture only that is charming. I hold no brief for this lazy, smiling town; I don't live here, and I never expect to; but I never rose to a comprehension of what town life could be until I visited this place; I have never found an hour of my sojourns here tedious, and I shall never miss a chance of renewing my intimacy with it. It possesses, indeed, so many winning features that it is difficult to decide where to begin their enumeration. So, one has met women who were lovely in so many ways at once that their helpless admirer knew not whether to fix his regards most upon their eyes, or their hair, or their voice, or their gait, or their whole bearing and presentment. It is hard to look away from one feature long enough to bestow undivided homage upon another.

The atmosphere of this city during at least seven or eight months of the year is like that breathed by the Tennysonian Lotos-Eaters. There is a ripening, voluptuous afternoon flavor in it. On every hand there is verdure, the sweet influence of foliage, and the rainbow variegation of fragrant flowers. Wherever two or three Avenues are gathered together, there is a little park in the midst of them. You can have your choice either to regard the city as a congenial human appanage of the parks, or the parks as touches of nature claiming kinship with the city. Each of them is dominated by its bronze warrior on his memorial pedestal, with hospitable benches environing him in an admiring circle. Children tumble on the immaculate turf and clamber on the granite block, while the darky nurse-maids gossip amidst clustering baby-wagons, or greet with coquettish grins the advances of the sporadic policeman. Removed beyond the broad sweep of the asphalted pavement are the prettiest and most inviting imaginable dwelling-houses of brick or stone,—and what delightful creamy white stone they use here!—each one like no other, and yet all a harmonious family. The American architect and decorator have become among our most effective civilizing agents.

One of the things for which we are most immediately thankful is the sense of free spaces everywhere. It is a rare, almost an unknown, blessing in cities. The buildings are not tall,—none of the twenty-story abominations that glower over other enthralled metropolises,—and the same proportional distance is maintained between their opposing

ridge-poles as between the crests of waves that come on in ranks to break upon the shore. Of course I love the narrow, crooked clefts between toppling roofs that answer for streets in antique European towns: they are the ideal picturesque. But the thoroughfares of



Washington are beautiful; they have a broad-breasted, generous elegance that makes my lungs expand and takes the wrinkles out of my forehead. You can see the sky in Washington; at night the constellations are visible; and the fair spectacle is never obscured or insulted by the foul smoke that broods like a curse between the heaven and earth of how many other hapless cities! Washington manufactures

little but politics. Congress may have communication with the Pit, sometimes; but it has the virtue of consuming its own smoke, and the skies and trees, not to mention our own collars and faces, remain as fresh and clean as if there were no sin surviving.

Talking of Congress reminds me once more of the Capitol. It is true, and sorry am I for it, that the dome is made of iron, and the main body of the building is not white marble, but a sort of composition. Only the mighty wings are what they appear to be; and their truth palliates in a degree the prevarication of the older portion. But, after taking what exceptions we may, our Capitol is still a work unrivalled in modern art. Its site is as fine as itself. Except the Acropolis at Athens, there is no other to be compared with it. And the magnificent opportunity has been fully improved. These sumptuous terraces that mount, range above range, to the marble summit on which this wonder rests, astonish the eye and satisfy the imagination. One has dreamed of such a thing, but has never expected to realize it. And when, by leisurely and stately degrees, we have ascended the ordered flights to the topmost platform, and turn to look back, what a noble spectacle lies slumbering there in the mellow sunshine! The wide, straight avenues radiate to every point of the compass; a mile away uplifts itself the almost incredible height of the tapering Monument, five hundred feet of snowy marble. On a line with it to the northward is the White House, flanked by the gigantic Treasury and the Army and Navy Buildings; to the left winds the broad placidity of the Potomac, and on the right is spread out the lovely city, mounting gradually to the hill. And all this superb expanse is intercalated and enriched with the living green of the omnipresent trees and parks. Overhead, a sky of unfathomable blue.

I do not, for my part, care to explore the interior of the Capitol. Congress is not sitting now, and, to tell the truth, the inside is not in any respect comparable with the exterior of this stately edifice. Let us rather descend the steps of the Terrace, and stroll down Pennsylvania Avenue.

This is the thoroughfare of the People. That term, in Washington, means a preponderance of colored people. There are more whites than blacks in the city; but the latter are always out-doors, and in every way more in evidence. The smaller kind occupy themselves—to call it that—with shining shoes and selling papers; such of the older ones as do not vary their leisure with barbering and domestic vocations stand or lounge about in raiment of all kinds, from rags to splendor. Such brilliant shirts and trousers as some of these darky beaux wear I have not elsewhere seen. As for the belles, they are too gorgeous and immaculate to be adequately portrayed by a timid masculine pen. Whether in rags and tatters or in silk and broadcloth, they all appear equally happy and careless. Round about the porches of the hotels congregate in groups more or less care-worn the patient company of office-seekers, many of them with the wide-brimmed hats and exposed shirt-fronts that speak of Southern homes far away. As a contrast to the prevailing air of indolence there are the cable-cars, which hum up and down the Avenue in detachments of three,—two open,

and the last one closed. They whiz along and sweep round corners at the rate, sometimes, of two minutes to the mile; but the streets are comparatively so empty that few accidents occur. The only vehicles that rival their speed are the bicycles, which might be said to constitute the characteristic motive power of the population. Not elsewhere in the world are there such streets for cycling as here.

At the end of the long, loitering mile is the classic, columned pile of the Treasury Building. It lies directly athwart the Avenue, which, however, turns its northern corner and resumes its course past the White House. Considering that the latter was erected the better part of a century ago, it is surprising how well it holds its own with the best that we can do to-day. It is large, dignified, and graceful, the idealization of the Southern mansion on a large scale. It is removed from the broad street by a wide interval of lawn, with a drive sweeping past the columned portico. Its northern windows face the cultivated woodland of Lafayette Square, beyond which extends in a straight line the thoroughfare of splendid residences,—Sixteenth Street; a stretch of near two miles to the summit of the hill. The entire region hereabouts is given up to private dwellings, with not a shop or other sign of commerce among them. Many of them are nothing less than palaces, and are distinguished by names of historic note. But, after all, we are on our way to the National Picnic, and have not leisure to penetrate the charming mazes of Washington society,—which is, upon the whole, the most various and agreeable in this country, and perhaps in the world. On a Sunday afternoon you may see the men and women who constitute it parading up and down Connecticut Avenue; and neither Fifth Avenue nor Rotten Row can show a handsomer spectacle of the kind.

Walking hence eastward along F Street, you may see, at four o'clock, the pretty ladies doing their fashionable shopping. After three or four blocks the shops come to an end, and the great white stone mass of the Patent Office stops the way. A block south of it is the Post-Office Department; and farther east is the huge brick Pension Building, with a belt of figures sculptured in high relief running clear round it,—the Grand Army on its way to Richmond, apparently. Unless you have a Puritan conscience, which drives you to investigate details, in order that no one may be able to ask you whether you have "seen" them without getting an affirmative answer, you will content yourself with an outside glance at these imposing structures. It is not intrinsically enchanting to see ten thousand male and female clerks stifling at their desks from nine o'clock till four.

In fact, I prefer to leave the city altogether for a while, and get aboard a steamer at the wharves for a trip down the Potomac to Mount Vernon. It is something less than twenty miles away, and in fine weather it is a pretty trip. Not that the scenery is in any way sensational; there is nothing to compare with the Palisades of the Hudson, or with the banks of the Potomac itself, higher up towards its source. But here are broad reaches, and quiet shores, and multitudes of little boats containing each a couple of fishers of shad. It is a sluggish river, as if it had caught the character of the city past which it flows.

Six or seven miles down there is a deserted town,—Alexandria,—a curious example of arrested development. In ancient times it was associated with the name of the unfortunate Braddock, and it saw something of the red-coats during the War of 1812. It had a com-

MOUNT VERNON.

merce that bade fair to make it great; but for some reason it all died away, and now it appears almost as abandoned, though by no means so picturesque, as the ruins of Thebes or Palmyra.

It is not an exciting trip, certainly, and the steamer is as full as comfort allows, though the nation has been engaged in visiting Mount

Vernon for I know not how many generations. It is a handsome country-seat enough, well situated on the high bank of the stream, with wooded slopes, and a wide outlook over nothing in particular. The gallant soldier and honest gentleman who dwelt in it may well have enjoyed its secluded peace, after the trials of war and statesmanship. The long brick house, painted white, and faced with a veranda extending all its length, was a roomy and commodious abode for that epoch,—especially as it was used for dwelling purposes alone, all the offices being distinct buildings, standing in groups behind it, like a tiny village. There are spacious lawns, and some ancient trees (which, however, could scarcely have been more than saplings in Washington's day), and a queer old garden with box hedges; but the trouble about the whole thing is that it is as much a "show-place" as any dime museum. The rooms are protected from approach by gates and barricades, over the tops of which the investigating nation cranes an eager neck and gazes with interrogative eyes. It sees neatly swept and dusted interiors of an antique fashion, like the front parlors of New England village houses arranged for company, or still more like those models of rooms in the Eden Musée and similar places. The resemblance is enhanced by the fact that each room, and all the chief objects in it, are conspicuously labelled with their names and any available historical circumstances concerning them: "This is the Key of the Bastille, presented to Washington by Lafayette," "This is the bed on which General Washington died," "This is Washington's Easy-Chair," etc. Everything seems unreal; you doubt the labels' word. The spectators converse in low tones, but not always reverentially. The truth is, the thing is not dignified. Washington, the man, was as genuine and unaffected a fact in his generation as was to be found in the country which he rescued from thraldom. There was no label or dime-museum atmosphere about him. Would it not have been wise to leave the home he lived in to fall gradually into ruin, as do the mighty castles of ancient Europe? They retain their dignity so long as one stone of them emerges above the turf. Let the place be protected from vandalism; but let Nature have her gentle, immitigable will with it. No one believes in Washington a whit the more—rather is he less credible—for all this paraphernalia of preservation. Curiosity is the noblest sentiment that can be aroused by the existing dispensation.

Going down the steep descent to the boat-pier, we pause at the grated entrance to a vault. Within, on the left, lies a huge sarcophagus, in which "are contained the remains of George Washington." I remember in Fountain Abbey in England, in the broad nave that lies open to the sky, is an open trench lined with stone, in the grassy floor. There is no placard on it, to tell whose grave it was; but if you are curious enough to inquire, you will learn that in that hole once lay the mighty bones of the valiant earl, Harry Hotspur. You can clamber down into it and lie there yourself, if you will. Could anything be more unpretentious? I am sure nothing could be more august.

But let it pass: a maturer and truer sentiment will perhaps devise some better method of expressing our regard for the mortal habitation of the Father of his Country.

The boat bumps against the pier; we hasten on board (so as to secure seats at the lunch-table), and in a few hours here is the beautiful city once again. As we pass along the placid streets on our way to the railway-station, we meet the wife of the President returning from her drive. That square-jawed, lofty-browed man, like an intellectual prize-fighter, is the Secretary of the Treasury; and his tall, pleasant-eyed, gray-bearded companion is the Secretary of State. Treading ponderously along, lion-visaged, heavy-chested, urbane and courteous, the British Ambassador goes past. Yonder dapper, blithesome, active little gentleman is the representative of the great German Empire; and the tall, elegant, elderly courtier of the old school who raises his hat with such polished courtesy is the distinguished Baron Fava, the Italian Ambassador and the dean of the Diplomatic Corps. Eminent men are as common here as ward heelers in New York or stock speculators in Chicago. The outer barbarians will travel a thousand miles to get a glimpse of them; but the old inhabitant—you may know him by that sign—never turns his head as they pass.

And now we are back again in apparently the same car which we left a day (or a week, as the case may be) ago. The road which now lies before us is not only one of the most picturesque this side of the Mississippi, but it carries us through the heart of a region made memorable by many of the famous battles of the civil war. No better preparation for the Great Picnic could be imagined than this panorama of the scenes of a struggle which made the Picnic, and so many other good things, possible. Harper's Ferry opens the story, with its magnificent bend of river and height of crag; and within shooting-distance of a modern big gun is the field of Antietam, where McClellan outfought Lee, till Stonewall Jackson, descrying the smoke of the conflict from Bolivar Heights, came down and saved him. And here to the south is Winchester, which might serve as Nature's memorial to Sheridan. Only a few hours distant is the field of Gettysburg, famous scarcely more for the great battle itself than for the immortal speech which Lincoln delivered there while the issue of the war was still in doubt. But there is no need to multiply the names that adorn our history- and geography-books. The survivors of those great days know them but too well, and the younger generations have learned them by inheritance as well as by study.

One cannot say much for the waste of country which lies within the boundaries of Ohio and Indiana. But, fortunately, we pass over most of it by night. Next morning, behold! Chicago, and the Great Picnic itself.

Julian Hawthorne.

KEATS AND FANNY B——.

A STAR beheld an image in a spring,
His own beams robed in heavenly vesturing;
Out-burned his fire, and faded from the sky,
The clear earth-rill purled on indifferently.

Clifford Lanier.

AN OLD-FASHIONED VIEW OF FICTION.

BOURGET, in his novel "Le Disciple," seems to admit that there may be danger to individuals and to society in theories spread broadcast by people of talent who would only dream of putting them in practice. In "Le Disciple" we have a realistic description of the horrible ruin to which a young man and young woman are led by trusting to the ideas of an innocent philosopher who wrote out his theories of life, never intending that they were to be followed to the letter. Bourget leaves out no touch which can accentuate the wretchedness of his climax. It would almost seem as if he were about to take sides with those few conservative writers of fiction who believe that Julian has not conquered the Galilean, that conscience can still distinguish right from wrong, and that anybody is responsible for his own acts. But probably Bourget has only done what other logical Frenchmen have done, what Halévy and Zola have done,—written a book on the right side, to show how good he could be, if it were not more profitable to be bad. He has, however, opened the way for discussion and protest.

While Americans justly claim that the novelists on whom they have put the seal of their approbation are admirably pure, and that these novelists spring from America, yet there is a decided tendency to read, to talk of, and to circulate the impurest novels written by authors on the other side of the sea. One can understand why Ibsen's plays and Tolstoi's novels should be translated and eagerly read. Ibsen and Tolstoi are men of great talent, and their outcries in search of some faith which can heal the wounds that a doubting world has inflicted on itself find echoes everywhere. Ibsen would make a synthesis between the Paganism of Julian and the humaneness of Christianity. He takes his microscope and studies the social life of his little country of Norway. It is a failure, he thinks, and all Christian civilization is a failure, not because men commit sin,—though Ibsen might, with Renan, object to that word,—but because men try to hide it, and fancy that society is benefited by such concealment. Ibsen recommends utter frankness as a remedy for social ills; but if Mrs. Alving, in "Ghosts," had deserted her husband and proclaimed his baseness to the world the moment she found it out, it does not seem as if she or society would have been greatly benefited. Similarly, the obstreperous doctor, in "An Enemy of Society," gained very little for the human race by proclaiming that the water of his town was polluted before he had given the proper authorities a chance to improve matters. The trouble is that Ibsen confounds Christianity with the state hypocrisy which exists in the kingdom ruled over by the clever descendant of Bernadotte.

Tolstoi, too, is crushed to earth by the weight of a state hypocrisy; step by step he tries to make his way to better things. Unhappily, he cries out that he has found light whenever his torch explodes a new

globe of miasmatic vapor. In the "Kreutzer Sonata"—it is a pity that such a lovely musical theme should be dragged low by association—he dissects an ulcer as old as the world itself. He shows what Christ showed when He elevated marriage above the highest Pagan ideal, that lust, no matter how garlanded and painted, must end in death. And then, as an illogical ruler might try to prevent murders by forbidding human creatures to be born, he declares that marriages ought not to take place!

There is good reason, then, why the works of Ibsen and Tolstoi should be read. But it would be hypocritical to pretend that the appearance of the "Kreutzer Sonata" in every railroad-train and on nearly every book-stall was due to the fact that Tolstoi is crying out for more light and has a soul in travail. It was due to two facts not creditable to the American people at large. The book was advertised as immoral; and, in the absence of an international copyright law, it could be reproduced by anybody who would spend the money necessary for composition, press-work, and binding.

For these discreditable reasons the book-stalls were crowded with novels whose only claim to notice was that they appealed to a prurient—or, rather, an impure—taste. Why was "Manon Lescaut" revived in doubtful English and thrust under every traveller's nose? The English translation could not have any of the charm that has made the work of the Abbé Prévost a classic in France. On nearly every book-stand, too, was Théophile Gautier's "Mademoiselle de Maupin" done into English, not surely to show the jewel-like style of that neo-Pagan, but only—as the newsboy in the train occasionally remarked—that the American might have something "spicy." Mr. George Moore's books were transplanted, and offered publicly to boys and young girls. There have been many protests on the part of the literary artists against the habit of considering the modesty of the young in the writing of novels. But is there any literary artist, the father of young girls, who would advise the indiscriminate circulation of Mr. George Moore's books? or of "Mademoiselle de Maupin"? or of Zola's novels, even with such pleasant tributes to propriety as some of the translators of "La Terre" have offered?

Sir Walter Scott did not lose anything by his regard for the decencies. It is not required of the novelist that he should treat habitually the phase of life which Ibsen touches in "Ghosts" or Daudet in "Kings in Exile." The novelists who have taken no account of the old-fashioned sentiment of modesty have flaunted at every cross-roads during the past summer; and the public taste is much the worse for it. Bourget is right: evil teaching even prettily expressed may produce ruin.

Maurice Francis Egan.

CHICAGO ARCHITECTURE.

THE AUDITORIUM. STUDEBAKER BUILDING. ART INSTITUTE.

THE architecture of Chicago has a quality of its own that places it quite apart from any other architecture yet produced in America. And this distinctiveness does not come from a development of the grotesque and the marvellous, as is sometimes the case with older and more staid communities, nor from an effort to force previous styles and forms of art to conform to the requirements of a swiftly-growing city, but from a simple application of ordinary common sense to the problem at hand, a keen realization of the province of the architect in commercial structures, and the courage to meet the conditions without regard to tradition or precedent. However much the good folk of Chicago may be disposed to exaggerate the importance of their great city, it is hardly possible for them to place too high an estimate on its recent architectural development, for throughout the length and breadth of our land there is not a more characteristic group of structures, frankly and fully expressive of modern needs, life, and achievements, than the high buildings of Chicago, the "sky-scrapers" of the West, the laughing-stock of foreign birds of passage, the most talked-

of buildings in America, yet the least understood, the least appreciated, and, beyond their immediate limits, the least known.

THE MASONIC TEMPLE.

He laughs best who laughs last. The unthinking critic who gives no thought to the actual conditions of modern architecture may find somewhat to amuse him in the vast bulk of Chicago's newest structures, but it requires only the simplest insight into the nature of the

problem they attempt to solve to realize how poor that wit is which finds faults with buildings because they cannot be other than they are. The high office-building is now an admitted factor in municipal architecture. Business life tends more and more to concentration every day, especially in a city like Chicago, where the business district is confined by natural features within very narrow limits. The high building, in its origin, is an attempt to multiply a given area without going beyond it, and hence it has a well-defined and necessary part to take in the economy of current life. But it is one thing to imagine a high

THE AUDITORIUM, LAKE FRONT.

building, and a very different thing to design a proper façade for it, and still more different and vastly more difficult to design a satisfactory façade. Our Eastern cities show no end of façades for high buildings. Every possible architectural combination, reminiscence, form, style, epoch, and method is pressed into service, resulting in an amazing and rich variety the like of which has scarce been seen before in the history of architecture.

The Chicago architect has followed a very different course: he recognizes the almost utter impossibility of forming a "façade" for the high building in the regulation fashion. A basement, superstructure, and frieze become meaningless and absurd when stretched over a height of two hundred feet. The grouping of windows, the massing of walls, the expedients of previous architects, are out of place in a structure in

which every inch is of value, that can have no projection beyond the building-line, and that must have as much light and air from without as are consistent with the stability of the enclosing walls. This is the

THE AUDITORIUM HOTEL LOBBY, LOOKING TOWARDS THE READING-ROOM.

problem every architect has to solve in a business building; these are the conditions that underlie the architecture of every busy city, and conditions harsh and unyielding in their rigidity, which neither the mightiest of political "pulls" nor the greatest wealth can overcome.

The architect has nothing but a straight line to work on: he cannot go beyond it, for the law forces him back; he cannot go behind it, for there is his client with his rent-figures warning him that every inch wasted within that line is so much money out of pocket. These conditions exist in Eastern cities as well as Western, but the Western

THE MANHATTAN BUILDING.

method of meeting them is as different from the Eastern as it is more successful. Generally speaking, Chicago façades are unbroken, with few vertical or horizontal projections, manly, frank expressions of the necessities of the structures that gain characteristic dignity from the vast extent over which a few and simple elements are spread. For

Chicago buildings are big in every way. They are broad as well as high, occupying lots that bear a relative proportion to the heights of the structures erected upon them, though perhaps not intentionally so. A broad high façade has a dignity wanting in a narrow high one, and this, almost the only favorable condition in Chicago architecture, gives its buildings their real merit, and renders them superior as works of architecture to similar buildings in the East.

Imagine, if it is possible, a façade of which the main portion is twenty-five windows wide and twelve windows high, three hundred windows all alike, all perfectly plain, without ornament of any kind, not even grouped in twos, and you can, perhaps, form some conception of a typical Chicago façade. I say perhaps, yet it is really impossible to do so, and even drawings and photographs fail to convey an idea of the actual appearance and merit of the buildings. The particular façade I have selected as typical is that of the new Masonic Temple, eighteen stories high, and with a front of one hundred and seventy feet. If it required great originality and boldness to design a front so entirely wanting in everything popularly deemed essential in a façade, it required not less boldness and faith in the architects for a building committee to accept it. Few buildings are so utterly unsatisfactory and disappointing in any kind of reproduction as this; few are so thoroughly satisfactory and impressive in the reality. It is the quality of mass, the feeling of immensity, that is so admirably marked in this front, without a single part or feature that is unessential, with no horizontal lines save the unrelieved and unconnected lines of the window-openings, and with no vertical lines except some insignificant piers and a series of shallow bay-windows, so shallow and slight as hardly to break the repose of the design.

Chicago has many buildings in which these ideas are employed and in which the success of this simple treatment is equally marked. Necessarily these structures have a somewhat striking similarity to one another, but hardly more than will be found in the individual work of any architect anywhere when he is permitted to follow his own peculiar style. And as very many of the newer office-buildings have been designed in this fashion, it may be taken as the typical Chicago form, for style it is not in the sense of the historical styles of architecture. They are numerous enough to make them characteristic of Chicago, though confined to a relatively small area of Chicago's territory, and thus the Western metropolis may truly be said to have been the first American city to evolve a characteristic treatment of architecture, a treatment, the rest of the world cannot be too thankful, extremely satisfying to the eye, and thoroughly adapted to the conditions to be filled.

I am quite aware that the estimate I have formed of Chicago architecture is not that generally reached by those who have expressed an opinion on it, but Chicago buildings have been made the laughing-stock of the world because opinions have been ventured without the slightest attempt to comprehend the circumstances that have made them what they are. Naturally enough, the architecture of Chicago, while not unknown in the East, is not appreciated. People hear of it as

something big, look at it as something big, and see nothing but the bigness of it. Of course this is one of its characteristic qualities; but Chicago buildings are big because there is reason for it, and, which is very much more to the point, they are treated in a manner suitable to

THE TEMPLE.

their size. The fronts are not made to seem other than what they are; there is no made ornamentation, simply the frank admission of the architect that nothing can be obtained from these gigantic walls save the inherent dignity of simple mass.

But it must not be supposed because Chicago architects have adopted

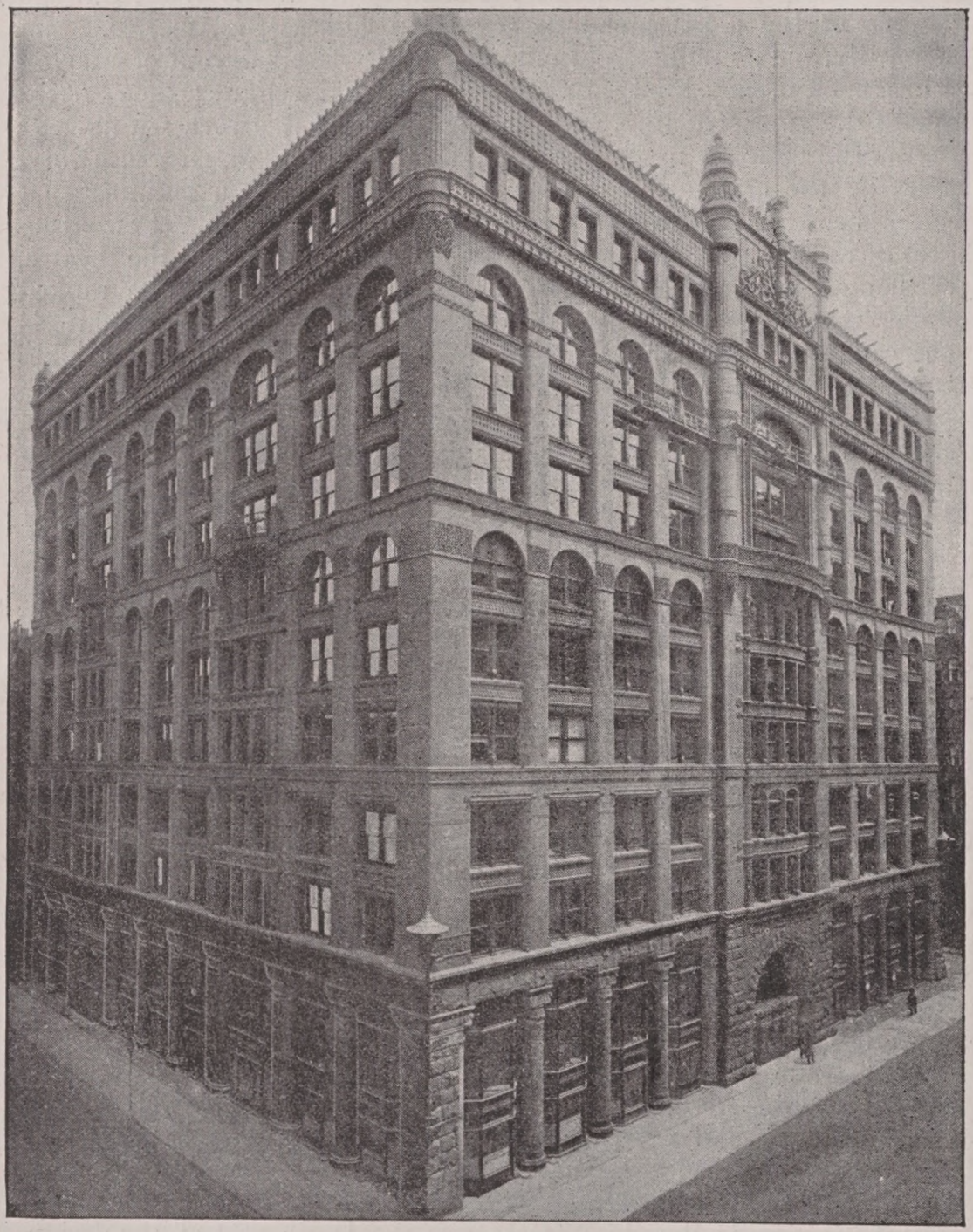
plain unornamented façades for their buildings that they are incapable of producing good decorative effects or are deficient in understanding the more artistic side of architecture. In the Auditorium Building, the greatest wonder of Chicago, the mightiest of her big buildings, the most stupendous product of the architecture of the West, Chicago has one of the most splendidly decorated edifices in America. Not outwardly, for its immense granite fronts, absolutely devoid of carving or ornament of any kind, scarcely relieved by the slight arcade carried around the superstructure, give no indication of the work within. It was consummate art to give the exterior the beauty of structure only, reserving the ornamental art for the interior. It is a building that cannot be studied in a day nor reviewed in a paragraph. Few structures have been so carefully and consistently decorated, and the theatre, the banqueting-hall, and parts of the hotel may justly be ranked among the most successful work of the kind in America. Architects that can produce such work as this need not care for the witless jokes that have been made upon the architecture of their city.

The Temple, as the building recently erected by the Women's Christian Temperance Union is called, offers an interesting contrast to the Masonic Temple, because, though by the same architects, it represents different principles of design. An attempt has been made, and with great success, owing to the large area of ground covered, to produce a façade. The two corner pavilions and the deeply-recessed central portion, all in rich red brick, offer as great a difference to the light-buff plain front of the Masonic Temple as could be imagined. It is one of the most picturesque and ambitious buildings in Chicago, and, of its kind, one of the most successful.

The Rookery scarcely appears to be one of the largest office-buildings in the country,—which it is,—because, as in many Chicago buildings, it has the great advantage of a broad front and side. No better example could be had of the good effects a large and very high building may produce if all its parts are proportioned to its altitude. In the East, it is not unusual for a high building to be so narrow, and especially if on a corner, as to seem but a slice of an intended structure. There is nothing of this in The Rookery: its breadth and depth are exactly what its height requires. The front is broken by a slightly projecting bay, modelled sufficiently to break the motonony of an otherwise unrelieved wall without being obtrusive. The wall is divided into five divisions equally well modelled, and very well serving the same purpose of relief.

The Phœnix Building has many of the same qualities, though lacking the depth of The Rookery. An archway in the middle of the central pavilion is the chief element of the lower part of the design. Above, and at each end, are slightly projecting bow-windows, which alone form the feature of the end façades. These, with the main archway, are the chief ornamental parts of the structure, and are not only rich and beautiful in themselves, but fine examples of what may be accomplished in a large business structure by limiting the decorations to a few important features, leaving the larger portion of the building to express the utilitarian purposes to which it is put.

Less successful from an artistic stand-point, though, like the last two edifices, not among the most recent buildings of Chicago, is the Chamber of Commerce, a building, though the name does not imply it, devoted entirely to business offices. The walls have almost entirely



THE ROOKERY.

disappeared, and are represented only by a few heavy piers. Both fronts, in fact, above the basement, are composed of a series of windows separated in the slightest manner possible, a much less satisfactory method than that of placing the windows in an appreciable amount of wall. It is, perhaps, scarcely just to either building to place the Chamber of Commerce in comparison with The Tacoma, yet this latter

structure illustrates some of the advantages which come from wall spaces and grouping of parts that are wanting in the other. The design of The Tacoma is a series of alternating bow-windows and flat

PHŒNIX BUILDING.

wall, the former being the most important feature in the design. The chief ornamental effect comes, however, not from them, but from the open galleries at their tops and a series of ornamental string courses carried across the building. The elements are very simple and repeated

almost indefinitely; there is no overcrowding of detail and no monotony. The building clearly expresses its purpose, and when a structure does this it is hard to ask for more.

The newer office-buildings can fairly be taken as typical of the city.

CHAMBER OF COMMERCE.

The simple façades, plain walls broken only by windows, are more successful than those in which some attempt has been made to make a façade. All new Chicago buildings are not mere walls: admirable as

those examples are in which this system has been adopted, it has not become universal, while, as it is very new, there are many large buildings in which it has not been employed. Yet even where some freedom of arrangement has been permitted there is a most judicious

THE TACOMA.

suppression of ornament. In the Manhattan Building, which, like the Masonic Temple, is one of the newest of Chicago business buildings, some attempt has been made by means of bow-windows and string courses, and the elevation of the central portion a number of stories

above the wings at the side, to vary the monotony of the façade. But there is the absence of ornament which is characteristic of the city's latest edifices. Like others of its class, it renders it impossible for us to forget that Chicago architecture is a business architecture, a plain American architecture in which there is no room for wasteful fancies. Ornament is employed sparsely or reserved for interiors.

Unfortunately, all Chicago buildings are not admirable, nor are they all designed in what I have called the true Chicago style. Nothing could be less so than the City and County Building, designed on the most singular of Chicago ideas, that two separate corporations, though occupying the same structure, should employ each a distinct architect for its own portion. There are miles and miles of streets that cannot

THE CITY AND COUNTY BUILDING.

be equalled for dulness in the East. This is especially so in the burned districts, where a fondness for iron and the imitation of iron in stone has produced most dismal results. Recent as these buildings are, they are not the Chicago buildings of 1893. In no instance has the phenomenal growth of the city been better manifested than in the contrast these older structures offer to the newer. The tide of change and progress, swifter in Chicago than in Eastern cities, is taking away these memorials of an unarchitectural age and replacing them with the splendid monuments produced by the Chicago architects of to-day. Every developed form has its primitive stage, but it is scarcely short of marvellous that with such a primitive stage Chicago should have obtained so complete an evolution in so short a time.

Dwelling-houses can be less readily referred to a single type than offices and similar structures, and it is quite to be expected that the residences of Chicago should offer every variety of good, bad, and indifferent. Yet just as there has been a marked change for the better in the business buildings, so there has been a change in the dwellings. The newer ones cannot all be classed as good, but they indicate a wholesome improvement in architectural taste. A distinctive feature of the Chicago residence districts is the semi-detached house. In this respect it offers a great contrast to the residence portions of both New York and Philadelphia, in which it is no unusual thing—though less usual now than formerly—to find the façades of dwellings stretched over

RESIDENCE OF MR. F. W. PECK.

distances of hundreds of feet. In Chicago the semi-detached house is the typical residence; there are fewer rows of houses and more individuality than will be found in any other city of its size. And when it is remembered that much of this newer work is well worth study and is highly successful architecturally, it becomes apparent how rich Chicago is in architectural monuments.

Chicago may well pride herself on her architectural achievements. Placed upon soil scarcely stable enough to support the weight of an ordinary dwelling, she has produced the largest office-buildings in America, developed a characteristic type of structure, carried to a high degree of perfection a new system of construction, and begun an architectural revolution that will powerfully affect the art in this

country. No other American city can claim such a record, and it is not the least glory of the whole that the artistic results are as satisfactory as they are characteristic. Granted that the bad buildings of the city outnumber the good, the latter are already so numerous and are so entirely part and parcel of Chicago as really to represent its present architectural spirit. And this spirit is thoroughly business-like, thoroughly comprehensive of the complicated problems which hedge in and bind the architect at every turn. Chicago buildings are not palaces, they are not highly ornamental edifices, they are not wonders of decorative skill nor miracles of gingerbread appendages. They are calm business structures, designed for business, used for business, and admirable because the business motive is so evident. If they are plain it is because there is reason for the plainness, not because their architects cannot design good ornament nor because decorative structures are not appreciated. They must be judged for what they are, not what they are not nor what they might have been. Those who want palaces for their places of business should not find fault with the people of Chicago because they are wiser and reserve their palatial work for palatial structures or some public building like the Auditorium. The buildings of Chicago form one of the most distinctive and remarkable and successful products of American architecture, and it will be a decided step in advance when we in the East learn to appreciate them better and take them as models for similar structures for ourselves.

At last America has buildings worth going a thousand miles to see, and the traveller who sets forth from New York on his first Western tour will find in the buildings of Chicago some examples of a new form of architecture, a more sensible and more business-like treatment than he will find at home. The least impressive of the lessons he takes away with him will not be the one he gains from the study of Chicago's new buildings.

Barr Ferree.

RELEASED.

ROARING and turbulent, rushing away,
Rapids exuberant dancing in play,
Torrent triumphant, upleaping in spray.

Forth from the silence where long it has lain,
Down from the mountains, through snow-covered plain,
Swift as a captive just bursting his chain.

On towards the glorious, all-welcoming sea,
Singing exultant, "The river is free!"—
Opening strain of the Spring's jubilee.

Mary Isabella Forsyth.

THE REPRIEVE OF CAPITALIST CLYVE.

[LIPPINCOTT'S NOTABLE STORIES.—NO. V.*]

EVERY work-day of the year, capitalist Clyve, walking down-town after breakfast to make some more money, passed the blind beggar stationed at the corner. Rarely did it befall the eminent financier to be late in the appointed time when he left his front door or arrived at his office. He permitted scarcely any stress of weather to compel him to the luxury of his carriage and lose him the morning air and exercise. To see him inside the coupé driving to his business was (I had almost said) a better sign than barometers of the excesses which the elements were committing. Among the citizens that each morning streamed down the pavement, steering towards their trades, none received more salutes than he as he marched along. He counted no friends, to be sure, nor yet any enemies that I ever heard of; but the judicious community paid him its deference as the master of a widely-known and powerful bank-account. If an acquaintance stopped him in his course, as occasionally happened, he listened to what the man had to say, without any sign of impatience, moving two gloved fingers slowly over his white, smooth moustache. Yet the acquaintance, even as he spoke, became aware that another time than this would be better for speaking, and he soon wished good-morning to the capitalist, and went his way, chilled by an interview in which he had nevertheless received only careful attention and civil answers. So it happened that punctuality in all habits (the capitalist had none but good ones) had kept his more than middle-aged machinery in unswerving order; and his well-dressed person was illuminated by the clean radiance of health.

The never-varied route of capitalist Clyve took him out of Chestnut Street into Sixth by the court-houses, and across the Square diagonally; and each morning he reached this point while the dim deliberate tones of the clock in the State-House sounded the hour of ten high up in the calm above the trees. The voice of Time could not speak more quietly than the utterance of that bell, whose sustained vibrations seemed to have no part in the rattle and transient haste of the streets below; but at that stately influence the doors of banks opened, the din of stocks and bonds arose, and in the court-houses Justice herself emerged from invisible privacy, and took seat upon her bench to

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* With the March number began the issue of this series of short stories, one of which is to appear each month during the current year. On the completion of the series the stories will be reprinted in a small volume, and the royalty on the sale of this book will belong to the author of that one of the ten tales which receives the popular verdict.

To determine this choice, our readers are invited to signify each month, by postal card addressed to the editor of *Lippincott's Magazine*, their opinions as to the merits of the short story in the last issue. Those who thus report as to each of the ten tales, from March to December inclusive, will receive, free of charge, a copy of the collected edition of "Notable Stories."

hear plaintiff and defendant in the Common Pleas. Thus through the weeks and years while the city's marshalled energies quickened into activity each day at the strokes of the bell, capitalist Clyve crossed Independence Square, and as the tolling ceased came face to face with the blind man at the corner.

IF AN ACQUAINTANCE STOPPED HIM—

On the rounded curb where Fifth and Walnut meet is a fire-plug, opposite the short flight of steps leading from the Square down into the highway; and against this support the blind man stood. His blank, lean face was generally turned towards the steps, fixed in the expression of perpetual waiting; but when people passed, his face followed them till they were gone from the neighborhood of its appeal, and his hand that held a bunch of pencils moved outward from his body. There must have been some that stopped and bought or gave, for as season followed season the blind man stood there always until noon, when a little girl came and guided him away. And as capitalist Clyve came down the steps each week-day morning, to him also the face of the beggar monotonously turned and his hand moved, although the years had taught his acute sense that, whatever man this was who came at the striking of ten, it was not a customer and never had been. Mr. Clyve surveyed the blind man and his pencils with the same brief sufficient glance with which he noted all things, and he was soon seated in his office, opening letters and growing richer.

One day in the beginning of winter this meeting between two citizens of Philadelphia was varied by the presence of a third. Mr. Clyve's unmarried daughter, who kept house for him, came down-town with her father to sign some papers relating to her own fortune.

Seeing her pause on the pavement, he inquired why, and Miss Clyve, taking out her purse, indicated the figure that silently confronted them. Hearing voices near him, the blind man held out his poor bundle of wares. But the capitalist, saying that it was not safe

to stand in the freezing wind, had taken his daughter on with him down the street, replying to her remonstrances that they would discuss the question of encouraging beggars at a more suitable time.

Miss Clyve, listening to these words, turned her head once to look back at the motionless figure on the corner. The hand was now drawn back against the long meagre coat, for the wind was sending a hard dust hissing over the cobble-stones among the sparrows.

"He looks so patient!" she sighed; and her eyes filled with tears.

Her father, though indifferent to all other adverse opinion, was not quite so to hers; perhaps because she still lived in his handsome lonely house and sat at his table whence the rest of his children as they married one by one had gone. He saw in her face unassenting distress; and after the papers were signed he wheeled his chair round and asked if she made a custom of giving alms indiscriminately. For this (he explained) was not intelligent or helpful charity. Pauperism was a clog to the common welfare, and giving in the street at best only prolonged lives that ought to cease. The needs of the deserving poor were met amply by a number of institutions. There was the Charitable Aid League, in which he was director. The board met once a month, and he audited the accounts. There was the Co-operative Relief, of which he was vice-president. The function of these bodies had his approval, and in his will he had made them liberal bequests. They investigated the honesty of each application for assistance, finding work for respectable cases, and turning away the swarm of professional beggars who make a living by false appeals to the sympathy of kind but thoughtless people.

During this, his daughter seemed about to speak once or twice, but Mr. Clyve quietly waved his hand and continued:

Beggars well knew of the institutions ready to help them, and being in the street was evidence they preferred that life. Therefore to put a coin into the hands of such was not kindness, but thwarting the organized charities of the city, and tended to increase the evil of mendicancy. "I have been a student of all this," said capitalist Clyve, "and that is why I lend my name and time to the Co-operative Relief, where charity is intelligent, and not a mere whim of the heart. That man at the corner pretends to sell pencils; he is really begging. I have noticed the pencils never grow fewer. But such tricks deceive people like yourself."

"Why, have you seen him often?" inquired Miss Clyve, surprised.

"Every day, I think, for several years."

"For several years!"

"He began to stand there, if I remember, in"—(Mr. Clyve computed for a moment)—"yes, somewhere in the late seventies," he concluded.

"And, father, you have never stopped? never once asked him——" Miss Clyve's voice died away.

"What should I ask him? Certainly not. It is obvious what he's doing there."

"And you have not even spoken a word! When it was cold, like to-day, you've said nothing. His being there winter and summer has

not made you wonder what his life might be. You don't know how he came to be blind. You don't know if he has children. You have gone by every day. I—I"—Miss Clyve faltered—"I should have thought," she resumed, "that at least some time through the year, in

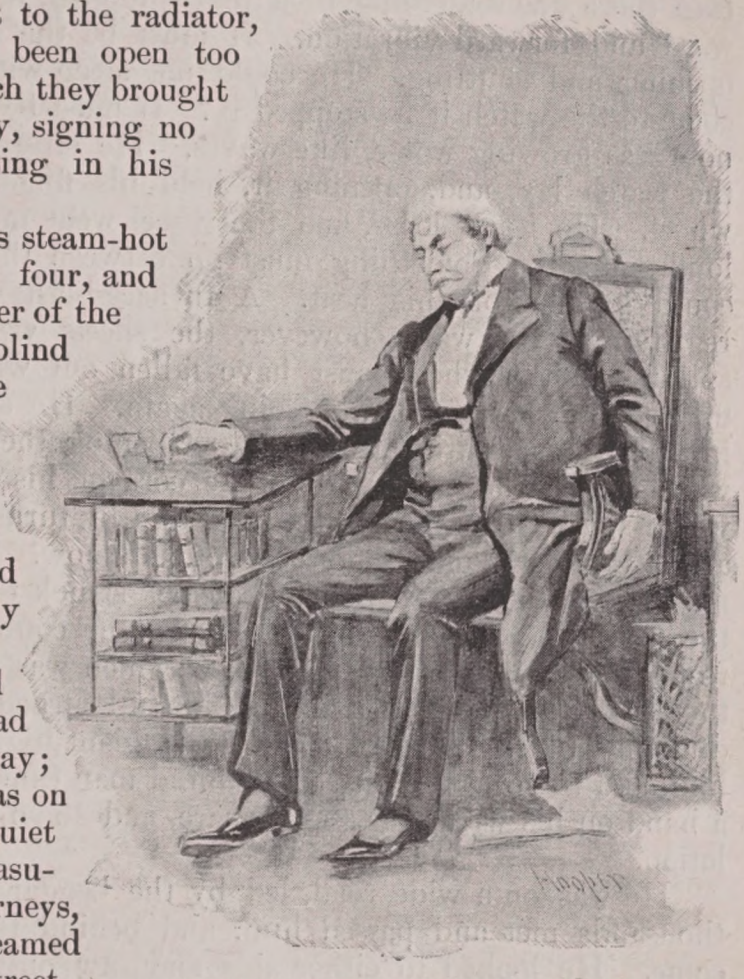
"AND, FATHER, YOU HAVE NEVER STOPPED?"

some stormy weather, or when Christmas—— Indeed, father, I am sorry for you." Miss Clyve rose and left the room.

Capitalist Clyve sat still in his chair.

"Women!" said he, aloud, after a time, and turned to the day's affairs. These, to-day, were only the signing his name some hundreds of times upon bonds relating to a transaction in water-frontage at the terminal town of Everett, on Puget Sound. The radiator burdened the room with heat, and, throwing open a window, he sat down to his long mechanical task. It was strange his daughter should be so unreasonable. Bond after bond passed under his hand, and the pen swept free, writing his neat familiar name. The Great Northern was making a good thing out of this Everett business. And so was he. Whatever Seattle did, nothing touched him. He laid the pen down. It had been woman through and through, that performance. Sorry for him? Where did she suppose the community would land, if every man must be supported by some one else? He owed his success to himself, and he helped half a dozen good causes by lending them his

name and experience. As for stopping and asking a beggar questions about his family—capitalist Clyve laughed as he got up and shut the window. She should see his point in the evening. Meanwhile, as he resumed signing the bonds, her reproaches irked him. He wrote more slowly, for his hand had grown cold. After a time he went to the radiator, for the window had been open too long. He ate the lunch they brought him, and grew drowsy, signing no more bonds, but dozing in his chair.



CAPITALIST CLYVE SAT STILL IN HIS CHAIR.

He came out of his steam-hot office about half-past four, and reached the bleak corner of the Square where the blind man had stood. He stopped by the deserted place and stared at it. The current of citizens that in the morning had flowed one way steadily until down-town brimmed with its flood of money-hunters had now set the other way; for the tide of trade was on the ebb, and in its quiet power presidents, treasurers, managers, attorneys, cashiers, and clerks streamed homeward up the street, beneath the narrow vista of sky, towards the red of the deadening west. Across Independence Square through the faint wintry violet of the trees shone the State-House clock, behind whose dial and gilded numerals the lamp was already lighted. A chill came up from the pavement through the body of the capitalist. He turned up the collar of his prosperous overcoat, and walked on, wishing for his carriage. It was extraordinarily cold. At Broad Street he stopped at the saloon near Chestnut, and stayed some time in the warmth, eying the big luxurious paintings; but the liquor seemed only to increase the metallic taste in his mouth without driving away the dulness in his head and bones. He sat gloomy and not eating at dinner; and when his daughter kissed him good-night she found his forehead burning dry; but he told her he should sleep this off.

He lay in bed with his eyes wide open, listening to the various distant noises that came from across the silence of the town. He had never noticed before how curious this silence was. It entered his room and brought the blind man's corner and the dial among the trees.

He moved his head, and the picture burst like a bubble, leaving him a fear lest it should come back. But he felt it could not so long as he heard his watch ticking. That now seemed louder than usual. Probably the works needed oiling. He would take the watch to be cleaned to-morrow, for it was too loud; it made almost a musical note. At least there was something in it that hummed, or sounded with a backward and forward vibration. It must be the spiral ribbon of metal opening and shutting. He could not sleep with this. Would harm come to the watch if he stopped it? It must be stopped, for the spiral note was growing worse, like waves. He crossed the room to where the watch lay, and, opening it, held his finger against the turning wheel. He let it loose, and the wheel went on, and the spiral sang loud and soft. Something must go between the spokes, as soon as he could get out of this heat. A furnace-blast was coming from the register in the wall; however, the sheets were cool. The match splinter in the wheel must have fallen out when he put the watch under his pillow, for it was going again. He shut his eyes, and saw immediately a continent of light. Opening them, he found the light was beating and gleaming in the core of his brain—or was it the watch-spiral that pulsed fierce and dim by turns? He would leave it at the jeweller's, only there was not time now. It was too hot, and he must get to the Square before the clock struck ten. The machinery in the tower was clicking and going, but he could go faster. He could reach the Square before that wheel which was humming came round to the notch. Here was the Square, all turned black as night. He came in sight of the great lighted dial, giant-high, like an eye watching him, and the bell clanged. The blind man came up the steps and laid a hand on his wrist, as trees, Square, and town fell away into annihilation.

He was on a wide road, led by the beggar in silence. Countless thousands met and passed him, and behind them countless more to come. He looked to either side and saw only thronged immensity. The blind man led him slowly forward always, where lay the wide road without a turn, and more multitudes approaching along it. They went for a great while so, and at last he dared to speak.

"Who are these?"

But no answer came.

"What is this place?"

Still there was no answer, because down in his soul he knew he needed no answer. These were the dead, and this was eternity. His day upon earth was done, and he must find some question to which his own soul did not know the answer.

He looked again at the multitudes, and saw their faces were different. Some were darkened with despair, while others close beside them shone with happiness. The ones beat their breasts, raising murmurings and wails, and even clutched those others, who turned their peaceful faces uncomprehendingly.

He wondered at this; but soon his soul knew that some were mourning over their irretrievable sin, while others had attained salvation, and that all were in the same vast place together. Yet the joyful

ones could not know the sorrow of their companions: so, even as they walked side by side, good and bad were eternally separate.

"Which am I?" thought the soul of capitalist Clyve. He walked onward, looking at the faces that passed. After a time he asked, "When shall this be decided for me?"

"It has been decided," the blind man answered.

Once again capitalist Clyve looked at the faces of the multitude, and every face showed clearly the spiritual hue of its eternity, bright or dark; and every mouth spoke words of bitter remorse or of humble thanks. Loneliness came upon him.

"Which way?" he said.

No answer came, and they walked in silence along the wide, straight road. An anxiety began to stir in him; he feared this road might be without end. As he looked, he saw that sometimes the sorrowful ones held the hands of their fellow-mourners and seemed to weep also for them, and that those who rejoiced found companions in gladness.

"Am I not to know my eternity?" he moaned, in bitter loneliness.

And then the blind man spoke.

"When the cloak of flesh," he said, "is taken from our souls, then for the first time we see them, beautiful or ugly, as we have made them. Till then, our self-love, and the glitter of the world, a too great pride, and sometimes even a too great humility, prevent our seeing the eternal shape the soul is taking under the choice we daily make between good and evil. But when we die and can choose no more, we see that shape unerringly, and then, helpless to think or speak anything but truth, we become the awful judges of ourselves. So is the decision made, and thus also has your doubt been your decision. In your youth you did not follow vice, because you were determined not to hamper your race to fortune. Therefore you did no wrong then. But do you find any virtue in abstaining from one thing to get another which was equally only for yourself? As you dealt with your fellow-men none ever suffered from your dealings; but can you remember a man for whom you ever made a sacrifice? You reared your children with care; but did they learn to love you? You have left much of your fortune to hospitals and charity. Since we can take nothing out of the world, what did that cost you? You were a member of bodies that brought relief to the poor; still, it was at no pains to yourself, for it was not you who entered humble roofs or watched by sick-beds. In all your life you never turned aside from your own ends once to stretch your hand in pity. You have not worked harm in the world. Therefore you enter your eternity without fear, indeed, but also without hope. These faces here that speak joy or sorrow have made you wonder what you speak. Your own life has earned you that uncertainty, and you shall walk forever alone in it, and forever moving among these others, yet sharing in neither their comfort nor their despair."

At these words capitalist Clyve trembled, and asked if there was no reprieve. But the beggar was silent. He caught the beggar's hand. "It is not true!" he cried out, in an agony; "there is one, indeed there is one I love besides myself."

"One who loves you?" the beggar said.

"In spite of all, yes!" groaned the other. "She does love me. I have not deserved it, but she will come. Tell her to come here and speak for me. She is there—among the crowd—she hears me!"

HE CAUGHT THE BEGGAR'S HAND.

The capitalist clung to his guide in wild appeal, and found he was holding his daughter's hand as she leaned over his bed with her tearful face.

Blackness again surrounded him, and he heard a voice say at a great distance, "He will sleep now. The corner is turned."

When, after his illness, capitalist Clyve was able for the first time to walk slowly down-town, he went through Independence Square and came upon the blind man. He paused, and then crossed the pavement to the patient figure.

"God bless you, sir!" said the beggar. "I've known your step these many years."

Owen Wister.

ROSE-LEAVES.

THE perfume of these dead, brown leaves
Is like the memories which cling
About some men,—whose goodly sheaves
Are not of Death's keen harvesting.

Flavel Scott Mines.

WHAT THE UNITED STATES OWES TO ITALY.

A FRIEND engaged in business, to whom I stated my design to write upon the above topic, said to me, "Don't forget to mention that not only our community but the whole world owes to Italy the invention of the double-entry system of book-keeping, a science that has done as much for the interests of civilization as any other, astronomy not excepted." My friend, warming with the theme, continued, "The theory of balances, of the mutually counteracting forces and conditions of debit and credit, involving the logical conclusion that debts are never paid, but are simply counteracted and forever held in check by credits, which are debts tending in an opposite direction,—the theory that profit and loss are really but different aspects of the same fact, and therefore are always to be coupled on the same page of the ledger, being, in short, as distinct an entity as any person or firm with whom we have an account,—these and other statements of financial relation the world of business owes to the masterful subtlety of the Italian mind, than which no national intellectual power has ever been more memorable or distinguished."

This was a merchant, who prompted me not to omit mention of the gift of the science of accounts from Italy to the world. What would the musician say as to Italy's largess of music? the artist, as to painting and sculpture? the devotee, as to religious culture? the legist, as to civil law? the soldier, as to war? the scholar, as to classical literature? And we who live on this side of the planet cannot forget, especially in a year when the event is to be signalized by great fairs and naval reviews, that one native of Italy discovered America, and that another native of Italy has lent the continent his name probably in perpetuity. What the world, and what the United States, owe to Italy, therefore, can never be adequately summed up. Such transmissions of cultivation and moral and intellectual power cannot be tabulated, like lists of exports of silk, wine, and oil. But the brief mention already made, mere discursive hints at best, indicates that in the sisterhood of nations Italy is not only an elder but a most benevolent and useful sister, and that only very shallow and ignorant people are so unmindful of truth as to speak of her as an extinct factor in the modern world, or of her population by the unmeaning and contemptuous title of "dagoes."

Let us see who the Italians of to-day are, what their ancestry was, and what it has done, before we ascertain the extent of the obligations of the United States to modern Italy.

The Italian historian Livy, born in Padua (Patavinum) and dating his history at Rome, is studied in all the schools of Italy above the grade of the primary schools of the common people. It is not pedantic, therefore, to quote him. He says at the outset that it is quite evident that at once after the capture of Troy many of its inhabitants, Æneas among others, sailed westward and landed upon the western shore of Italy, not far from the spot where Rome was afterwards built.

This much I learned at school, and thousands of lads are every day all over Europe and America learning the same fact from the same historian. I have since been told that the German Niebuhr has demolished most of the statements made by Livy, and it is not doubtful that he has demolished the tales of miracles and prodigies which the historian so liberally scattered through his pages. Even school-boys hardly believed in Numa's Egeria, or in the chasm of the Roman Forum that could be closed only by the sacrifice of a gallant horseman: we have even questioned the evidences as to Lucretia, Horatius Cocles, and other famous personages, the recitals of whose exploits sound like romances, and probably are nothing else. But much truth was told at the same time. There certainly was a Hannibal; somebody certainly founded Rome; and if the universal belief of two thousand years ago was that this was not the work of the original natives or aborigines, the Samnites, Etruscans, etc., this belief was probably nearer the truth than any hypothesis which we at this late day can construct.

Livy's account is natural and credible. The fugitives from Asia Minor must necessarily have sailed westward. They would not have stopped on Grecian soil, nor would they have been apt to sail up into the Adriatic Gulf, one side of which washes the peninsula that terminates in Greece. The next peninsula was that of Italy, and they would naturally have landed on the western side of that, as being more remote from their enemies the Greeks. And naturally, too, they would have sailed up the coast through the four degrees of latitude that extend from the southernmost point to the mouth of the Tiber. The Tiber, indeed, as the first large river in their course, and absolutely out of reach of their hereditary enemies, offered an inviting harbor; and up the Tiber the fugitives went.

Then, after certain intermarriages had taken place between the incomers and the choicest women to be found among the original inhabitants, an early instance of the application of the principle of natural selection, the young men of the interlopers snatching their doubtless not unwilling brides from among the most blooming examples collected at high festival, there came into existence the Roman people, whose exploits in conquest, literature, and law are so well known, and of whom the Italian of to-day is the lineal descendant.

The American citizen of to-day lives in a community mixed as to race beyond all experience in any other country in the world, starting at Plymouth and Jamestown with scanty colonies of mixed Danish, Saxon, and Norman parentage, then intermarrying to some extent with American Indians, and subsequently confused in blood with Teutons, Slavs, and Celts, so that the United States citizen to-day is a conglomerate of all nationalities and a representative of no one in particular. He therefore needs to be reminded that there are countries on the planet where century after century the pedigree is uniform; foreigners do not come in, and the race remains pure. Such is the case in Italy. Trojans, Samnites, Sabines, Albans, and a few Etruscans, united gradually and formed the Latin race, which as to Italy has remained pure. Such of the descendants of this race as emigrated to Gaul and intermarried

there with Celtic people sank the Roman characteristics in the merger. The same event happened in the case of those who went to Spain and crossed the breed with Vandals and Moors, and still further westward on the peninsula with Iberians. The pure Latin blood has been preserved only in Italy.

This sketch of the origin of the Italian of to-day enables us better to understand his value. He is at present what he was in the earlier historic periods, with certain changes of environment and a larger outlook into the world, yet, in all those characteristics that go to make up a nationality, the same. As a Roman he gave to Europe the system of civil law which prevails throughout the continent, Great Britain excepted. In later days he virtually created the art of painting, since the notions of color prevailing among the classic nations were feeble and rudimentary; he revived that of sculpture, perpetuated architecture in the grand conceptions of the Milan Cathedral and St. Peter's, and when the dawn of practical science took place he illustrated the new era with Galileo, Torricelli, and Cassini. Prior to this he supplied Columbus and Amerigo Vespucci,—although it is to the discredit of Italy that it was left for Spanish bigotry and avarice to send out the Italian of Genoa in search of a new world in the West.

This Latin people is now lending its mind and muscle in increasing amount to the United States. The record is substantially as follows, as reported by the Superintendent of the United States Census. From 1841 to 1850 there were 1870 Italian immigrants into the United States; from 1851 to 1860, 9231; from 1861 to 1870, 12,982; from 1871 to 1880, 60,830; from 1881 to 1890, 307,095. So far as ratio is concerned, this is by far the largest increase in immigration.

Some exception has been taken to Italian immigration because the Italian, influenced by the instinct of nationality, which is the legitimate growth of many centuries of unbroken lineage, does not come to America in order to become an American, but to earn money with which to improve his condition at home. He comes to work. He comes, as a rule, from the agricultural districts of the southern part of Italy, where wages are low, land is cheap, and the possession of a sum of money such as a thousand dollars, spoken of by him as five thousand *lire*, constitutes respectability and enviable village position. It is therefore his aim to find work at once on his arrival here, to keep at work, to save as large a part of his wages as possible, and to get back to his beloved Italy as soon as possible with a sum sufficient to establish himself in his native hills on a property of his own.

It is our business, then, to consider him as an economic factor, rather than in a sentimental light as a subject for our patriotic impulses.

We find, then, that he comes from a rural population and is thoroughly industrious, and, while in bodily stature he is excelled by the German and the Irishman, in muscular strength, man for man, he is no whit inferior. He is willing, even anxious, to work, and is not apt to aid in enforcing the tyranny of Labor Unions upon people who employ labor. The old Roman spirit lives in this laborer, humble although he may be, and he claims the right, as a rule, to sell his labor in the market at whatever price he and the buyer agree upon.

In the exercise of his natural freedom, too, he claims the right to live as economically as it may suit him, and to lay by a half of each dollar that he earns. As a matter of fact, I think that Italian laborers in the aggregate do not spend one-half their wages. Certainly they do not spend more than half. They are, therefore, productive to the community, as all thrifty persons are; because it is not for the public policy that citizens should live up to their incomes, nor do such expenditures really encourage trade. Given an entire community making no savings, and with the first lull in industry distress ensues. This point I need not enlarge upon.

Keeping very busy at work, and practising temperance and economy, the Italian laborer holds himself, as a rule, free from crime. There is a prevalent but mistaken impression in the United States that our criminal class is largely Italian. This is an error, and an absurd error. It is fostered by the walking delegates of Labor Unions, to whose useless support the Italian refuses to contribute; and it is believed in by laborers of other nationalities, who go on strike rather than accept less wages than such as are arbitrarily laid down by arrogant leaders, mere Socialistic demagogues. One need only examine the records of crime from day to day in the public prints to ascertain the fact that Italian laborers do not greatly swell the criminal classes.

The value of labor is both positive and relative. With Italian labor you build a house. You pay in wages at two dollars a day. Let us suppose that if you had employed Celtic or German labor you would have paid three dollars a day. In one case you expend for labor two thousand dollars; in the other, three thousand. The result is the same in either case. Suppose, further, that the three-thousand-dollar job were useful and profitable; then the two-thousand-dollar job is more useful and profitable to the extent of a thousand dollars. Then the Italian laborers have enriched the community in the determinate amount of one thousand dollars, in addition to the indeterminate amount that always attends improvements of whatever nature.

If meantime this laborer has lived in accordance with his wants, has been duly fed, clothed, and housed, and has laid by part of his wages, in enriching the community he has also enriched himself.

Stated arithmetically, the case is about as follows:

The laborer receives two dollars. He spends one. He enriches the community to the extent of three dollars; and when he carries the one saved dollar back to Italy he still leaves the United States richer than it would have been without him.

It is estimated that there are about one hundred and twenty-five thousand of these busy and industrious people in New York and Brooklyn alone; and no unprejudiced person can question their great usefulness to these cities.

When we come to achievements of a higher grade than those of manual labor, we shall find that the United States owes much to Italy. In the noble studies attendant upon music, we sit at the feet of Italy. Italian opera is the delight of the world. The mere mention, as to the present century, of Rossini, Bellini, Donizetti, Petrella, and Verdi fills us with admiration and respect for the country that produced the

men and inspired their capabilities. I know that there is also French opera and German opera,—that the gift of musical utterance is not confined to any one nation; but it is not necessary to attempt to show that Italy in this field of human effort easily leads all others. French music is essentially light. Celtic genius does not lend itself to profound sentiment expressed in modulated form. And the genius of the Teutonic races—like their own vast and gloomy forests, from which they had hardly begun to emerge when the Italian States were rich and cultivated and were leading all Europe in science, art, and diplomacy—is as yet chaotic, capable of framing harmonies such as the wind furnishes to us in every pine-tree, but deficient in the construction of melody, which so much more powerfully attracts the attention and influences the sentiment. Without attempting to detract in any respect from the merits of German opera, I would simply ask readers whether they derive more pleasure from the memories of "Lucrezia Borgia," "Lucia," "The Huguenots," "The Puritans," "Semiramide," "Rigoletto," and "Aida," or from those of "Lohengrin" and the Trilogy of the Nibelungen.* I am not discussing the topic of symphonic music. Here the Germans are masters. But operatic music occupies a different and a wider field. It is the music that attracts great audiences and sways whole communities,—that inspires the most renowned vocal artists, inculcates history, and illustrates romance. More popular and vastly more dramatic than oratorio, more attractive than symphony, it may be styled the monarch of music; and it numbers among its subjects the greatest singers of the world, a Malibran, a Grisi, a Pasta, a Lind, a Nilsson, a Patti. Europe and the United States owe their education in grand opera to Italy, and almost alone to Italy.

In painting, the United States owes less to Italy in respect of modern examples than to France. But we must not forget that one of the principal stimulants to the zeal of French art students is the contest for the *Prix de Rome,* which includes a residence in the Eternal City during a term of years, with access to its galleries and the studios of its masters. Thus Rome and Florence may still be the fountain-heads of art, while Paris and Munich are the conduits through which the refreshing streams are conducted over the world. And even if Italy were obliged to repose upon her laurels as the mother of painting, how vast is the gift which she has already bestowed upon the nations! Speaking within bounds, nearly all of our religious art has come from Italy. She gave us the first landscape-painters, and to her we owe nearly all that we know of color. In sculpture she still leads the

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* Apropos of the sentiment of each language, it is said that the Emperor of Austria once remarked to Rossini,—

"Rossini, I've been thinking that your language is so seductive that the devil must have employed it when he tempted Eve in the garden of Eden."

"I have no doubt, your Majesty," quietly responded the great composer, "that when the Lord drove them out of the garden he spoke in German."

Some critic has observed that after listening to Italian opera well sung one goes away filled with benevolent impulses, devising rich gifts for family and friends; after German opera he wanders off full of chaotic and fell designs of active malevolence against his entire species.

world, and the United States not only owes to her genius its best statues, but is indebted to her quarries for its best marble.

As to religion I say nothing, except that the great Apostle to the Gentiles transferred the seat of the early Church from Palestine to Rome, as it is said, with more or less opposition on the part of the Hebrew portion of the Church. The two concluding verses of the historic part of the New Testament state that "Paul dwelt two whole years in his own hired house, and received all that came in unto him, preaching the kingdom of God, and teaching those things which concern the Lord Jesus Christ, with all confidence, no man forbidding him." This tolerance was such as the Roman Emperors extended to all religions. The gods of all nations met with equal respect under most of the Cæsars. Gibbon summarizes this easy toleration as follows: "The people regarded these various creeds as equally true, the philosophers as equally false, and the rulers as equally useful." But, without going into theological discussion of any kind, it is safe to say that the crystallization of Christianity into a visible and powerful Church organization is due to Rome, and in the results of that process Europe and the United States mainly share. "All roads lead to and from Rome."

In statecraft we owe much to Italy. Statesmanship is not so much a matter of principles as of compromises; and if we must choose between a John Brown and a Machiavelli, by all means let us follow Machiavelli. The keen and subtle intellects of Italy perceived at an early date in the strifes of the great nations of Europe, between which they were located, and in which they were frequently obliged to take part, contrary to judgment and inclination, that there was much more to gain and much less to lose by practising the arts of accommodation than by standing out for the triumph of abstract and perhaps impossible theories. In Northern Italy, then, was the birthplace of European diplomacy, which has never ceased to be in all contests eventually the strongest power. Metternich and Talleyrand really brought heavier artillery against Napoleon than Blücher and Wellington brought at Waterloo. Lord Stratford had more to do with defeating Russia in the Crimea than Lord Raglan or Marshal Pélissier. As with the most skilful statesmen in Europe, so it is with those of the United States; they owe their methods and education to Italian models, and these models remain, and always will remain, as a part of the heritage of ancient Rome and mediæval Italy to the nations.

Do we not in this Western World also owe something to Italy for such an example of heroism as Garibaldi? Native of Nice, and resident of the little rock of Caprera on the northern coast of Sardinia, he was inspired with the vision of a United Italy, although born on one of her humblest appanages. His statue stands in Washington Square in New York, to remind the passer-by of our debt to Italy for the crowning instance of patriotic impulse in this century.

Have I unduly praised the land in which I was born? I think not. In the constant flux and reflux of populations, bringing and carrying new manners, new educations, new discoveries, and new truths, it is hard to say whither the balance of advantages inclines, or whether

the case may not be, as in healthful commercial transactions, that none lose and all gain. We have seen that the United States gains by the labor of the humbler portion of Italian immigration, as well as in the loftier arts of music, painting, and diplomacy. It is also easily credible that the sturdy and industrious Italian who returns home to his native town in the Apennines or in the smiling valleys of the south of the peninsula may impart to his fellow-Italians not only the benefits of American capital, but also a deeper and wider consciousness of that spirit of liberty which animates the Western World and has brought it in the course of a single century to such a height of glorious success. In this way, Italy may yet be an involuntary messenger of Freedom to the far East, between which and the Western World it extends its bulk, and from which in legendary days it derived the stock which aided in making the free, victorious, yet law-abiding Roman.

Giovanni P. Morosini.

"THE NEW POETRY" AND MR. W. E. HENLEY.

IN England, as elsewhere, it is the sport to find labels for things; to play at godfather on slight provocation. Occasionally it has been found a superfluous game; a case of old wine in new bottles; a matter of rechristening. We have had "The New Art" in Mr. J. McNeil Whistler; "The New Humor" in Mr. Barry Pain, Mr. Jerome K. Jerome, and Mr. I. Zangwill; and "The New Poetry" in Mr. W. E. Henley. It were to consider too curiously to ask, Why new? But newspapers must have head-lines, and the paragraphists counters. It was convenient to treat certain matters in art and literature from the stand-point of the curator of a museum. The phrases at first were amusing; now they are somewhat tiresome. At first new names serve as an advertisement; but when the advertisement ceases to be amusing, there is danger to the art—unless the art be abundantly able to outlive a fashion or a fad and is intrinsically valuable. The art itself must be amusing, or the matter is in the hands of the Philistines; and there is no death like that out of Philistia. In London (I cannot speak of New York or Philadelphia), if you are clever and amusing, you may find a vogue; you need not be deep, or accurate, or sensible. You are fortunate if you are witty. London refuses to take many things seriously. Maybe it is right. It had the new religion in the Salvation Army and General Booth. These it took seriously. The result is not amusing. In London you must succeed in order to keep your vogue. It is not clever in General Booth to have a deficit in his treasury. Tentative successes must be followed up by permanent successes. The New Religion is on the decline. The New Humor is losing its piquancy. The New Art, which has never ceased to be amusing, wittily patronizes the Royal Academy and finds its home in the Luxembourg. The New Art is alive enough to live,—which is an achievement. Some things die long before breath halts. It is so with matters as with men.

It is a fine privilege to set a fashion or make one, but it is not

worthy of the artist if the thing (in society, or literature, or any other art) is new-fangled without being new, or sincere,—in other words, sincerely artificial. With all respect to very clever gentlemen, the New Humor does not justify its title. It was an old dish "warmed up." The New Poetry, so called, justifies itself: it continues, and the other languishes. All the things to be said in the world are old, but if you say them in an individual and singular way you are entitled to your vogue: hence Mr. Stevenson, Mr. Kipling, and Mr. Henley.

In being singular there is the danger of being bizarre. Such at times was Mr. Walt Whitman. The revolutionist, however righteous his revolt, is always in danger of egregiousness: the stronger and more righteous his convictions, the greater danger. Mr. Walt Whitman may not infrequently be convicted of egregiousness. Some whom Mr. Henley has startled count him egregious. It is probable that many editors thought him so, for his work went begging many a year in London. It had believers, followers, from the first. Among these was Mr. Robert Louis Stevenson. Many of the poems ("A Book of Verses"), which, since 1888, have been much quoted and admired, were written as far back as 1872.

It is possible that those who sat in judgment in the high places of the magazines thought Mr. Henley's work too "intense." It had, and has, in parts a daring in idea and expression which sorts little with a delicate convention having as its dearest foible, in the seventies, the rondeaus, ballades, rondels, and quatorzains borrowed from the French. But it is singular that while Mr. Henley was making his alarming Hospital Verses ("A Book of Verses") he was also deftly and pleasantly competing in the same French fashions with Mr. Austin Dobson and Mr. Frederick Locker. It is amusing to see these verses, so dissimilar, side by side in the same volume.

Through Mr. Henley's ballades there travels a fine gayety and insouciance, and a very pretty faculty for epithet. Nothing could be more romantic than "A Toyokuni Color-Print," more cheerful and lilting than "Of Midsummer Days and Nights," more delicate, tender, and musical than "When you are old and I am passed away;" and for a touch of the happiest romance, once again, the poem from which Mr. Kipling takes his motto for "The Finest Story in the World:"

> Or ever the knightly years were gone
> With the old world to the grave,
> I was a king in Babylon,
> And you a Christian slave.

Yet Mr. Henley might have gone on writing these pleasant lyrics for the course of his natural life without making any very singular impression upon the British public. Indeed, it was owing to the disinterment of some lyrics published in a short-lived magazine called *London*, and in other journals, and their setting forth in a volume with the works of certain other poets, that attention was at all concentrated upon him.

We may deny to Mr. Henley certain faculties, as, for instance, a very liberal faculty for romance, such as was given to the gifted being

whom he most resembles at his best,—Heinrich Heine,—but we must credit him with a fascinating lyrical grace. When Mr. Henley set out to do what others had not done and had hesitated to attempt, certain danger-signals were thrown up. To put into verse the grim, monotonous life of a hospital would seem an impossible task. But Mr. Henley did not doubt that the severe, the tragical, and the commonplace could be by artifice made beautiful. Like Mr. Walt Whitman, who seized upon the battle-field for a series of most striking poems, he looked at the life of the hospital ward, its contrasts with the outer world, the poetry of its isolation and solitariness, with a deep, intimate eye; and out of it has come the so-called "New School of Poetry."

That which has distinguished Mr. Henley's poems from those of his fellow-poets naturally constitutes the idiosyncrasy or individuality of the New School. Mr. Henley's most distinguished work bears much the same relation to that of Mr. Alfred Austin or Mr. William Watson—lately renowned, and more lately unfortunate—as Walt Whitman's does to Longfellow's or Mr. Thomas Bailey Aldrich's, or as Heine's to Béranger's. It is an odd experience to read a poem and be fascinated by it and yet not to recognize that it has rhyme. It is an easy thing to read the work of many of our poets in England and America and recognize little else but the charm of rhythm and rhyme. With Mr. Henley you find far more the perfection in epithet than the delight of rhyme. Sometimes the epithet appears too adventurous,—almost startling,—yet never crude or inept. It is a bold thing to seize upon some common slang expression and incorporate it into verse which, before all, shall have distinction and elegance, as well as power, insight, and emotional value. But Mr. Henley has done this successfully. Lines of his poems,—say, from the "London Voluntaries," "The Song of the Sword, and Other Poems,"—when isolated, must appear to the usual reader almost unpoetical and uncouth. Read in the general structure of the poem they convince you as being perfectly in place. The slang of yesterday becomes the classic of to-day. Mr. Henley has taken the slang of to-day and is making it the classic of to-day. It is a daring business, but it is indicative of the general temper of the man. His literary criticisms have always been marked by a singular independence, fearlessness, and general rightness,—and an occasional wrongness also, as witness his book of essays, "Views and Reviews." But strong and honest thinkers have often (Carlyle and Tolstoi, for instance) a kind of extravagance in statement which is at core a noble impatience with flatness, inconsequence, mere artificiality and empiricism. The prophet and revolutionist is always more or less egregious. His impulse is to set things in sharp—sometimes violent—contrasts. He has not the calmness of his follower, who, not the framer of a convention, but an artificer more or less governed by it, smooths out his art to suave, acceptable, and decorous conclusions.

It is sometimes laid at the door of the prophet that he is not always intelligible,—Mr. Robert Browning, Mr. J. McNeil Whistler, and Mr. Henley, for example. But the charge is a vain one, when applied absolutely. The man with a new way of doing things empha-

sizes, as a rule, more strongly than is necessary; and it is possible that Mr. Henley, in some of his poems, has emphasized in epithet and expression too strongly. But that the heart of his work is right, and himself a man with something to say and a pronounced artifice in saying it, may not be doubted. Mr. Henley was not content, when he was an art critic and editor, to be ruled by a convention which declined upon things acceptable for a new soap or a medicine for the liver. This may or may not be the reason that he resigned the editorship of the *Magazine of Art*. But that he was already content to be an enemy of the Philistine is best shown by the persistence with which he followed up his far from notorious crusade by work of his own in poetry which is as distant in some regards from the desires of Philistia as may be imagined. Long hard years of travel in difficult ways only served to develop an idiosyncrasy which is stamped upon most of the pages of "A Book of Verses" and on every page of "The Song of the Sword," and which is exhibited weekly in the remarkably clever and courageous *National Observer*, a High-Tory journal under the thumb of no Tory, and a literary production under the hand and seal of an original and admirable man of letters. As an example of Mr. Henley's curious and often fascinating faculty for unusual epithet, a few lines from his "London Voluntaries" ("The Song of the Sword") may be given. From his poem on "The East Wind" let this be taken:

> And Death the while—
> Death with his well-worn, lean, professional smile,
> Death in his threadbare working trim—
> Comes to your bedside, unannounced and bland,
> And with expert, inevitable hand
> Feels at your windpipe, fingers you in the lung,
> Or flicks the clot well into the laboring heart:
> Thus signifying unto old and young,
> However hard of mouth or wild of whim,
> 'Tis time—'tis time by his ancient watch—to part
> With books and women and talk and drink and art:
> And you go humbly after him
> To a mean suburban lodging: on the way
> To what or where
> Not Death, who is old and very wise, can say:
> And you—how should you care
> So long as, unreclaimed of hell,
> The Wind-Fiend, the insufferable,
> Thus vicious and thus patient sits him down
> To the black job of burking London Town?

Whatever may be said of such work as this, it must be accounted deep and unusual. It gives an uncanny feeling, but then it was to produce the uncanny feeling that the lines were written; just as certain of Poe's stories are intended to produce a weird impression above and apart from the mere fascinating peculiarity of epithet. To read Mr. Henley in the light of such extracts as this alone would be to carry away an idea of a remarkably weird, almost incompanionable, faculty in verse. Such lines are grim to read; but the subject was grim. When Mr. Henley, with the deliberation of the artist,—who is always, when a true artist, aristocratic enough to be deliberate,—chooses a sub-

ject from a different hemisphere of impression and emotion, he treats it with its appropriate and adequate temper. In the same "London Voluntaries," his picture of October, "mild and boon," in the Strand, is full of most genial eloquence, charm, and sunlight. Health, hope, and grandeur are in it. Here are a few of the lines:

> Trafalgar Square
> (The fountains volleying golden glaze)
> Gleams like an angel-market. High aloft
> Over his couchant Lions in a haze
> Shimmering and bland and soft,
> A dust of chrysoprase,
> Our Sailor takes the golden gaze
> Of the saluting sun, and flames superb
> As once he flamed it on his ocean round.
>
> 'Tis El Dorado—El Dorado plain,
> The Golden City! And when a girl goes by,
> Look! as she turns her glancing head,
> A call of gold is floated from her ear!
> Golden, all golden! In a golden glory,
> Long lapsing down a golden-coasted sky,
> The day not dies but seems
> Dispersed in wafts and drifts of gold and shed
> Upon a past of golden song and story
> And memories of gold and golden dreams.

It is only by these contrasts that Mr. Henley can be properly read. No two things could be more unlike than these quoted extracts, and yet the same depth, concentration, and insight are in both. In some respects Mr. Henley's power is almost painful. He gets at the very core of a thought, strips it naked, and presents it to you in a kind of focussed light. The light sometimes is too strong for the ordinary reader, but then Mr. Henley, unfortunately, is not writing for the ordinary reader. It will be, one ventures to think, his lot in a large way to influence others who will write for the ordinary reader—if not for the British matron. That the soundness, vitality, and delighted sincerity of Mr. Henley's work will give him a unique and distinguished position among the few writers who deserve to be remembered from decade to decade, some sceptics may doubt; but that, in the circumstances, helps to establish the case, for the lovers of the pinking-iron will not all at once bear strength and manliness in art. To suffer all at once an immediate popularity is to discount one's future needlessly.

For a man of forty years and a little over, Mr. Henley has not produced a vast deal of work. His two books of poems,—neither of them large,—"Views and Reviews," "Lyra Heroica,"—a book of English verse for boys,—"Memorial Catalogue of the French and Dutch Loan Collection at Edinburgh," "A Century of Artists," "A Monograph upon Sir Henry Raeburn," and three plays—"Deacon Brodie," "Beau Austin," and "Admiral Guinea"—written in conjunction with Mr. Robert Louis Stevenson and lately published in America—constitute most of his work in book form.

But in this comparatively brief list we get an indication of the

character of the man. Mr. Henley's poems, as his prose, bear the mark of concentration, precision, and the power of rejection,—which is perhaps the greatest quality an artist can have: in it is the root of the whole matter. Mr. Henley's canvas is always small. In this regard he compares with some of his contemporaries and ancestors in poetry as Meissonier does to De Neuville. There is no plethora of expression or sentiment in the work of the New School; no cantos or multiplied stanzas; no languor nor linked sweetness; no attempt to "thrill the girls with dandy pathos." Mr. Henley's lyrics, full of delightful freshness and sprightliness and sentiment, have the quality of the perfect miniature. One feels that his words are etched out of the thought for their own sake as well as the thought's sake, and that he will sacrifice neither for the girls nor the dandy pathos.

Through Mr. Henley's poetry there runs one note piped in many keys. He sings the gospel of conflict—of war; but he sings it without whining. To him life is—as it was to Rabelais—an enormous incongruity,—"preposterous and sublime,"—but from the precipitation of its forces he gets the good crystal, Courage. He has a rare burly pleasure in fighting, yet, with a sense of humor, enjoys, almost after the manner of the ancients, a kind of boisterous indolence. His lyrics have a buxomness and high spirits, and all his other work a handsomeness and invincible heartiness. In ears accustomed to the charming air and elegant pensiveness of much present-day poetry, the verse of the New School must have too much nervous timbre for comfort. Yet for the over-sensitive Mr. Henley has provided (not in thought of them, we may be sure, for he has never been suspected of catering) in such exquisite and simple things as his "Impression of Spring in Piccadilly," out of the "London Voluntaries," and "A late lark twitters from the quiet skies," and that touching poem to his dead mother, "Matri Dilectissimæ," a few lines of which we give here:

> Between the river and the stars,
> O royal and radiant soul,
> Thou dost return, thine influences return
> Upon thy children as in life, and death
> Turns stingless. What is death
> But life in act? Sweetest, how should the grave
> Be victor over thee,
> Mother, a mother of men?

In these few lines we may find two sources of Mr. Henley's strength. One touches himself very nearly, the other his art. Mr. Henley knows men. He has played upon all the pipes of experience, he is masterfully human; his sympathy is strong, manly, and truthful. He knows the world through and through, and yet does not despise it,—an unknown privilege to a little soul. On the contrary, the world is a good battle-ground, where you may fight and bury your dead in a fine gentlemanly spirit, mess in good temper, with fine appetite, be natural in every function of manhood without the furtive eye, and have the naïve, wholesome look on life.

One other distinguishing characteristic in the few lines from "Matri

Dilectissimæ" is the broken line. A number of verse-writers have attempted the Greek forms, but few have attained even moderate success with it. Mr. Henley (one supposes) tried what rhythms could do without rhymes, as in some of the "Hospital Verses," and then boldly handled the broken line. Matthew Arnold had tried it, and failed in a very distinguished fashion. His form was high and classical, but the work lacked vitality. Heine used it, and succeeded nobly; but Heine was a master. Walt Whitman sought to make it a convention, but his methods, though commanding, were hap-hazard: not even his unusual poetical powers could carry it off. Emerson dared; but then Emerson was a philosopher, not a poet. Mr. Henley's genius, however, is suited to the broken line. He dared, and has not failed. He put his skill most to the test in "The Song of the Sword," which gives the title to his last book of verses. Had he failed in it, the hazard was lost; for the theme was out of the very core of his ideas, and he must have come to it with a fine cheerfulness. Whatever may be thought of the temper and purpose of the poem, there can be no doubt of the success of the artifice: he is a master of his tools. He gathered down a great subject into a very little compass; cut down a mountain and made a statue. You may challenge the gospel of the Sword as Mr. Henley has preached it, but you will hesitate before challenging the setting of that gospel. As to the gospel itself, it is much a matter of iron in the blood. Strong men will be moved by it; but it is not for the school-miss and the lady-like young man. It is all the difference between the pinking-iron and the anvil,—between a cretonne curtain and the flag of Shenandoah. The soul of Mr. Henley's work is his interest in life. He enjoys up and down the whole gamut. It all has been worth the doing: you never find him whimpering. How paltry Art looks on the shoulders of the pessimist!—declining upon ante-mortems, serving for epitaphs instead of epithets. One "admirable phrase" is worth "a hundred hearts on arms." The phrase may have its way with the centuries; the centuries have their way with the Tomlinsons and the Miss Nancys. It is all largely a matter of personality. Mr. Henley is what his poetry is: those who know it know the man. His poems are not narratives, but revelations. Their cheerfulness and indomitableness excite you; their pathos and truthfulness catch you in the throat—not *by* the throat. You may sometimes wish the emotions triturated; you would not if you knew the man out of whom they have been dug,—whose life of great physical suffering has not taken from him a fine wholesome courage, a convincing presence, an unvarying force in conversation, a taste for hating as much as he loves, a faculty for getting (as an editor) the best out of his contributors, and for provoking fidelity.

Any who have seen in portraiture the excellent bust of Mr. Henley by Rodin—whom Mr. Henley championed before he was the great Rodin—would understand the nervous power of his work,—occasionally too inflamed in his prose, at times too abrupt,—and would naturally look for much dramatic force in his plays. In "Deacon Brodie" and "Admiral Guinea"—lately published, as we have said, with "Beau Austin"—this force shows abundantly and finely; though the faculty for construction is by no means perfect. The plays read better than

they would act. "Beau Austin," however, is admirable in construction, simple, distinguished, and effective, and should have a future on the stage.

As to Mr. Henley's influence upon literature. He has dared to say things, he has dared to do things, which others have hesitated to say and do. He has opened a way for a larger, deeper convention. He has broadened our view by his daring, and his strength by his fine art. When his "Hospital Verses" appeared, such things as "Operation," "Clinical," "Staff-Nurse," "Old Style," "House-Surgeon," started the cry of realism. But it, as a cry, was no longer amusing to the public, and the paragraphists dropped it. The book was accepted as art. Here and there was a grisly repellent subject, but none could resist the charm of such things as "Discharged," with its abundant joy and spirit:

> Free . . . . . !
> Dizzy, hysterical, faint,
> I sit, and the carriage rolls on with me
> Into the wonderful world.

No doubt Mr. Henley would himself be the first to laugh at the idea of founding a new school of poetry,—he has humor,—but there must be head-lines and labels, and it is as it may be. I have used the term because others have used it and it gives *locale*. Mr. Henley has done what Mr. Kipling has done: he has unshackled himself from the threadbare uses of a convention which, governed by a great master like Lord Tennyson, is noble, but becomes inconsequent in the hands of the average minor poet. It is impossible that the influence of such a man, working in his poems, in his published volumes of prose, and in the *National Observer* weekly, should go for nothing. As an inspiration to hardy work in literature he has his high place. What there is of over-accentuation need not, probably will not, continue. For a wider reputation and a more general popularity he can afford to wait. That he will have both, his admirers agree. If he does not get them, himself will grieve least. To him art is a noble pastime, not to be bought to order and price: as thus, to be "sold for a song"—or a sword,—

> The Sword
> Singing—
> The voice of the Sword from the heart of the Sword
> Clanging imperious
> Forth from Time's battlements
> His ancient triumphing Song.
>
> * * * * *
>
> Hard and bleak, keen and cruel,
> Short-hilted, long-shafted,
> I froze into steel.

Gilbert Parker.

A WILD NIGHT ON THE AMAZON.

THE average traveller who merely does the round among the places well known to the tourist world not only denies himself the charm of leaving the beaten path and plunging into unknown regions, but also fails to appreciate the pleasure of adventure which makes the traveller's heart beat faster at the recollection of dangers fought and overcome.

It was the hope of finding sport out of the common run that took myself and four companions to South America in 1873 and kept us knocking about down there for more than six years. For the particular trip of which I speak here, a six months' shooting-expedition on the Amazon River, we purchased in London a light-draught sectional steel launch, large enough to carry us and our traps comfortably, and equipped her with a small tubular engine made to burn either wood, coal, or charcoal. On arriving at Para we decided, after a trial trip in the harbor, to purchase all the charcoal we could carry with us, and to replenish our store *en route* in the forests skirting the banks of the river.

We steamed out of the bay in the Intrepid, a few days after the trial trip. After passing Cape Magoari and on reaching open water we steered north by west until we arrived at Mexiana Island, and anchored at the village of Villa Nova.

Every traveller, every artist, and every bohemian, no matter of what stripe, interprets nature in proportion to the development of his appreciative faculties for the enjoyment of the beautiful. It is to the dreams to which the lazy, hazy equator gives rise that the tropical South owes her romance-laden reputation. In the *laissez-aller* indolence bred by the tropical sun the liveliest and most active Northern imagination is calmed and soothed into an indolent repose which fires the poetry in the artist's soul and tinges it with the awe of the unknown. It draws into strong relief the picturesqueness of the new surroundings, in the lands of brilliant colors and effects, against a background of an extinct semi-barbarous civilization and chivalry, the memory of which has been hallowed by the lapse of ages.

To us five Yankees, sailing under the Southern Cross day after day, the white canopy of our awning shelter seemed like the plumage of an immense tropical bird, the brighter and whiter for the transparent azure of the heavens above and the deep-sea blue of the waters over which we were skimming. It was at night, however, with the silvery moon thrown in shimmering silhouette against the phosphorescent waters of the Atlantic, that every fire-laden little wavelet which in its indolent fashion washed against the sides of our small craft seemed to us the torch of some hidden playful nymph, thrown from the depths below to eclipse with the brilliant deep-sea light the splendor of the orb of night.

In this dream-land we steamed on for four days and nights, real-

izing for the first time the *dolce far niente* of earthly peace and calm, and when the sounds of our three guitars and a zither, with Maxwell's tender baritone voice, floated over the waters, the enchantment of the time seemed to us the incarnation of the ideal in romance.

Sleep came unsought to those of us not on the watch, after the evening pipes were exhausted, and as in dreams we sailed away we were almost nightly lulled into sweet forgetfulness by our songster, who was a great fellow for tender Spanish verse.

A day spent in the lazy, dirty village of Gurufa, and then we were off on our trip for good, steaming up the turbid Amazon for the unknown land of adventure.

Towards dusk we ran in close to the high banks of the shore, and, after securing the launch to a towering forest giant rooted on the bank, we passed our first evening, or rather part of it, in the strange quiet of a tropical forest. Supper over and everything snug for the night, with the large reflector lamps in full glow suspended at the foremast, we spent the early part of the evening with song and pipes as usual.

Overhead, our old friend the moon shone with a brilliancy which is best appreciated in the gloom of giant tropical trees. The odors of strange and unfamiliar plants were about us on all sides, and as the aromatic smoke from our brier-wood pipes mingled in the tropical incense, we speculated as to the reception Virginia's golden leaf would win from the perfume-laden strangers on King Amazon's shores.

We had just decided to turn in, so as to be ready for an early morning's start, and Imbrie, upon whom devolved the first watch, was busy inspecting the moorings which held us to the shore, when in the far-off distance we heard a rumbling, roaring noise, not unlike the heavy cannonading during a bombardment. In a moment we were all on our feet, listening and conjecturing as to the nature of the unusual sound. But for the fact that we had timed our trip for the beginning of the dry season, I would have sworn that the booming noise was the forerunner of a tropical tornado. So as not to be taken unawares by such a storm, which might have been driven inland from the ocean, as I argued, we hastily replaced our light awning with heavy water-proof tarpaulin and tautened it until its sides were as stiff as boards and yet yielding enough to prevent our swamping in case of a big blow.

Drag-anchors were thrown out from both stem and stern, and then we waited for the danger, which kept drawing nearer and nearer. Not a cloud obscured the moon, nor did the air have any of that oppressive feeling which it takes on just before a tornado in the tropics. No unusual disturbance among the feathered tribes or wild animals in the forest announced the approach of an earthquake. All we could do was to await developments.

"What was that?" we asked, in a breath, as a sudden jar from under the boat lifted the launch with a sickening movement, and before we had time to think of an answer we saw it in the river below, rushing towards us with frightful rapidity, a solid wall of turbid, muddy, and boiling waters, towering, as I thought, at least thirty feet high. Then——everything was chaos for a few minutes, for the flood had struck us. I remember that our launch seemed raised to the crest of

the immense wall, and for an eternity of time suspended on the very brink of the terrible seething water.

I looked down the precipice on the edge of which we were hanging, and as the uncoiled hawser snapped like a rotten thread the launch was hurled back into the churning waves. One minute we were threatened with destruction in the mad whirl of a giant sucking whirlpool, and the next saw us spinning off at a tangent to bring up against a more terrifying wave, that seemed bent on ending our career. But the Intrepid rode the water like a duck, and after every assault of the flood bobbed up undaunted for another encounter. Crouching in her bottom, and baling the water, as it flew over the gunwales in drenching spray or in massive waves, with our hats as well as anything else we could get hold of, we waited for the final toss which should end our danger and send us bodily into the flood, to be tossed about, swollen and bruised, the dead prey for myriads of feathered scavengers.

For more than five hours we were the shuttlecock for this maniac flood, which, as it swept up-stream against the powerful current of the mighty river, backed up the descending waters until even the highest banks were flooded. The largest trees fell victims to the raging torrent, and the tall banks were washed away in such a manner that later travellers scarcely knew the river again.

"Look ahead!" cried Franklin, who was holding on to the wheel with a grip of death. "For God's sake, pray, lads! The end has come! Look sharp! If we brave this danger it will be by a miracle!" and there ahead of us, looming up out of the middle of the river, rose a large island whose sides were fully twenty feet high.

The mad torrent was making straight for this obstruction, and, while we were being carried onward with the rapidity of lightning, two of us managed to crawl aft to Franklin's assistance. Grasping the wheel, we strained in united effort and succeeded in holding the launch "head on" to the flood.

Every eye was on the lookout for whatever vantage we could gain, and when Franklin shouted to us in a voice made hoarse by desperation, "Put her hard over now! With me, boys, and perhaps we can escape," we tugged and pulled until every chord in our bodies seemed to be on the rack. A roar, a weird horrible shriek, such as none of us ever wanted to hear again, broke over the tumult of boiling waters,—a shriek of angry defiance,—and the mad flood was hurled back from the island, one-half on each side, its force almost broken.

The command of our wheelman alone saved us, for with the parting waters we shot into that side which washed over the powerful channel of the river, and in another moment we were swept down-stream with the rapidity of a streak of sunlight. At first stern on, we were fortunately able to swing our boat head to with the current in a short time, and from then on we had no trouble to keep our launch clear of the threatened collisions with trees and wreckage.

As we approached a turn in the river, we were caught in the power of a strong whirlpool, and in less than the proverbial twinkling of an eye we were tossed, as if from a catapult, high and dry on an elevated mud-bank which jutted out into the river at this point.

We were now out of the rush of the flood, but not out of danger, as we could see by the reflector-lamps which still remained at the foremast, and which we relit as soon as we found the boat grounded. Stationed on both sides, and armed with strong boat-hooks, we kept off the débris of fallen trees and other floating matter, and in this manner the night was spent, while slowly the waters receded.

When daylight finally came over the scene of destruction, the river had resumed its natural bed. Wide and near, the banks were shaven off until they were almost even with the low-water mark of the day before, and the tangled mass of tropical vegetation which then fairly matted the ground was washed away, leaving only oozing muddy flats instead. A thorough inspection of our boat showed that she had received no serious damage, and in a few hours we built a portage of drift-wood by which we launched her on the treacherous river again. After drying our water-soaked charcoal for a few hours in the sun, we got up steam and sailed at a ten-knot rate over the same course which, during the awful night just passed, had threatened us every minute with the grave.

Months afterwards, when we arrived safe and sound, on our return trip, at Para, we were told that during that awful day and night in which the tidal wave started from the Atlantic to carry destruction and disaster far up into the country we were given up as lost, and the news of the tragic flood and our supposed death was sent to London as well as to New York by steamers touching at that port.

The disaster of Apia a few years ago, in which a tidal wave destroyed many of the largest ships in that port, reminded me of our experience on the Amazon, and I do not think that any of the survivors of our trip will ever forget our night of horror.

Morgan S. Edmunds.

MY CASTLE.

HOW pale and faint, how phantom-like, it seems,—
That vague and vaporous Castle, dimly bright!
From cloudy battlements burst on the sight
Ethereal valleys and innumerous streams.
Inside, a golden-vaulted gallery gleams
With troops of luminous spirits which alight
When Day drops down the drawbridge for the Night.
It is the airy castle of my Dreams.
From shadowy turrets dim my soul commands
The spirit of the cloud; nightly I mark
The paths of stars. Oh, no assaulting bands—
No hounds of Care swarm at the gate and bark;
And when Sleep comes, the wingéd Warden's hands
Let fall the still portcullis of the dark.

Lloyd Mifflin.

POINT vs. TRUTH.

CONCIO AD SCRIPTORES.

WHEN what one says is not listened to or not remembered, it may be because there is nothing notable in the matter of his discourse, or (we will suppose more probably) because he has not mastered the art of putting things. Many sermons of unimpeachable orthodoxy go in at one ear and out at the other. "Why is it," the parson asked of Garrick, "that men receive your fictions with so much more avidity than our truths?" "Because," the great actor replied, "we deliver our fictions as if they were truths, while you are apt to present your truths as if they were fictions." Tastes and fashions vary; but, as a rule, a weapon must be pointed if it is to pierce.

An ounce of example is worth a pound (or sometimes a ton) of precept, so I had better illustrate at once. Take the case of Josiah Quincy the second, a vigorous and original man, who was always saying or doing something effective, whether it were exactly right or not. He was one of the first abolitionists, which many of us would consider creditable, and perhaps the first avowed secessionist, which was less so. He agitated in these interests twenty-odd years before Garrison and his followers at one end, and Calhoun and McDuffie at the other, took them up. Glance at his famous speech of January 4, 1811, against the admission of Louisiana to the Union. "Why, sir, I have already heard of six States, and some say there will at no great distance of time be more, . . . that the mouth of the Ohio will be far to the east of the centre of the contemplated empire. . . . It was not for these men that our fathers fought. It was not for them this Constitution was adopted. You have no authority to throw the rights and liberties and property of this people into hotchpot with the wild men on the Missouri, or with the mixed though more respectable race of Anglo-Hispano-Gallo-Americans who bask in the sands at the mouth of the Mississippi. . . . If this bill passes, the bonds of this Union are virtually dissolved; the States which compose it are free from their obligations; and as it will be the right of all, so it will be the duty of some, to prepare definitely for a separation,—amicably if they can, violently if they must."

Now that (except the reluctant and quoted prediction of the future, but then far distant, greatness of the West) was about as wrong as anything could be. It was grossly discourteous, and monstrously unjust, and the opposite of what we consider American and statesmanlike. The avowed motive of it was narrowly sectional; and the argument, in our modern ears, sounds almost impudently false. But what of that? It was not spoken yesterday, but eighty years ago, when these topics were newly opened to discussion. And here is the point: it was full of life and force; it roused attention then, and is remembered still. We may be sure there were no sleepers on the floor of the House just then, and the Southern members were men enough to respect so bright and bold an orator. It was not as if he were merely bidding for notoriety, aiming for a sensation at whatever price. Of course he believed what he said; his error was truth to him at the moment, and probably for some months or years after. There is no real eloquence without sincerity.

Again, take two of the most gifted, and earnest, and mistaken men who

ever meddled with home politics, Yancey and Vallandigham. They were fatally off the track, if you like; the stars in their courses fought against them; they built a temple to Satan when they meant it for the Lord. But they had the courage of their mistakes; huge assemblies quivered at the terrors or yielded to the persuasions of their misleading oratory, and bowed before, or rose in wrath against, the good logic which supported their bad premises and led to their ruinous conclusions. They did at least a portion of what they aimed to do: one of them split his party and forced a third of the States into secession, the other made a great administration tremble. How did they do it? By having something to say, and knowing how to say it; by wielding weapons that were both strong and sharp.

It would be easy to multiply illustrations, and to take them from sources other than the stump and the forum. These, like the journal and the three-volume novel, are vehicles or adjuncts of literature; all employ matter and style of some sort, and all require the presence or the semblance of brains. Whether we speak or write, in class-room or pulpit or study or sanctum, we want to hit and hold our audience, to give them something to chew upon, to enlarge their horizon if that is in us, to help them if we can in the storage and distribution of mental food, to add strength and nimbleness to their cerebral processes as well as to our own.

My contention is this: if we wait for definite and final truth to come to us, we may wait till the millennium. We live to learn, and he who is not growing should be under ground. Of course when we are older we will say, "I could do this better now," and "I shouldn't have done that at all." When ripe wisdom comes, perhaps the will or the power to utter it will have gone. Let each of us hold to what seems true and fit, until he gets more light; for as he thinketh in his heart so is he, and as he thinks of things outside himself, so are those things to him. Remember Goldsmith's wise preface to his "Vicar:" "A book may be amusing with numerous errors, or it may be very dull without a single absurdity." 'Ware dulness, sisters and brethren, for that is the unpardonable sin,—in us who drive the pen, worse even than dishonesty. As we value our professional salvation, let us aim at pith and point. I mean not merely on the surface: the steel must be good that will bear much sharpening, and if it be not sharpened the temper might as well be poor.

These alphabetic counsels are not for all. Silence is the virtue of the speechless, and he that cannot write may harmlessly read and meditate, or labor usefully at other and not of necessity less honorable trades. Whoso hath no ideas, let the outpourings of his laboring brain be vented at the domestic fireside or on the statesmen at the corner store; and he who hath ideas but cannot utter them, let him grind his faculties against the sharp edges of Balzac or Meredith or Matthew Arnold, and—perchance—the power he lacks shall be given him. For us who write, let us neither be content to dwell on the flats of commonplace, nor spend our strength in soaring after the unutterable or diving into the infinite, but keep our eyes wide open and our pencils ground to their finest point.

Robert Timsol.

TRUTH vs. POINT.

WHOEVER argues, in whatever interest, against Truth is extremely apt to get the worst of the argument. Certain old saws and scraps of verse rise unbidden in the mind, about Truth being mighty and prevailing, and rising again though crushed to earth. In fact, she seems to endure a great many tumbles, but to possess a happy faculty of always getting up again; for this goddess, apart from her more solemn and staying qualities, is a nimble athlete, and declines to be permanently downed. It is all very well to say that people like to be gulled, that error of every sort will meet with favor, and so on; but that is not all the story. After vexatious delays, the case is usually carried up to a higher court, and the unrighteous verdict is reversed. Columbus was sent home in chains, and died, they say, in neglect and poverty; but we think a good deal of him now, and are getting up a big show here, and another at Madrid, in his honor. Galileo was driven to recant; but the earth still moves, and we all know it as well as he did then. His name recalls one of the titles of an earlier and greater discoverer, who seemed to be effectually put down at the time; but his cause got up again, and to such a height that a number of able emperors used vigorous measures against it; and the last of these (a very superior man) had to give up the contest, whether or no he admitted in his dying hour that the Galilean had conquered. The victory in the long run is apt to be with Truth, and with such ideas and lives as have enlisted—not merely in intention, but by at least comparative perception—in her service. It may be a *very* long run, and the wise will endeavor meanwhile to avoid snap-judgments; but the affair is settled sooner or later, sometimes in a millennium or two, sometimes within a generation,—and then we know which side to applaud, and have few laurels to waste on those who fought in the wrong army.

Of course I have no quarrel with Mr. Timsol's contention on behalf of Point, except that he carries it too far,—as is the way of the special pleader. He looks into the case only on its shallower side, and omits one factor in the sum, the existence of which he would scarcely venture to deny. Point is a fine thing, but not by any means the finest: the finest thing is to be on the right side. And this is so everywhere and always,—unless, indeed, one is thinking only of the moment and of making his pile. Mr. Timsol is not talking of the muckworms who are in politics from strictly business reasons, but of real men who had their ideas and lived and died by them. Take his own examples, carry them a little further, and see what comes.

What comes of the inquiry is this: Quincy's great speech, so far as it is remembered at all, is remembered for its absurdity more than for its pluck and eloquence. The House may have listened to it seriously in 1811, but when we read it now we want to laugh. And behind the laughter rises an ominous whisper, which presently shapes itself into an uncomplimentary word not known in Quincy's day,—"Crank!"

In the other cases not an episode, but a whole career, is handled. Grant all the personal qualities claimed for Yancey and Vallandigham; the epitaph to be carved on their already mouldering tombstones is, "Worthy of a better cause." What is the use of misdirected abilities and courage, except to fill the newspapers at the moment and to "make history" for a few years after? As for

mental and moral traits, we have enough examples of them on the right side. It is only of late that the world has come to admit the supreme importance of character as independent of conditions, the possibility of good intentions behind what the logic of events has stamped as bad conduct; and plain people still feel that there must have been something loose about men who, with the best motives, blundered into the wrong camp at the battle of Armageddon and did their best to smash things in general and to set up the Abbot of Unreason and the Lord of Misrule. Point! If their weapons had been less sharp they would have done less mischief. In less than a generation these people have been labelled and placed in the cabinet, with a pin through each and a description over his head. In fifty years more they may get ten lines apiece in the cyclopædias and biographical dictionaries as specimens (judged by the curious conglomerate of their qualities and results) of morbid psychology.

Their names suggest another, which Mr. Timsol neglects to cite,—Chief Justice Taney. Judged by his own standards, he was a blameless Christian gentleman, a model of all the virtues. He was as sincere, as disinterested, and as fearless as Sumner,—and as much of a *doctrinaire*. His character, and his state papers too, had pith and point in abundance, and he mightily influenced the course of our home history; but not quite as he had intended, for it was his fate to swim up-stream. When the Dred Scott decision came, and the war after it, his lofty purity and his vast learning were overlooked. During his last years the few who tried to keep their heads cool regarded him as a withered and petticoatless Mrs. Partington, trying to sweep back the tide, while most in the North coupled him with Judas and Benedict Arnold. Even the *Atlantic* (February, 1865) consigned him to "infamous remembrance." We know better now; but there is something warped and futile about his memory which would be missing if he had been able to see things as we see them now, and as many of less gifts managed to see them then.

For our purpose the notables among mankind are divisible into three classes: the lost souls, who had their portion here and now, and sought and found nothing permanent; the elect, who did the right thing in the right spirit,—who "got there" in the best sense, and took their fellows along; and an intermediate set in limbo, whose hearts were right but their heads mixed, so that they wore the wrong uniform and did more harm than good. These last, according to St. Paul and F. W. Robertson, having built amiss on the true foundation, escape naked when their houses are burned over their heads, and have no works to show. It looks as if their faith were a little crooked too, for a man ought not only to love and seek Truth, but to be able in some sort to distinguish between the true and the false. What else were his brains given him for?

The strongest part of Mr. Timsol's plea is for what used to be called notional truth, as against the definite and final, which is out of reach. In the large sense, of course it is. If, as Renan says, "the gods vanish, but the divine remains," this is the divinest thing we know, and as such in its fulness of necessity beyond us. If the gods or any of them abide, this is their vesture and habiliment, not to be grasped and comprehended, except in such of its trailing folds as may touch this planet. In profound or transcendent matters it is permissible to err; but on topics within reach of reason and experience we are responsible for our thoughts as well as for our intentions. Healthy and educated instincts also should go for something. As between such opposites as rotten monarchy and competent republic, czardom and its victims, or liberty for all and inherited

servitude for some, the choice should not be difficult. Philip II., liar and intriguer as he was, was probably as sincere in his politics and religion as the Prince of Orange, but history has settled their account. It was not chiefly in the point of his sword or of his diplomacy or of his proclamations that William's greatness lay. We honor him and others of his order because their heads were as sound as their hearts, because they made no fatal blunders, because they not only sought but served the Truth.

Frederic M. Bird.

CERTAIN POINTS OF STYLE IN WRITING.

We have all heard, for a good while, of the persecuted adjective, but nowadays, with some writers, the persecuted polysyllable might also be instanced. In Tennyson's "Idylls" it is little short of marvellous how that great master employed one general succession of short words. Now the English language is by no means rich in short words. To produce the effect of Saxon simplicity which in "Elaine," "Enid," or "Guenevere" Tennyson did produce, he must have studied the language with an immense loving care, at once philological and æsthetic. We have no reason to believe that Tennyson has ever despised the polysyllable. On the contrary, even in his most repressed and compact verse he suddenly delights us by its appearance. For example, amid the tersest kind of composition, we meet a line like

> With accusation of uxoriousness;

or again, when he is referring to the guilt of Arthur's queen,

> The sombre close of that voluptuous day.

Here "voluptuous," always a perilous word in poetry, becomes invested with a subtle freshness by its trim and monosyllabic context. And yet Tennyson has sung in stanzas, even in blank-verse pentameters, with extreme wordy copiousness. Witness that strangely original poem, "Boadicea," where it is difficult to believe that the author of "Enoch Arden" audaciously and most volubly wrote—

> Phantom wail of women and children, multitudinous agonies,

or

> Thine the myriad-rolling ocean, light and shadow illimitable.

But if it be insisted that "Boadicea" was, after all, only an "experiment," what shall we say to the many polysyllabic lines in "Lucretius"? An authority whom Tennyson gives constant signs of having devoutly pondered and profited by—no less an authority, in fact, than Shakespeare himself—reveals, perhaps, more monosyllabic succinctness than almost any other of the famous English classics. "Infinite riches in a little room" is not a line written by Shakespeare, but it well expresses his astonishing capacity for packing the most pregnant significance into a few brief words and phrases. There is, indeed, a kind of divine economy of treatment in Shakespeare which has never been surpassed or equalled. We find it in such lines as

> Her beauty hangs upon the cheek of night
> Like a rich jewel in an Ethiop's ear,

and we find it where Hamlet says—

> And to my mind, though I am native here,
> And to the manner born, it is a custom
> More honored in the breach than the observance.

But such examples are multitudinous, as every one knows. Shakespeare, however, could fairly revel in polysyllabic redundancies when so minded. To Milton, his one mighty rival in technical splendors and his real superior in resonance and flexibility of blank-verse method, it may be said that the polysyllable was exceedingly dear. Milton was in love with Virgil's epic, and rolling Latinity of utterance for this reason came natural to him.

Fashion, which has always been so cogent a force in literature, now declares itself a worshipper of brevity and condensation. How long this order of things will continue it is impossible to decide. The truth is, both forms are a delight when well done. Mr. Walter Pater cultivates simplicity of verbal presentment, yet will not be held successful in the estimate of any right-minded judge. All that Mr. Pater achieves is an *ensemble* of great affectation. He produces the impression upon all unprejudiced observers that he is insincere, that he solely writes for the mere sake of posturing as a passionate æsthete. Some one said, two or three years ago, that Mr. Pater had "style," and the reputation of having it has clung to him ever since. But in reality he has it not; many of his sentences are discord itself; he will repeat "in" and "with" and "for" and "by" in the same or neighboring clauses until the ring of it all becomes tediously amateurish. He evidently believes that he possesses rhythm in his prose, but he almost wholly lacks it. "Marius, the Epicurean," is a work at once involved, attitudinizing, and sadly pedantic.

Mr. Henry James has always shown a leaning toward the polysyllable, and for a writer so desirous of fine and delicate shadings any other style would have been the most incomplete of mediums. The flute of a man like Mr. James must be one of many stops, else adequately to play upon it would be impossible. "A Passionate Pilgrim," "Roderick Hudson," "The American," and "The Portrait of a Lady" are necessarily polysyllabic stories. With George Eliot it is very much the same affair. She burdens her prose with polysyllables, at times, and in "Daniel Deronda" the tendency became almost a vice. The "dynamic quality" of Guendolen's glance, in the first paragraph of the book, struck a note of pretentiousness that does not really cease until the last chapter. And yet, when all is said, one cannot but feel that George Eliot and Mr. James have both in the main been right. The genius of the English language *is* essentially polysyllabic. Dr. Johnson may have carried things to a fatal extreme, but Addison did not, and when the editor of *The Edinburgh Review* inquired concerning the young Macaulay, after receiving his essay on Milton, where he had "picked up that magnificent style," it was a eulogy by no means undeserved.

A clever man once said to me, in speaking of the novels of the late Anthony Trollope, that he always read them with a peculiar sense of tickled vanity, as though half convinced that he "could do it all himself if he tried." Neither he nor any man could have done it all himself, no matter how hard he might have tried; for although Trollope, even in his earlier and best novels, was tautological and prolix, there nevertheless breathed an atmospheric fragrance about "The Bertrams" and "Barchester Towers" and "The Small House at Allington" which no imitation would have touched. Afterward this

fragrance almost entirely fled, and a novel like "Is He Popenjoy?" compared with the delightful shrewdness and worldly-wisdom of "Miss Mackenzie" as a photogravure compares with an etching. But Trollope, notwithstanding much really unworthy work in the last decade or so of his life, remains a very distinct personality in English letters. And at his finest I should say that he is perhaps the very opposite of that "divine amateur" (as some cynic in London not long ago called him), Mr. Andrew Lang. It turns out, when we read Trollope's autobiography, that he was considerable of a scholar. Mr. Lang is apparently a scholar, too, and an extremely earnest one. But while Trollope kept scholarship and the sense of literary form rigidly in the background, Mr. Lang is incessantly thrusting them into the foreground. The former is forever concealing from us how much he knows; the latter is constantly revealing it. He often reveals it in a very pretty and winsome way, but it is, after all, a way disheartening to the general reader. If Mr. Lang were a greater personage one might imagine that he could secure the reverence of his readers for a sort of encyclopædic omniscience. But he seemingly aims to be thought the reverse of great—to be thought, in fact, "delightful" and "rare" and "bookish." I am not sure that he does not often thoroughly succeed in carrying out these intentions, but one is tempted sometimes to marvel just how he stands with the ubiquitous Ignoramus among those who peruse him. It is not a new style, this of Mr. Lang's, and at best there is a clear pose in it. He looks, let us say, at a sunset, and, lo, we are told what Charles Lamb had to say on some particular occasion about a particular sunset, to this or that intimate friend. He walks in Fleet Street and glances at the book-shops, and Sydney Smith's remark about a certain kind of old book or new book immediately confronts us. His pages are dotted with allusions to the dead (not often to the living, for Mr. Lang, like the sort of character he is, does not often concern himself with the living) until we now and then wonder if the author be not writing a biographical dictionary on some new and astute principle. This writer's style does not merely smell of the student's lamp; it is rankly oleaginous with it. And if to the nostrils of his readers his oil wafts a fascinating odor (which I have repeatedly been told is true), why, all the luckier for Mr. Lang.

Edgar Fawcett.

MEN OF THE DAY.

ALEXANDRE DUMAS is an extremely bald-headed man, of stalwart build, with a floridly tanned face deeply lined, a heavy moustache, and a fringe of curly hair that looks like white wool. His flashing black eyes, eloquent gestures, and stately bearing combine to make him a very conspicuous figure, while the brilliancy of his talk and the warmth of his nature open all doors to him. He is rising nine-and-sixty years of age, and has been playwriting during six-and-forty of them. It is now more than four decades since he produced that "Dame aux Camellias" which first caused his countrymen to admire him. In all his works he calls a spade a spade, and he often hits a nail very hard on the head,—so hard, indeed, that the instinctive feeling of the public has always been to take offence. Yet withal it never fails to submit. In the conduct of his dramas he has never been known to make a mistake. This is undoubtedly due to the fact that he was literally born behind the scenes and has lived there

ever since. He was elected one of the "Immortals" in 1874, and is one of the few surviving giants in that decadent assemblage. Like most men of genius, he has his hobby. On Sunday mornings he is invariably to be found, feather duster in hand, cleaning, moving, and changing about the furniture in his library. He will not tolerate any assistance. He has amassed an ample fortune. He now asks something like six thousand dollars for a new play, and he gets what he asks. Yet he is ever ready to lend a helping hand to young writers who are struggling against the buffets of fortune. Not long since he resorted to a novel scheme with a view to accomplish this end. He said that the preference of managers for the works of dramatists of established reputation prevents many new plays of decided merit from obtaining a hearing, and declared that he would teach them a lesson. So he wrote a play, had it copied in a feminine hand and signed with an assumed name, and sent it to one of the leading theatrical managers in Paris, there being no clue whatever to the authorship. Then he made a public announcement of what he had done, stating that if the manuscript was rejected he would send it to another manager, and so on until it was accepted by some one or rejected by all, adding that to the manager who accepted it he would give the play for nothing. By this means he hoped to secure careful consideration of many works by unknown authors which might not otherwise be judged on their merits, as every manager would naturally be careful to examine all manuscripts, in the hope of detecting the work of the master. The result of this experiment has not yet been announced.

Secretary Hoke Smith walks six foot two, and is built accordingly, his shoulders being types of the tremendous. He has a plump clean-shaven face, beaming with good health and good nature; small, blue, deep-set eyes; high cheek-bones, and short hair which stands up straight. He is only eight-and-thirty. A native of North Carolina, he removed to Georgia with his parents while yet a boy, and, after receiving his education in the Atlanta schools, became principal of the Girls' High School. While instructing pupils there he studied law and was admitted to the bar. This was in 1876. He soon built up a splendid practice, which was accounted to be the biggest in the South, and he is said to have sacrificed something like fifty thousand dollars a year for a seat in the Cabinet. He was most frequently retained in suits against railroads which tried to gobble up land without paying for it, and for years he has been known as the fearless enemy of grasping corporations. Some years ago he purchased the Atlanta *Journal*, and under his management it became one of the leading daily papers of the South. He is known as the "original Cleveland man from Georgia," having espoused the President's cause when he was in need of friends in that State. Perhaps his most notable political feat was to transform the Georgia delegation to Chicago from a Hill to a Cleveland delegation. In this way he achieved a national reputation as a politician, and he has duly entered into his reward in the shape of the most weighty portfolio in the Cabinet. He is a glutton for work. He works on an average fifteen hours a day, and sometimes more, but often does not get through half his business. Next to "Dan" Lamont, he is the favorite victim of the office-seekers. Though strongly opposed to appointing women to public office, he is a devoted family man, who drinks nothing stronger than water; he has a horror of growing fat, and in his leisure moments he indulges in boxing. He cuts a fine figure on horseback.

M. Crofton.

BOOKS OF THE MONTH.

Foes in Ambush. By Captain Charles King, U.S.A.

To the reader untravelled in the wastes of Arizona nothing could more vividly reveal the blazing heat, the "brown-blanket" of scorched verdure, the wide stretches to the mountains, and the low adobe ranches, than Captain King's clever pen-pictures. He is master of a flowing style which can touch off a scene with a few skilled strokes or bring forward a man or a woman as if by photography; but, far better than photographs, Captain King's people are actually alive.

In such a land as this he has placed his last story, *Foes in Ambush*, just from the Lippincott press; and through mid-day sun and the hot midnight the reader pursues the fortunes of his brave men and fair women at a breathless pace until the last page is turned with a deep regret that all is done.

Briefly stated, the story tells of the plot of a band of Mexican desperadoes, who, in league with the keeper of a station, conspire to rob an army paymaster who stops there on his rounds. False intelligence is sent the paymaster of the capture of Mr. Harvey's daughters, who are to meet their father at "Moreno's," and this induces the officer to order some of his guard to the ladies' rescue. Other devices to lessen his force are put forward; and, at last, with but a handful of men he is obliged to stand the siege of foes without and within, who finally capture the place and carry away the booty. The pursuit of these outlaws into the rocky hills, with a spirited fight with Apaches in a defile, and finally in a cave where the ladies and Lieutenant Lockwood's small command are imprisoned, is one of Captain King's best pieces of adventure: irresistible in interest, enlivening in motion, and full of such sentiment and courage as he knows best of all writers on American frontier life how to treat with manly force and tenderness. To reveal more of the capital plot would deprive the reader of the intense pleasure of watching its development, but it is safe to say that among all the author's previous successes none has surpassed this tale in absorbing interest and in power to annihilate time and place for the reader.

The Man of Feeling. By Henry Mackenzie. Illustrated by William Cubitt Cooke.

"You must know," wrote Burns to Mrs. Dunlop long ago, "I have just met with the *Mirror* and *Lounger* for the first time, and I am quite in raptures with them. The one I have just read, *Lounger No.* 61, has cost me more honest tears than anything I have read of a long time." The author of these two collections of essays was also the author of *The Man of Feeling;* and if honest tears and gentle good humor are not quite extinct among us, this ripe and genial book will beget them in all sensitive souls to-day, as did the *Lounger* in Robert Burns in 1790.

Henry Mackenzie is one of those shy authors whose place in English letters is fixed among the best company, the gentlest wits, the masters of quiet pathos, in spite of his invincible modesty. *The Man of Feeling* has brought delight and comfort to three or four generations of readers since its anonymous issue in 1771, and in each of these periods there has been a demand for the book like that perennial one for *Rab and his Friends* or *The Citizen of the World:* companions which each of us likes best to keep to himself in a little shrine lifted

to quietude and contentment of spirit. Loud books which appeal to the whole world, we all of us know and value; but, like a comrade one draws aside to, for tranquil diversion, *The Man of Feeling* is essentially a quiet book, fit for the season of twilight or to be read when the lamps are lit on summer evenings. Externally, the present edition, published by the J. B. Lippincott Company in union with Messrs. J. M. Dent & Co., of London, is in every respect worthy of the contents. Soft green binding of satine with shapely gold letters; excellent toned paper and agreeable type; a portrait and illustrations of permanent value as pictures and sympathetic additions to the text; and a size that invites the volume into one's side-pocket: these are sufficient warrants for possessing *The Man of Feeling* even if its charms were less than the whole world of readers knows it to be.

Found Wanting. By Mrs. Alexander.

There are small olympiads in the lives of readers as well as large ones in the history of nations. It was a memorable day when the "green-covers" of Dickens came forth; and, with those who have gone far into comradeship with Mrs. Alexander's people, it is a red-letter event when that inexhaustible writer introduces us to a whole new book-full of her creations. The pleasure of anticipation is never disappointed by Mrs. Alexander: she is always better than we fancy her to be; and in this last book, *Found Wanting*, just put forth by the Lippincotts, she has surpassed herself as usual by "breaking the record," so to speak, in plot, prose, and people.

This is the story of May Riddell, who leads a pensive little life, first with her whimsical father, then with a Miss Macallan, who is chosen as her protectress by a Mr. Ogilvie, an elderly lover disguised as a friend. This canny gentleman proposes to marry for wealth where he does not love, and to take May to his house as an inmate; but she escapes this woe and shame by a timely event which rounds out the story and balances the account of the self-seeking lover.

There is a contagion in such a book as this which no one can escape who embarks upon the first page.

Barbara Dering. By Amélie Rives. Broken Chords. By Mrs. George McClellan. Paper cover editions.

As if to mark the advent of the warm season, two notable novels of the Select Lippincott group, which have remained all winter in comfortable boards, have now put on a light paper garb suitable for the summer days. These are *Barbara Dering* and *Broken Chords*, the first by Amélie Rives, the other by Mrs. George McClellan; and it would be hard to find two books more adapted for reading all the year round than these two brilliant love-stories, both depicting the chain of events which slowly develops from an error in love.

SOME SANITARY ASPECTS OF BREAD-MAKING.

DR. CYRUS EDSON, Health Commissioner of New York City, in an article in "The Doctor of Hygiene," calls attention to the danger of spreading various contagious diseases through the medium of ordinary yeast-made bread.

"I do not wish to pose as an alarmist," writes Dr. Edson, "nor am I willing to say there is very much chance of the germs of typhus and of cholera reaching the stomachs of the people who eat bread which has been raised with yeast, because the germs would be killed were the bread thoroughly cooked, and because the germs of these diseases are too carefully looked after to make it probable that they would find their way into the dough. But, while I am not afraid that cholera and typhus will be greatly spread by yeast-raised bread, I have not the slightest cause to doubt that other diseases have been and will be carried about in the bread.

"I have met journeymen bakers, suffering from cutaneous diseases, working the dough in the bread-trough with naked hands and arms. I have no reason to suppose bakers are less liable to cutaneous diseases than are other men, and I know, as every housewife knows, yeast-raised bread must be worked a long time. This is an exceedingly objectionable thing from the stand-point of a physician, for the reason that the germs of disease which are in the air and dust and on stairways and straps in street-cars are most often collected on the hands. Any person who has ever kneaded dough understands the way in which the dough cleans the hands. In other words, this means that any germs which may have found a lodging-place on the hands of the baker before he makes up his batch of bread are sure to find their way into the dough, and, once there, to find all the conditions necessary for subdivision and growth. No one but a physician would be apt to think of disease-germs which have not been killed during the process of baking as a cause of the sickness following the use of not thoroughly cooked yeast bread. Yet this result from this cause is more than probable. I have not the slightest doubt that could we trace back some of the cases of illness which we meet in our practice we would find that germs collected by the baker have found their way into the yeast bread, that the heat has not been sufficient to destroy them, that the uncooked yeast bread has been eaten, and with it the colonies of germs, that they have found their way into the blood, and that the call for our services which followed has rounded off this sequence of events.

"I have already pointed out that the germs of disease are to be found in the air and dust. The longer any substance to be eaten is exposed to the air, the greater the chance that germs will be deposited on it. Bread raised with yeast is worked down or kneaded twice before being baked, and this process may take anywhere from four hours to ten. It has, then, the chance of collecting disease-germs during this process of raising, and it has two periods of working down or kneading, during each of which it may gather the dirt containing the germs from the baker's hands or feet. As no bread save that raised with

yeast goes through this long process of raising and kneading, so no bread save that raised with yeast has so good a chance of gathering germs.

"The fermentation of the dough also uses up a portion of the nutrient elements of the loaf. If it be possible, therefore, to produce a light porous loaf without this destruction and without the kneading 'process,' which fills the dough with germs and filth, and without the long period during which the raising process goes on, the gain in food and the gain in the avoidance of the germs is exceedingly plain. Now, it is in no way difficult to produce carbonic acid gas chemically, but when we are working at bread we must use such chemicals as are perfectly healthful. Fortunately, these are not hard to find.

"The evils which attend the yeast-made bread are obviated by the use of a properly made, pure, and wholesome baking-powder in lieu of yeast. Baking-powders are composed of an acid and an alkali, which, if properly combined, should when they unite at once destroy themselves and produce carbonic acid gas. A good baking-powder does its work while the loaf is in the oven, and, having done it, disappears.

"But care is imperative in selecting the brand of baking-powder to be certain that it is composed of non-injurious chemicals. Powders containing alum, or those which are compounded from impure ingredients, or those which are not combined in proper proportion or carefully mixed, and which will leave either an acid or an alkali in the bread, must not be used.

"The best baking-powder made is, as shown by analysis, the 'Royal.' It contains absolutely nothing but cream of tartar and soda, refined to a chemical purity, which when combined under the influence of heat and moisture produce carbonic acid gas, and, having done this, disappear. Its leavening strength has been found superior to other baking-powders, and, as far as I know, it is the only powder which will raise large bread perfectly. Its use avoids the long period during which the yeast-made dough must stand in order that the starch may ferment, and there is also no kneading necessary.

"The two materials used in the 'Royal'—cream of tartar and soda—are perfectly harmless even when eaten. But they are combined in exact compensating weights, so that when chemical action begins between them they practically disappear, the substance of both having been taken up to form the carbonic acid gas. More than this, the proper method of using the powder insures the most thorough mixing with the flour. The proper quantity being taken, it is mixed with the flour and stirred round in it. The mixture is then sifted several times, and this insures that in every part of the flour there shall be a few particles of the powder. The salt and milk or water being added, the dough is made up as quickly as possible and moulded into loaves.

"These are placed in the oven and baked. But the very moment the warmth and moisture attack the mixture of cream of tartar and soda, these two ingredients chemically combine, and carbonic acid or leavening gas is evolved. The consequence may be seen at a glance: the bread is raised during the time it is baking in the oven, and this is the most perfect of all conceivable methods of raising it.

"Here, then, there is no chance for germs of disease to get into the dough and thence into the stomach; more than that, the bread is necessarily as sweet as possible, there having been no time during which it could sour. This involves the fact that the bread so made will keep longer, as it is less likely to be contaminated by the germs that effect the souring process.

"During the coming summer we shall have cholera knocking at our gates, and it remains to be seen whether it will get in. It will be strange if the crowds of visitors to the World's Fair do not greatly increase the number of cases of contagious disease which we will have to treat. Under these circumstances, is it not folly of follies to open a single channel through which these germs may reach us? Is it not the part of wisdom to watch with the greatest care all that we eat and drink, and to see that none but the safest and best methods are employed in the preparation of our food? To me it seems as though there could be but one answer to questions like these.

"I have shown the danger of using the yeast-raised bread, and with this I have shown how that danger may be avoided. The ounce of prevention, which in this case is neither difficult nor expensive, is certainly worth many pounds of cure, and the best thing about it is that it may be relied on almost absolutely. Those who during the coming summer eat bread or biscuits or rolls made at home with 'Royal' baking-powder may be sure they have absolutely stopped one channel through which disease may reach them."

REMEMBERED ALL THE NAMES.—A good story is told of a bright young American and several German officers who, at a dinner one evening, set out to make him uncomfortable by chaffing him about his country. The young man is Albert H. Washburn, the United States consular agent at Magdeburg, and the story is told by the Albany *Journal:*

"Henry F. Merritt, then consul at Chemnitz, was the first one of the Americans attacked with a taunt from one of the Germans that he could not give the names of the Presidents of the United States. Merritt named them over with some deliberation, and drew from his German friend the declaration that he did not believe that there was another American present who could do it. Young Washburn had said nothing until now; but he broke in and declared, 'I can do it, and I will give you the Vice-Presidents.' He was about to begin, when a second thought struck him, and he said, 'While I am about it, I might as well give you the Secretaries of State too.'

"The Germans got down a book giving the names, and kept tabs on the young man as he correctly went through the list. They were pretty well backed down already, but Washburn had no idea of letting them off so easily. 'Now I would like to know,' he said, 'whether any of you can give the names of the Prussian rulers from the time of Charlemagne and his sons down to the Emperor William?'

"The Germans were completely floored. Not one of them could go half through the list, and they were on the point of apologizing to the young Massachusetts scholar, when he took them down still more by modestly suggesting, 'Perhaps I had better do it for you.'

"He began with Charlemagne, and went through the list without a break, much to the astonishment of his German hosts and the delight of Consul Edwards and the other Americans. 'How did you do it?' asked Merritt.

"'Oh, my father had a taste for such things, and taught them to me when I was a boy, and you see they are sometimes useful to know,' he quietly replied."

POST-OFFICE CLERK.—"No address on this letter, miss."
Miss Simple.—"Oh, yes; it's under the stamp."—*The Wasp.*

THE SKITTISH DOCTOR.—Dr. S—— was noted among his professional brethren for his power of concentration. When once he bent his mind to a problem he became totally oblivious of everything about him.

The doctor had a horse that was almost as famous as himself. Among her peculiarities was the habit of shying. She would not shy at things which most horses consider fit subjects for that sort of digression. She would pay no attention whatever to a newspaper blowing about the streets, but was mortally afraid of a covered wagon. At the sight of one of New Haven's suburban stages she would run over the curbstone and threaten not only the doctor's life but that of the chance passer. Of this habit she could not be broken. It seemed as though she could *smell* a stage long before it came in sight, so that the doctor would go half a dozen blocks out of his way rather than meet one. Early one morning he received a telephone call to the effect that one of his patients had become alarmingly worse. Without waiting for his carriage, he started to walk, the distance being about a mile. His mind became at once absorbed in the case, but not so much so that he did not remember that the course of the Seymour stage lay right in his path. He looked at his watch and saw that he would be sure to meet it if he went the shortest way. He was in a hurry to get to his patient, but there was no help for it. He uttered a malediction over the circumstance, and turned off at the first corner. This obliged him to nearly double the distance, and the day was warm. He walked as he never walked before, and failed to recognize a couple of intimate friends whom he nearly ran over.

It was not until he had spent two hours with his patient, and came out to look for his horse, that he began to realize that he had walked a mile out of his way so that he need not shy at the Seymour stage!—FREDERICK H. COGSWELL, in *Harper's Magazine.*

HEARD IN COURT.—"Sir," said a fierce lawyer, "do you, on your oath, swear that this is not your handwriting?"

"I think not," was the cool reply.

"Does it resemble your writing?"

"I can't say it does."

"Do you swear that it does not resemble your writing?"

"I do."

"Do you take your oath that this writing does not resemble yours?"

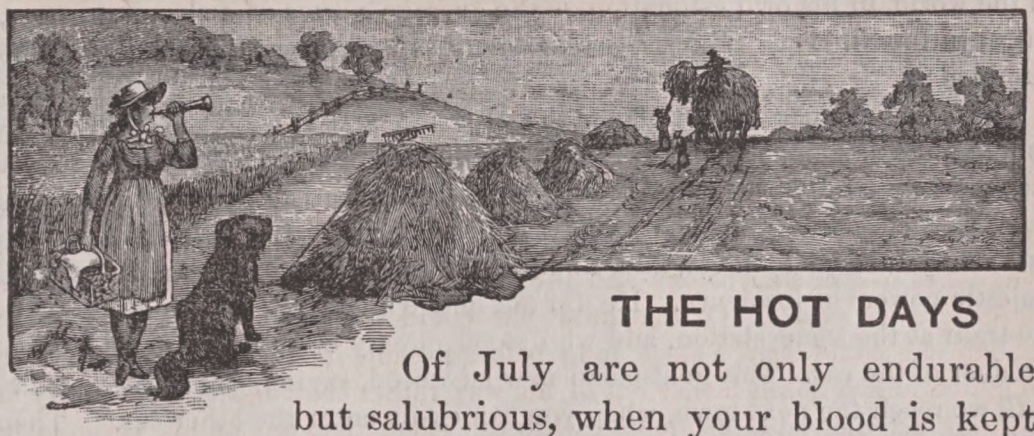
"Y-e-s, sir."

"Now, how do you know?"

"'Cause I can't write."—*The Cottage Hearth.*

SOME REVELATIONS OF THE CENSUS.—There are now more than half a million almond-trees bearing in the United States; there are hundreds of thousands of bearing cocoanut-trees; there are more than a quarter of a million olive-trees, producing fruit equal to the best Mediterranean varieties. There are more than half a million bearing banana-plants, two hundred thousand bearing lemon-trees, four million orange-trees, and twenty-one million pine-apples. And the value of tropical and semi-tropical fruits grown under the American flag is nearly twenty million dollars.

A FAIR OFFER.—"Papa," said Martin, "if you get me a bicycle I won't ever mind going anywhere on an errand."



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Cures Others, Will Cure You

To Preserve The richness, color, and beauty of the hair, the greatest care is necessary, much harm being done by the use of worthless dressings. To be sure of having a first-class article, ask your druggist or perfumer for **Ayer's Hair Vigor.** It is absolutely superior to any other preparation of the kind. It restores the original color and fullness to hair which has become thin, faded, or gray. It keeps the scalp cool, moist, and free from dandruff. It heals itching humors, prevents baldness, and imparts to the hair a silken texture and lasting fragrance. No toilet can be considered complete without this most popular and elegant of all hair-dressings.

Ayer's Hair Vigor

Made by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Sold by Druggists and Perfumers

AN IMPORTANT PERSON HANDLED.—Among the most important persons in the world, in his own estimation, is the average porter of a sleeping-car. A writer in the St. Louis *Globe-Democrat* describes how one of these autocrats was humbled:

Two ladies boarded a train on the Houston and Texas Central Railroad, and by some mistake were ushered into the Pullman car. That they were ladies their neat apparel, with their modest refined faces, clearly showed, though their old-fashioned dress indicated that they were poor. My lord in the brass buttons sallied up to them, and, finding out the mistake, began to show his majestic powers of insolence. He did not notice a gentleman who had boarded the train at the same station, and who stood quietly observing the scene from the door of the car. This gentleman now advanced, saying, "Be seated, ladies, until we reach the next town, when you can easily enter the other car." Then, beckoning to the conductor, he added, "Stop the train."

"Here, captain?" asked the conductor.

"Yes, here." There was a pull of the bell-rope, the train stopped, and the porter was ejected from the car, the gentleman saying to him, "Now walk the fifteen miles to Dallas, and study politeness as you trudge along: you are no longer in our employ."

There were a shower of expostulations, pleas for pardon, and a shake or two of the fist at the fast-vanishing train, but it vanished for all that. The gentleman who had taught the lesson was a high official of the road.

SETTLED.—Le Fiancé.—"If you wear hoop-skirts, Mabel, I won't walk on the same side of the street you do." La Fiancée.—"You won't be able to, dear."—*Truth.*

TACKLES THE JAPANESE LANGUAGE.—One of my earliest purchases was a "Colloquial Grammar" and a double-back-action dictionary, for I hoped by this dual aid to learn something of the language. With unwary confidence and laudable enthusiasm I began fingering the leaves of the dictionary and reading the opening pages of the "Colloquial." It was not long before I found myself pondering over things as mysterious and fathomless as any the life outside had propounded. To inquire in just what the differences consist between the Japanese and our language would prove perhaps as useless as it certainly would be tiresome. Suffice it to say that every part of it was to me in structure and idioms incomprehensibly alien from all that we are accustomed to.

To whittle one's way inch by inch through it without the aid of a scroll-saw would be an effort to which the trials of Job were a pleasant pastime. And albeit "Japanese—with its exotic grammar, its still uncertain affinities, its ancient literature—is a language worthy of more attention than it has yet received," I felt I could not give it any more at the time, short of insanity, and, reluctantly availing myself of the courteous permission extended by the author of "leaving his work to the kind indulgence of the student," thought it best not to meddle with Providence in too reckless a fashion, and put the book away under lock and key.—ROBERT BLUM, in *Scribner's Magazine.*

MUSICAL ITEM.—She (at piano).—"Listen! Do you enjoy this refrain?"

He.—"Very much. The more you refrain, the better I like it."—*Texas Siftings.*

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A PROPER DISINFECTANT FOR HOUSEHOLD USE.—It is, at least, always wise to be on the safe side, if that side can be gained, and in no instance is this of more concern than the health of the family.

Proper disinfectants, properly used at frequent periods, certainly do tend to prevent many diseases, and the expense attending their frequent use is so trivial that it would seem as if in every well-managed household their use would be second to nothing but soap.

Chemical science has proven that the best disinfectants and germ-destroyers are entirely odorless, and the popular preparation known as Platt's Chlorides is the best exponent of this class. This solution has for many years commanded the praise of thousands of physicians and of hundreds of thousands of careful housekeepers, and its cheapness and freedom from every objectionable feature commend its use to every one.

MARRIAGE SYSTEM OF TIBET.—"Family life presents some curious features here," writes Mrs. Isabella Bishop in the *Leisure Hour*. "In the disposal in marriage of a girl, her eldest brother has more 'say' than the parents. The eldest son brings home the bride to his father's house, but at a given age the old people are 'shelved,' *i.e.*, they retire to a small house, which may be termed a 'jointure-house,' and the eldest son assumes the patrimony and the rule of affairs. I have not met with a similar custom anywhere in the East. It is difficult to speak of Tibetan life, with all its affection and jollity, as '*family life*,' for Buddhism, which enjoins monastic life, and usually celibacy along with it, on eleven thousand out of a total population of a hundred and twenty thousand, further restrains the increase of population within the limits of sustenance by inculcating and rigidly upholding the system of polyandry, permitting marriage only to the eldest son, the heir of the land, while the bride accepts all his brothers as inferior or subordinate husbands, thus attaching the whole family to the soil and family roof-tree, the children being regarded legally as the property of the eldest son, who is addressed by them as 'Big Father,' his brothers receiving the title of 'Little Father.'"

FATAL.—Clifford Harrison, the English reader, has his own ideas of the "total depravity of inanimate things." He says it is usually fatal to introduce an effective pause into a recitation, for something is sure to mar it. He adds, plaintively,—

"If I am reciting in a hall where there is a striking clock, or past which a train runs, with shriek and roar, I know that striking clock and shrieking train will make themselves heard at a moment when it is most important for me to have unbroken silence.

"I once wrote some verses for recitation, into which I was so injudicious as to put a sudden exclamation,—

"'Listen? What is that?'

"I might have known what would happen. Clocks chimed, doors slammed, special trains screamed, old gentlemen coughed, some one was convulsed with an irrepressible sneeze, dogs came from distant parts on purpose to bark, candle-shades fell off, a waiter dropped a tray and teacups, a baby cried, and a deaf old lady was heard to say to her neighbor,—

"'Would half a cucumber be of any use?'

"I learned bitter wisdom, and cut the passage out."

THE PASSING OF LARD.—The growth and development of cooking schools in the past few years has, of course, cost something in time and money. Cooking lectures and cooking classes have aimed to promote health and happiness through the appetite and through digestion. All the cost of this new work—which some, with no adequate knowledge of its earnestness and importance, thoughtlessly term a "fad"—has been repaid a hundredfold through the success that has been achieved in dignifying and elevating kitchen science. Great results have been accomplished through general enlightenment on the subject of cooking. But in no way has greater good been wrought than by the greater variety of digestible food, by the increase of palatable and appetizing dishes, by the extension of wholesomeness in frying and shortening through the "passing" or abolition of lard.

The first lady authors and teachers upon cookery were seriously embarrassed by lard. The necessity for a cooking fat was inexorable. A science of cooking without frying and shortening was impossible. Cookery not within reach of the masses would be ridiculous. Food prepared in commercial or "store lard" could be partaken of only by a fraction of any community, viz., those having uncontrollable appetites and cast-iron stomachs. Just then the discovery and merits of Cottolene became public,—as if nature stood ready to supply the want as soon as that want was fully appreciated. And now lard is rapidly "passing" out of existence.

Without Cottolene the work of cooking schools must have fallen far short of perfection,—and Cottolene in turn owes much to the dissemination of knowledge through cookery experts.

The general satisfaction from the almost universal use of Cottolene has only one drawback, and even this is additional proof of "the passing of lard." We refer to the introduction of counterfeits and imitations of Cottolene. We shall never return to the use in our kitchens of modern hog lard. The packing-house grease that has usurped the name, and which for a period claimed the place, of good old-fashioned leaf lard, will no longer be used for frying and shortening civilized food. But it is natural enough for rivals and competitors in trade to counterfeit or to imitate Cottolene. Consumers will do well to guard themselves against such fraud and deception in trade. It is easy to procure the genuine Cottolene, and of course nothing else can be so good in its place. Merely insist upon your grocer's supplying the genuine article. It is most convenient in three- or five- or ten-pound pails. It is made only by N. K. FAIRBANK & Co., Chicago, St. Louis, Montreal, New York, Boston, Philadelphia, San Francisco.

DON'T WAKE HIM.—Potemkin, the confidential adviser of Catherine the Great, was an idle and inattentive student when at the University of Moscow. He was the son of a poor noble. An unexpected event changed the idle student into a man of thought and action. He lost an eye, and after the accident became dangerously ill. After this he devoted himself to study and to the affairs of the nation.

He had the virtue of never cherishing revenge. "Do you remember how you expelled me from the university?" he asked, in the most affectionate manner, on meeting a professor who had particularly insisted on his exclusion.

"You deserved it at that time, your Excellency," replied the professor.

"So I did, so I did," agreed Potemkin, heartily, and the professor enjoyed the favor and friendship of his former troublesome pupil during his lifetime.

He had a quick wit and a lively and original turn of mind. During an oration by Platon, remarkable for its depth and strength of thought, the preacher, to the astonishment of the listeners, descended from the steps leading to the altar, and, approaching the tomb of Peter the Great, exclaimed,—

"Awake, O thou great monarch and father of our country! Rise, and behold thy beloved people!"

Potemkin, amidst the tears of the crowd, drew a smile from those about him by saying, quietly, "How foolish to wake him! If he should get up, we should all be in for it!"—*Youth's Companion.*

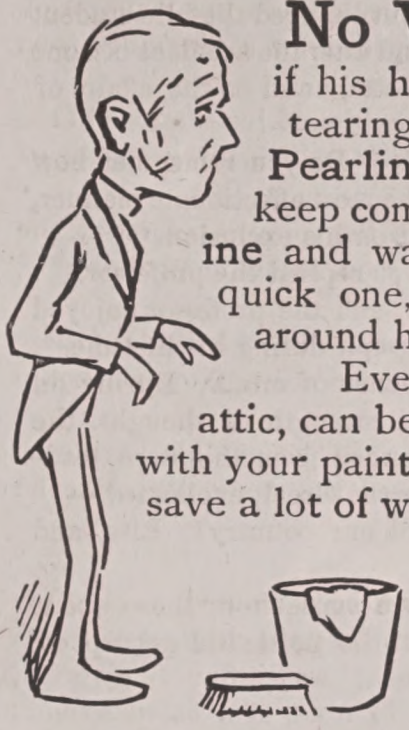
EARLY rising was a frequent subject of contention between Nahum Briggs and his wife. One night, when it seemed to Mrs. Briggs as if her tired eyes had but just closed, Nahum spoke up briskly: "Come, Lucy, come; time ter git up. It's all habit sleepin' so much." His wife rubbed her heavy lids and rose reluctantly. The clock had stopped, but Nahum said "it was nearly six, for there was a light in Bunker's shop," and he usually opened the store at that time. Soon the kettle was steaming cheerily, and while breakfast was being prepared, Nahum took his lantern and went out to "do the chores." He watered and fed his stock, and returned to eat a hearty morning meal. Then they sat down to wait the first streak of dawn; but after an hour it seemed, if anything, darker than before. "Ain't it terrible long comin' light, think?" asked Mrs. Briggs, as to a carping judge. "Oh, I'm used ter bein' up to greet the day," sniffed Nahum; "I guess the sun will be round on time." Soon his wife looked out again. "For the love of John Turner!" she exclaimed; "Bunker has put out his light an' is goin' home. Do go out an' hail him, an' find what time it is." "It's day-time, I tell ye," said Nahum, but he went out and "hailed" his neighbor. "I dunno exactly," said Mr. Bunker, with some moderation; "but when I shut up shop I think it was 'bout ten o'clock." Then Nahum came in and shut the door. While Mrs. Briggs prepared for a second night's rest, he wound the clock and set it. She noticed that he took a decided comfort in winding it more vigorously than seemed quite necessary.—*The Argonaut.*

ANSWERED.—He.—"Well, what have you there?"

She.—"Two of your old letters, my dear."

He.—"Umph! What's the first one—that forty-pager?"

She.—"One you sent me when I had a slight cold before we were married. This half-page is the one you wrote last winter when I was nearly dead with the grippe. That's all, dear."—*Truth.*



No Wonder He Dreads It,

if his house is cleaned in the old-fashioned, tearing-up way. Why can't a man's wife use **Pearline** for cleaning house, and let him keep comfortable? That's all she needs—**Pearline** and water— to make it an easy thing (and a quick one,) both for herself and for everybody around her.

Everything in the house, from cellar to attic, can be cleaned best with **Pearline.** Besides, with your paint and wood-work and such things, you'll save a lot of wear that comes from useless scrubbing.

Send it Back Peddlers and some unscrupulous grocers will tell you "this is as good as" or "the same as Pearline." IT'S FALSE —Pearline is never peddled, and if your grocer sends you something in place of Pearline, be honest—*send it back.* 410 JAMES PYLE, N. Y.

"It's funny how things go. The Penn Mutual Life is not a corporation given to trivialities. Its business is a weighty one, and since 1847 it has been transacted deliberately, seriously, successfully, and with becoming dignity. But—and right here we imagine a stately smile might play around the strong features and glide down the orthodox spine of George Fox himself—the Penn Mutual Life has thrown away the Quaker habiliments of William Penn; the broad-brimmed hat, the painfully severe coat, have been exchanged for the armor which the peaceful William wore, alas, not when paying Indians for their lands, but when severely trouncing insurgents in Ireland. The new figure means more than a bright device for advertising; it is notice to all competitors that the Penn Mutual is a corporation militant, intending to get its full share of business, even if it has to fight for it, though at all times preserving that just equity in its treatment of policy-holders which has been its distinguishing characteristic for forty-six years."—*Insurance Age.*

Even our kindly critics are given to exaggeration. The Penn Mutual Life does not mean to serve any notice on competitors. It does not fight for business —fighting involves great waste; and it has no wish to be big at the sacrifice of security and by imposing unnecessary and, therefore, wrongful charges upon its members. It has had and always will have a large membership, because there are many insurers capable of exercising a wise discrimination in the choice of a Life Company—those who investigate, examine, and use as much prudence and caution as they would in any other weighty business project.

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A QUICK-WITTED ENGINEER.—"Among Mr. Grundy's 'Pictures of the Past,'" says the *Youth's Companion*, "is one of a small, irascible captain of the royal navy, who for some inexplicable reason had been made the manager of the Manchester & Leeds Railway, then newly opened for a few miles from Manchester.

"This violent little naval officer issued a pamphlet of instructions to the men, a portion of which was devoted to engine-drivers. Thrilling stories of the result of want of caution abounded.

"In those early days, wherever the character of the country favored it, the rails were laid, not upon wooden sleepers, as was soon found more desirable, but upon square, bedded blocks of stone.

"The captain's story went that some careless workmen had left one of these blocks of stone in dangerous proximity to the line of rails. Now mark the advantage of the cautious engineer.

"He saw the great block, and knew the danger, so 'he put his engine as much as possible on the other rail, and just missed the stone, otherwise he must have hit it.'"

A COLUMBIA COLLEGE professor who has often been amused, as all of us have been, by the peculiarly American sign in front of certain cheap restaurants in the business quarters of the city, "Quick Lunch," was infinitely diverted, the other day, by an inscription on a sign-board in front of a Third Avenue *restaurateur's*. It read thus, the italics being mine: "Cheapest dinner in New York: Six *corses* for 25 cents." Here was suggested a new and practical application of the once familiar alternative, "The Quick or the Dead?" Are we reverting to cannibalism?

OVER THE ZEE TO THE HARBOR OF HOORN.—"Hoorn is rather a tantalizing place to sail to," says a writer in *Outing*, "as for miles along the coast it is plainly seen, owing to its beautiful water gate or tower at the entrance of the harbor. It is an interesting town, both as to the streets and houses. The latter bend over to each other across the streets in an extraordinary way, and look as if a good puff of wind must send them over.

"Besides the water tower on the bank of the Zuyder Zee, there is another curious old gate at the other end of the town. These, with the weigh-house, the St. Jans Inn, and the town hall, are among the chief objects of interest, while old almshouses and quaint buildings meet one at every turn. The harbor was quite full of fishing-boats; a man-of-war was anchored just outside the harbor; the town was full of soldiers and officers, men firing at targets in a field near us all day, while the new railway station seemed to have a fair share of business.

"Hoorn is pervaded by an overpowering smell of cheese, and no wonder, for at every turn there are huge warehouses in which we could see the cheeses, brightly colored orange, red, and magenta, in endless rows, while in the open market the night before market-day are countless cheeses being unpacked from the country carts and laid in rows on the ground ready for next morning."

ANSWERING HER QUESTION.—"Is this a free translation?" asked the girl in the book-store.

"No, miss," replied the clerk, "it costs fifty cents."—*Puck*.

THE AWAKENING, "Le Reveil de l'Amour," by Perrault, Paris Salon, 1891.

The original painting is shown at the World's Fair, Chicago, in the MELLIN'S FOOD Exhibit, in the Department of Liberal Arts.

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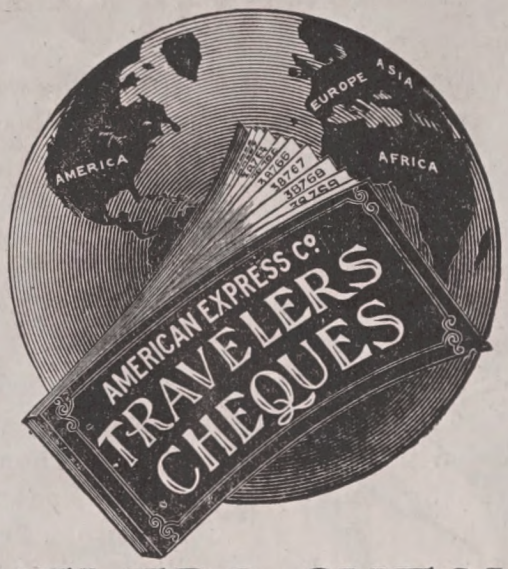

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GENUINE GUYOTS.—The public never tires of hearing words of praise of an article which has by degrees, and by reason of its merits, worked its way into general use. The ever-growing demand for a suspender which in itself combines perfect comfort with perfect health and durability, and which is sold everywhere at a very moderate price, renders it almost impossible to supply the orders unless they are given some time in advance. In the French section of the Chicago Exposition the Guyot exhibit will attract more than ordinary attention. Striking novelty is the "pièce de résistance" of the case, and every dealer in men's furnishings will be amply rewarded for his visit to the Guyot show-case. Charles Guyot made suspenders a profession, was a suspender genius, and the hygienic properties of the celebrated genuine Guyots, which are the result of unquestioned brains, have been the main cause of the phenomenal success of the now famous Guyot suspenders. Over one million pairs were sold in the United States last year, and this year the sale will surely be much larger.

FAMILIAR WITH HIS SUBJECT.—It was at a late quarterly meeting of Seventh-Day Baptist churches in Wisconsin that two clergymen were to present papers on the same day, and the question of precedence having risen, Mr. A. sprang to his feet and said, "I think Brother B. ought to have the best place on the programme; he is an older man than I am, and, besides, is full of his subject." When the audience remembered that Brother B.'s subject was "The Devil," a cheerful smile seemed to beam around the church.

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119 South Fourth St., Philadelphia.

DRAWING THE LINE.—The rhyming dictionary seems to have its uses, even for those who are not poets. The New York *Sun* shows how a man's familiarity with it helped him to ask awkward questions.

"I suppose, doctor," said Cumso to Doctor Paresis, "that a large proportion of the ills of your patients are imaginary?"

"Yes, sir, quite a large proportion."

"And your treatment of such cases, I suppose, is by imaginary pills?"

"Well, I suppose you might call it that."

"Then, of course, for treating imaginary ills with imaginary pills, you send in imaginary bills?"

"Oh, my dear sir, nothing of the kind. There's nothing imaginary about the bills. I have to draw the line somewhere."

THE AUTHOR OF "DAS KAPITAL" AT HOME.—It is ten years since the death of Karl Marx, and Friedrich Lessner furnishes to *Die Neue Zeit* some interesting reminiscences of the great Socialist's life:

"Marx's house at Haverstock Hill was always open to members of the party, and the pleasant hours spent there will never be forgotten. Here shone Frau Marx, a tall, handsome woman, and so extraordinarily good-natured, amiable, and intelligent, and free from all pride, that every one felt at home in her presence. The three daughters, too, took, from their earliest days, the warmest interest in the modern workmen's movement. Marx abhorred the external attributes of parental authority, and his daughters always treated him more as a brother or a friend. He was both their counsellor and their playmate. He had, in fact, an extraordinary love for children, and he often said that what he liked most about Christ was His great love of children. Lessner often accompanied him on his walks, and they would discuss all sorts of questions together. He was an interesting companion, who attracted and charmed everybody who came in contact with him. Whenever any member of the party gained a victory, no matter in what country, his joy knew no bounds, and others could not help rejoicing with him. In 1868, when the first volume of 'Das Kapital' was translated into Russian, so significant an event as the arrival of the first copy of the Russian 'Kapital' was made the occasion of a grand festival among his family and friends."

CHERISHED COCKADE.—A memorable instance of presence of mind was the adventure of a certain Desaugiers at the time of a popular uprising in Paris, when the people took possession of the Tuileries. The hero of the incident sagely acted upon the theory that a poor excuse is better than none, and sometimes better than a better one would be.

He was an inquisitive person, and, regardless of danger, he hastened to the Tuileries at midnight to see what was going on. At the gate he was stopped by two revolutionists of ominous appearance. "Why do you not wear a cockade, citizen? Where is your cockade?" they asked.

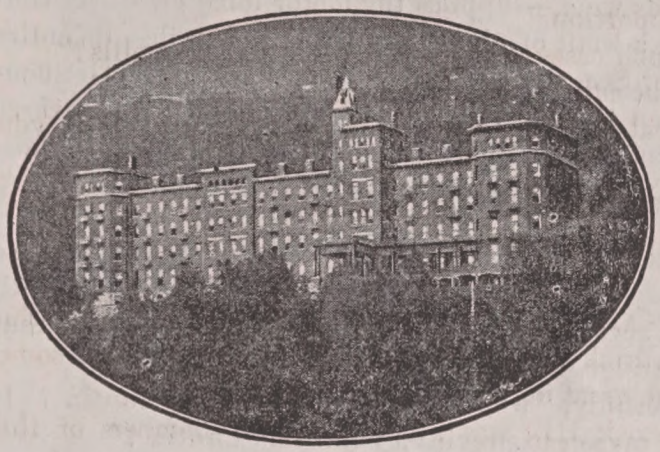
A mob gathered about him and demanded fiercely, "Citizen, where is your cockade?"

Desaugiers took off his hat, turned it around and around, looked at it on all sides, and then said, in a tone of mild surprise,—

"Citizens, it is strange, very strange! I must have left it on my night-cap."
Youth's Companion.

The Jackson Sanatorium,

DANSVILLE, LIVINGSTON COUNTY, NEW YORK.



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In quart bottles only, at druggists and high-class grocers.

A SENSATIONAL STORY has attracted attention lately, but as a matter of fact the public has also devoted time to things substantial, judging by the unprecedented sales of the Gail Borden Eagle Brand Condensed Milk. Unequalled as a food for infants. Sold by grocers and druggists.

BROOK OF MILLIONS.—A serious obstacle to the development of great industries in Switzerland is the scarcity of coal in that country; but the smaller industries, profiting by the streams and natural water-falls that abound, are the most numerous and active perhaps in the world. One little stream, the Aa,—a brook, indeed, about three yards wide,—supplies the motor force for thirty considerable manufactories within a limit of about four and a half miles, its entire length. It rises in the Pfäffiger-See, east of Zurich, and flows into the Greiffen-See, and the difference between the level of the two lakes is only about three hundred feet. From the amount of wealth it has created, it is called *Le Ruisseau des Millions.*—*Handy Book of Literary Curiosities*, J. B. Lippincott Co.

AN INDISCREET HUNTER.—Patrick and Michael went out hunting one rainy day,—it was the only day that they could get off. All went well with them until, when they were several miles from home, they discovered that neither one had brought a cartridge, and that not a shot could be fired.

"Begorra," said Pat, cheerfully, "what's that to do wid the huntin'? Is the want of a carthridge anny rayson to prevint a man from huntin'?"

"None at all," said Michael.

So they continued to hunt. By and by a rabbit started up close to Pat and then came to a stop, curiously watching the hunters. Pat instantly brought his gun to his shoulder.

"The gossoon that ye air!" exclaimed Mike. "Wud ye shoot him widout a carthridge?"

The rabbit hopped away.

"Whisht!" said Pat, angrily, "there ye go, spilin' the sport wid yer blatherin' tongue!"

"Patrick! An yer gun was not loaded!"

"Sure, ye spalpeen, but the rabbit would niver 'a' knowed it if ye'd hild yer blather!"—*Youth's Companion.*

A QUIRK OF THE LAW.—A gentleman, dying, left all his estate to a monastery, on condition that on the return of his only son, who was then abroad, the worthy fathers should give him "whatever they should choose."

When the son came home he went to the monastery, and received but a small share, the monks choosing to keep the greater part for themselves. A barrister to whom he applied, on hearing the case, advised him to sue the monastery, and promised to gain his case for him.

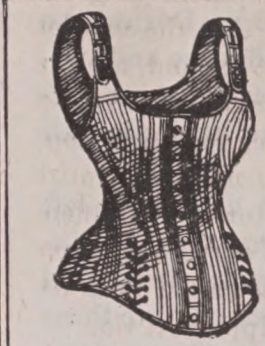
In arguing before the court the ingenious lawyer said, "The testator has left his son that share of the estate which the monks should choose; these are the express words of his will. Now, it is plain what part they have chosen by what they keep for themselves. My client, then, stands upon the words of the will. 'Let me have,' says he, 'that part they have chosen, and I am satisfied.'"

This plea gained the suit.—*The Cottage Hearth.*

TOO BAD.—A good many older persons who have been in difficult positions, and have felt that the world was really very hard, can sympathize with little Flo Sanborn, of whom an exchange writes,—

She had been censured by her mother for some small mischief which she had been engaged in. She sat thinking it over for some time, and finally said, in an utterly discouraged tone,—

"Everything I do is laid to me."



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IMPERIAL GRANUM is really a capital food, one that can be commended as furnishing the best principles for infant food.—*Pharmaceutical Record,* New York.

FROM a constant use of IMPERIAL GRANUM in our family extending over several years, we are enabled to certify to its excellence.—*New York Christian Weekly.*

THE NEW ENGLAND CONSERVATORY, of Boston, Massachusetts, stands deservedly at the head of American schools of musical training. During the lifetime of its founder, Dr. Tourjée, it had already won the confidence and support of the American people, and since his death the acceptance of the directorship by the scholarly musician Mr. Carl Faelten has given the institution an impetus and standing second to none in this country.

A careful investigation will quickly convince any one that nothing is left undone for the highest intellectual improvement of its pupils; that the moral influences thrown around them are far-reaching and in every way beneficial, and that the Conservatory is evidently no place for the lazy or frivolous. But to those who desire the highest attainment and are willing to devote the necessary amount of study and investigation, aided by minds of exceptional ability, this Conservatory offers inducements and privileges heretofore unattainable in America.

In its well-appointed home reside nearly four hundred lady students. The advantage of living and taking all studies (no matter whether music, elocution, art, or languages) under one roof is of immense importance to the student.

This advantage is accentuated by the fact that the home-life in this institution is replete with comforts and safeguards. The management is of the best, and has gained the repeated endorsement of such people as Mrs. Mary A. Livermore, Mrs. Joseph Cook, Mrs. Kate Gannett Wells, Dr. Philip S. Moxom, Dr. Edward Everett Hale, Dr. A. J. Gordon, and hosts of others of national reputation.

For calendar, giving full information, address FRANK W. HALE, General Manager, Franklin Square, Boston, Massachusetts.

A DEFINITION OF HUMANITY.—The story is told of Robespierre that, at one time, when at the height of his power, a lady called upon him, beseeching him to spare her husband's life. He scornfully refused. As she turned away, she happened to tread upon the paw of his pet dog. He turned upon her, exclaiming, "Madame, have you no humanity?"

THE BIRTHPLACE OF COLUMBUS.—Genoa, the harbor, and the sea, a trio which forms a panorama that defies the painter's brush.

In the bright sunlight the city rises amphitheatre-like from the edge of the blue sea, which foams and scintillates in the distance like a sheet of silver. Tall mountain-ridges encircle the city like a rampart, with fortresses here and there looking down from these fastnesses like watch-dogs guarding the place.

When we speak of streets in Genoa, we may be considered extremely liberal and fulsome of flattery; alleys would be far more appropriate for the crooked, narrow, zigzag thoroughfares of which the city is made up. All the palazzi—for there is scarcely a house that calls itself by a more modest name,—the smallest rattle-trap shanty is at least a palazzino—seem to crowd toward the water's edge.

Lines are stretched from house to house in these dirty little streets, on which the family washing is hung out to dry, and the pedestrians wander under one continuous line of all sorts of mentionable—and unmentionable—personal wardrobe articles, as under a sea of banners and head-quarter flags. But those who take this public exposure of household linen as an indication that the people of Genoa are noted for their cleanliness are vastly mistaken, for the aggregation of filth and dirt in the Genoese streets would be hard to duplicate anywhere.—*The Chaperone.*

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A WELL-KNOWN London bookseller said recently to an interviewer, "I take it as generally accepted that the average American woman of education is more bookish—cares more for books as books—than the average educated Englishwoman, although she does not, it may be, read more."

THE WRONG TURN.—Among the many stories told of absent-minded people there is one about the dreamy mother of a young American author, which is well authenticated but seems almost incredible.

One evening when her son stopped at the door of her room on the way to his own, to deliver a message which had been sent her, he discovered the old lady in the pitchy darkness, holding a match under the cold-water faucet.

When she "came to herself," in response to her son's hearty laugh, she admitted that she had lighted five other matches and treated them in the same way.

"I was thinking about something else," she said, naïvely, "and all I knew was that I had to turn something on before I could light the gas."

And then she added, "I don't think it was such a queer mistake, after all!"

FICTION FOR A PURPOSE.—Mr. Hamlin Garland in the *Arena* gives it as his opinion that each section of our country, in fact, each city, will have its own literature. This will be written by people who have grown up in the particular locality, never by persons who have entered it and from mere curiosity have sought to set forth its peculiarities. The writer carries out this idea to its logical completion. He who would write of the slums must grow up in the slums, and the best negro stories will be written by negroes. The general characteristic of all this literature will be its deep moral tone. It will be the literature of democracy. Shakespeare would have been greater if he had not been so anxious to please aristocratic patrons. The writers of the future will not be guilty of Shakespeare's mistake, will not be so untrue to life.

Those who are familiar with Mr. Garland's views will not be surprised to learn that he thinks the coming novelist will be a woman.

TWO SMART WOMEN.—Mother (anxiously).—"I am told that your husband plays poker every night at the club,—plays for money, too."

Married Daughter.—"That's all right. He gives me all his winnings."

"What? Do you——"

"And he always plays with Mr. Nexdoor."

"What difference can that make?"

"Mrs. Nexdoor makes her husband give her his winnings, too, and then she gives the money to me, and I hand her what my husband won from hers, and so we both have about twice as much money as we could get out of them otherwise."—*The General Manager.*

HIS EXPLANATION.—A professor, who used to teach the grandfathers of the present generation of students, objected to the pronunciation of "wound" as if it were spelled "woond," and his students used to hunt for chances to make him explain his objections. One day he stopped a student who was reading to the class, and said, "How do you pronounce that word?" "Woond, sir." The professor looked ugly, and replied, "I have never foond any groond for giving it that soond. Go on."

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THE PUG-DOG.—How few who now pet and fondle the pug-dog know that at one time popular prejudice threatened his extinction! A century ago the English pug was popular as he is to-day,—fondled, petted, and cared for tenderly as a child. Then he became unfashionable and retreated from public notice, finally disappeared completely, but in 1863 was again brought forward, sold for fabulous prices, and now is one of the most popular pets. The pug has no particular characteristic and is not specially bright, though he can be taught to perform many entertaining tricks, which perhaps accounts for his popularity with the fair sex.—*Home and Country Magazine.*

"THE most remarkable experience which I had abroad," said a woman to a New York *Times* writer, "happened before I touched a foreign shore. At Bremen, where we landed, we were taken off in a tug; as we were steaming to the wharf we approached very close to a vessel crossing our path, and for a few seconds a collision seemed imminent. A man whom I had noticed on the passage over, but did not know at all, completely lost his head at this crisis. He was sitting near me; but he suddenly rose, took off his high hat, put it in my lap, and, with the hasty exclamation, 'Please keep this,' leaped overboard. Though every attempt was made to rescue him, he was drowned there before our eyes, and I landed, a short time later, carefully holding his silk hat, which, by his last will and testament, was certainly mine."

MEMORIES.—Among the numberless stories told of General Butler since his death is this, extracted from the Boston *Globe*. The narrator had an important law case on, and believed that "Ben Butler" was the man to win it. Butler was in Washington, so he went to the capital, and after two days succeeded in obtaining an interview with the general, who declared that he was overwhelmed with work. He would not take the case for a thousand dollars a day.

"General," I said, as he turned abruptly to his work, "I was born in the same town with you."

He grunted, but wasn't otherwise affected, so far as I could see.

"Do you remember little Miss ——? And the boy who used to send notes to her, and the boy who used to take them? I am the boy who took the notes."

"And I am the boy that sent them," said the general.

He held out his hand.

"I guess I'll take your case, after all," he said; and he did, and won it.

"TELL THAT TO THE MARINES."—The marines are among the "jolly" jack-tars a proverbially gullible lot, capable of swallowing any yarn, in size varying from a yawl-boat to a full-rigged frigate. Hence the phrase, uttered with a sceptical inflection, on any particularly incredible whopper being told, "Tell that to the marines: the blue-jackets won't believe it."

> But, whatsoe'er betide, ah, Neuha! now
> Unman me not; the hour will not allow
> A tear: "I'm thine, whatever intervenes!"
> "Right," quoth Ben: "that will do for the marines."
>
> BYRON: *The Island.*

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Now and Then.

Now and then I fall to dreaming
Of the good old days again;
But the times somehow are seeming
Better *now* than they were *then*.

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COMPANIONS IN DISTRESS.—When a man eloped with Bigg's wife he exclaimed, "Well, I can't blame him, poor fellow! I was awfully infatuated with her myself once."—*Boston Transcript.*

NOT A GOOD NAME.—Snooper.—"I object to the term 'crank' for a man whose mind always runs in the same groove, and who is forever impressing his opinions on you."

Sumway.—"What's your objection?"

Snooper.—"Well, a mechanical crank can be turned, but the animate crank can't."—*The Wasp.*

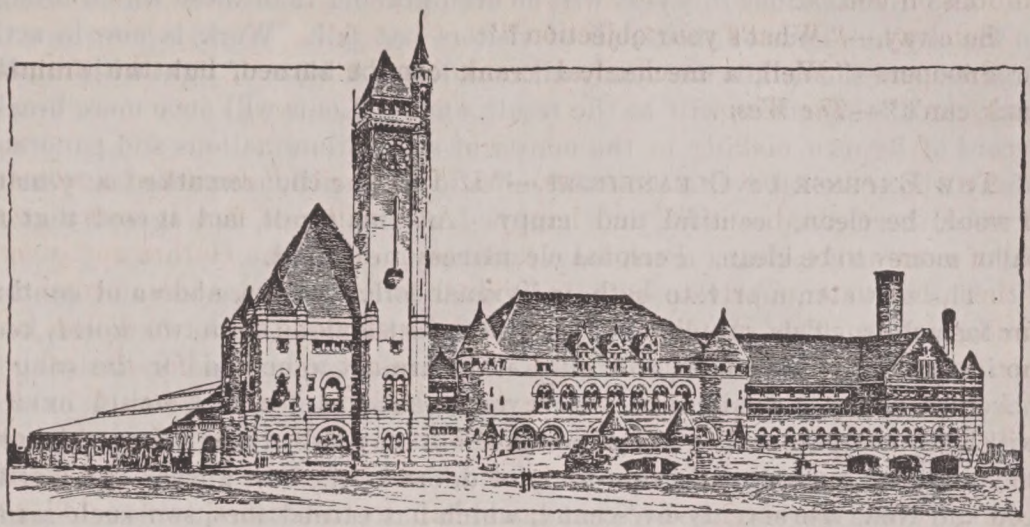
THE EXPENSE OF CLEANLINESS.—"If I were rich," remarked a woman, "I would be clean, beautiful, and happy. As a matter of fact, it costs a great deal of money to be clean. Personal cleanliness means clean clothes and plenty of them, hot water, a private bath, individual toilet-articles, and an occasional purchase of druggists' supplies. A good flesh-brush alone costs two dollars, and linen towels, velvet sponges, and pure soaps are not to be had for the asking. If I had money, I would take twelve vapor-baths a year. I would have a shower, a foot-bath, scales, and a health-lift in my bath-room. I would have one milk-bath a month, as a skin-tonic, and three hot tubs a week for beauty sleep. I would use seventy-five-cent camel-hair tooth-brushes, twelve-dollar-a-dozen web towels, palm-oil soap, two-dollar-a-pint violet water, and alcohol by the gallon for morning sponge-baths. Every day 'Boots' should come to polish my shoes and brush my wraps and dress, and every other day I would receive a *coiffeur* to brush, not my hair, but my head. I would have white lambs'-wool body-garments for winter and white woven silk for warm weather. So much for the toilet. If I could afford two dollars' worth of cab-service for a weekly airing, a two weeks' sea-voyage, one month of travel, two complete outfits a year made by a French *modiste* of my own selection, twenty-five dollars a week for the table-supplies I know to be health-producing, hence beautifying, and had access to the professional advice and professional service of a medical surgeon and a surgeon-dentist, I would be a very good-looking woman."—*The Argonaut.*

NOT THE SAME.—"What is Rhymester's business?"

"He's a poet."

"Is he? What does he do for a living?"—*Kate Field's Washington.*

HE COULD NOT BE OUTDONE.—A Newfoundland belonging to a gentleman in Halifax, Nova Scotia, was in the habit of going every morning with a penny to a certain butcher's shop and purchasing his own breakfast. On one occasion, finding this market closed, he walked into another, where he deposited his penny upon the block and licked his chops, the dog's usual manner of asking for breakfast. The butcher, however, instead of serving his would-be customer, took the coin and drove the poor fellow from his shop. The next morning, on receiving his usual allowance, the dog went directly to the shop from which he had been driven the previous day, laid his penny upon the block, and with a growl, as if to say, "Don't you dare play any more tricks on me!" placed his paw upon it. The butcher, not caring to risk, under such circumstances, the perpetration of another fraud, gave him a piece of meat, which the dog quickly bolted, and, seizing the coin, started for the shop of the more honest tradesman with whom he usually dealt. Here he purchased a second breakfast, and thus made up for his loss of the previous day.—*Home and Country Magazine.*



NEW UNION DÈPÔT AT ST. LOUIS.

ATTRACTIONS AT ST. LOUIS.

THE year 1893 will long be remembered in the West and Southwest on account of the magnificence of the fall Carnival at St. Louis. It is not too early to make arrangements for visiting the city during the festival period, and residents in the East in planning their World's Fair trip can scarcely afford to omit from their arrangements a stay for a few days, either going or coming, at what is admitted to be the metropolis of the most productive and growing section of the United States.

The railroad companies, recognizing St. Louis as the great centre of the best purchasing region of America, have long since made it the best railroad centre on the continent, and there are few parts of the United States from which visitors to the World's Fair cannot conveniently arrange their trip in the manner mentioned. Rates to St. Louis from all parts have been reduced, and the opportunity to see a city remarkable at once for its manufacturing and commercial eminence, and also for its hospitality, is too valuable for any one to afford to miss.

St. Louis is enjoying a period of the most remarkable prosperity. Its financial institutions are in the soundest possible condition, and the ease with which these recently spared two million dollars in gold from their vaults and handed the money over to the government is but one instance of the way in which this remarkable city ignores financial stringency elsewhere.

Another instance of St. Louis prosperity and generosity is to be found in its Autumnal Festivities Association and its world-renowned million-dollar fund. This Association was formed just two years ago for the purpose of providing the finest kind of entertainment during the three years then next ensuing. Among the achievements of the Association may be mentioned the two-million-dollar hotel now being erected by capitalists with the support of the Association. The same organization last year provided the grandest electrical street illuminations and panorama ever witnessed. St. Louis is the pioneer city in the matter of street illuminations, and for years it has had nothing but its own records to beat. Up to the year 1891 the bulk of its

triumphs have been by aid of gas, but last year electricity was freely used, and some of the most extraordinary results were obtained.

The illuminations this year will be even grander than those which brought to the city hundreds of thousands of visitors last fall. Work is now in active progress and the details are nearly all complete. A blaze of light with rainbow and scintillating effects will be the result, and St. Louis will once more break a record of its own making in the matter of street illuminations and panorama. Many who travelled over a thousand miles to see the illuminations last year expressed themselves as more than gratified at the result, and agreed that the sight was worth taking a much longer journey to behold.

The tenth Annual Exposition will open early in September and continue for forty days. This, the only successful Annual Exposition in the world, keeps up its success by the continual change in its arrangements, and by insisting on novelties in every department. This year the mechanical and artistic exhibits will be in many respects a great improvement on those of any past year, and in the art galleries there will be an array of talent by the best known artists of the Old and New Worlds. Sousa's band, which has earned for itself such a high reputation in the East, and which has been greatly strengthened this year, will give four concerts daily during the entire period of the Exposition. Admission to these concerts will not involve any extra payment on the part of the visitor. From the first the single-admission idea has prevailed in St. Louis, and the payment of twenty-five cents at the doors gives free admission to every feature of the great show.

The St. Louis Mechanical and Agricultural Fair, by far the largest Fair of its kind in the West, will be held during the first week in October. This Fair is really a magnificent open-air exposition of mechanical and agricultural appliances, as well as of live stock of every description. The attendance is extraordinary, frequently exceeding one hundred thousand in one day. One cable-road and six electric roads provide rapid-transit connections between the Fair grounds and the business and residence sections of the city, and this excellent service prevents much of the overcrowding which would appear to be inseparable from the moving of such enormous collections of people.

The great day of days of the Carnival of 1893 will be October 3, when the Veiled Prophet will pay his annual visit to St. Louis, head a magnificent street parade, and then hold his annual ball in the Chamber of Commerce. No one who has not been present in St. Louis on Veiled Prophet's Day can form any adequate conception of what the event means. The parade itself consists of a series of magnificent cars richly decorated and illustrative of some historical or mythological story. It is something of an entirely different character from anything seen elsewhere, and, added to the street illumination, makes the event grand in the extreme.

Between now and the actual inauguration of the fall festivities, a few weeks hence, entertainments of various characters will be provided, and the great manufacturing city offers in its commercial attainments, its enormous office and other buildings, and in its general growth and prosperity ample inducement to the visitor and tourist, who should insist on obtaining transportation which will take him through St. Louis.

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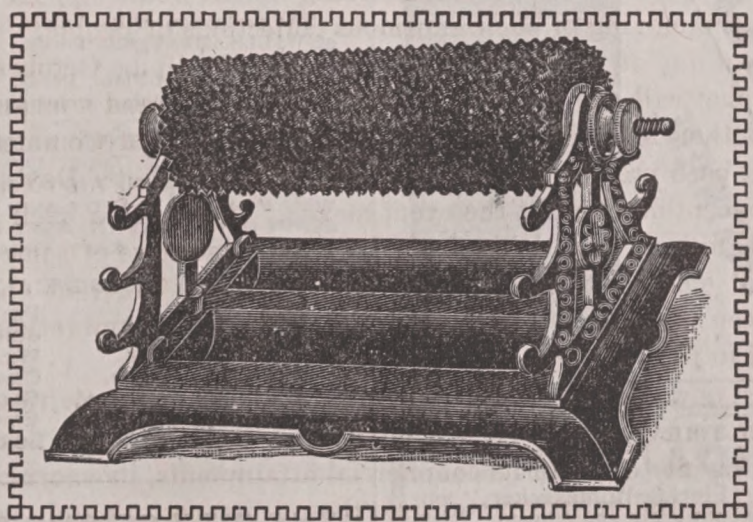

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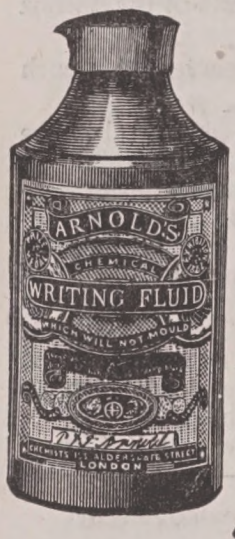

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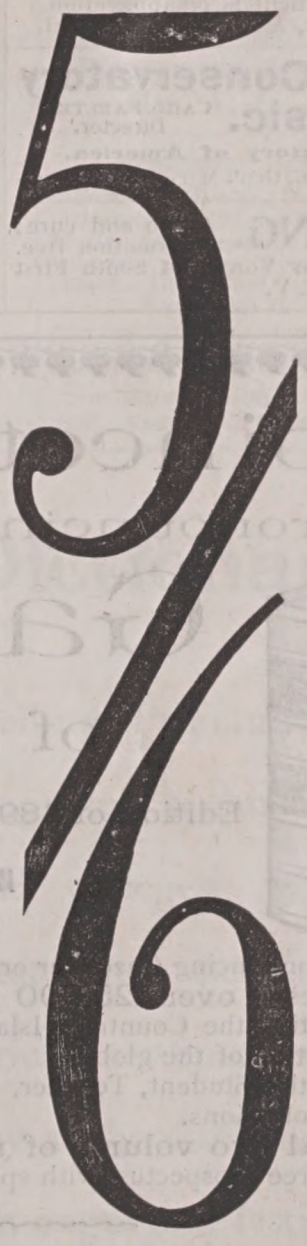

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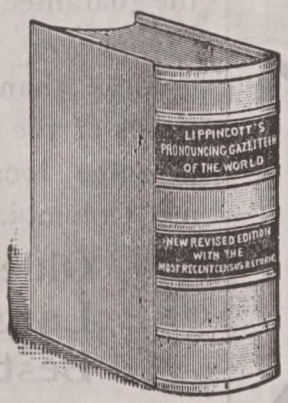

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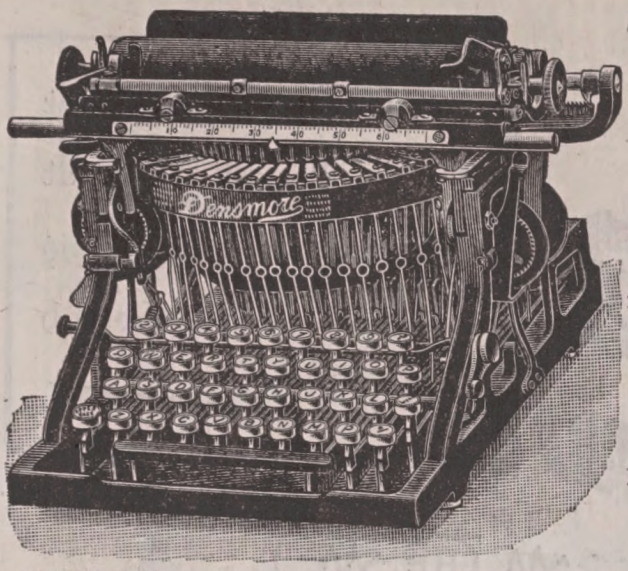

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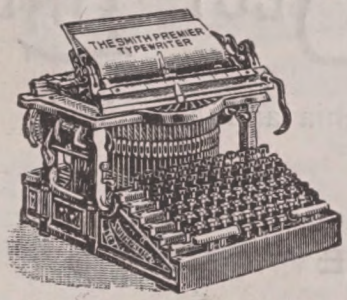

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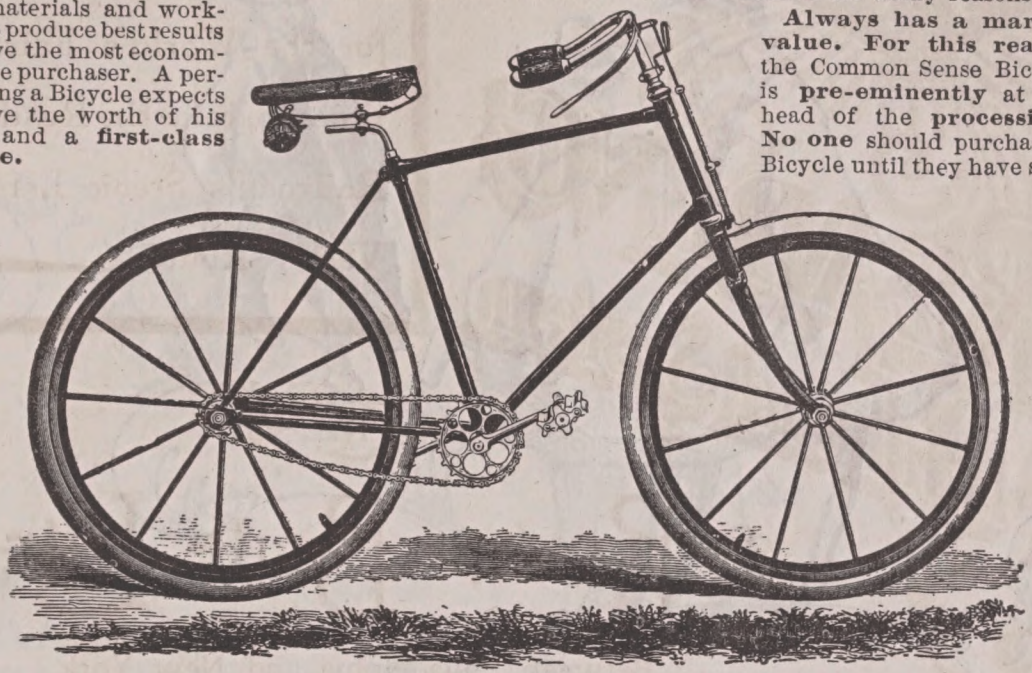

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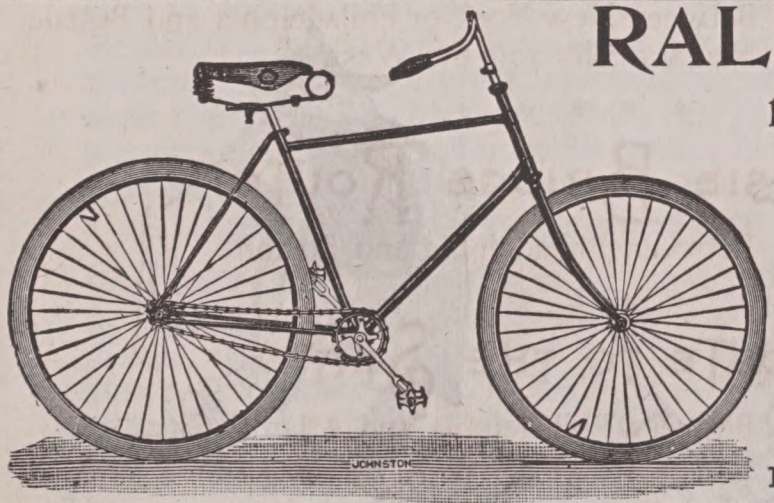

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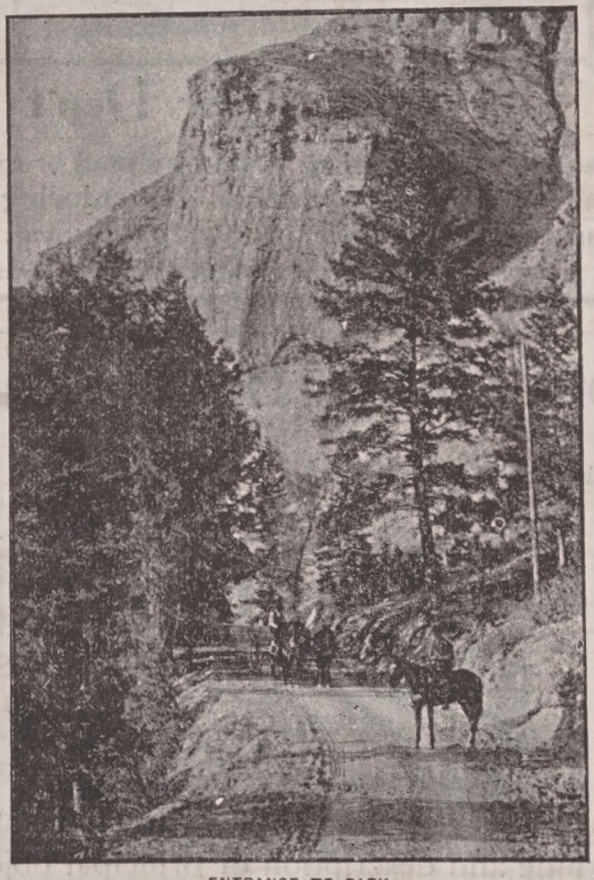

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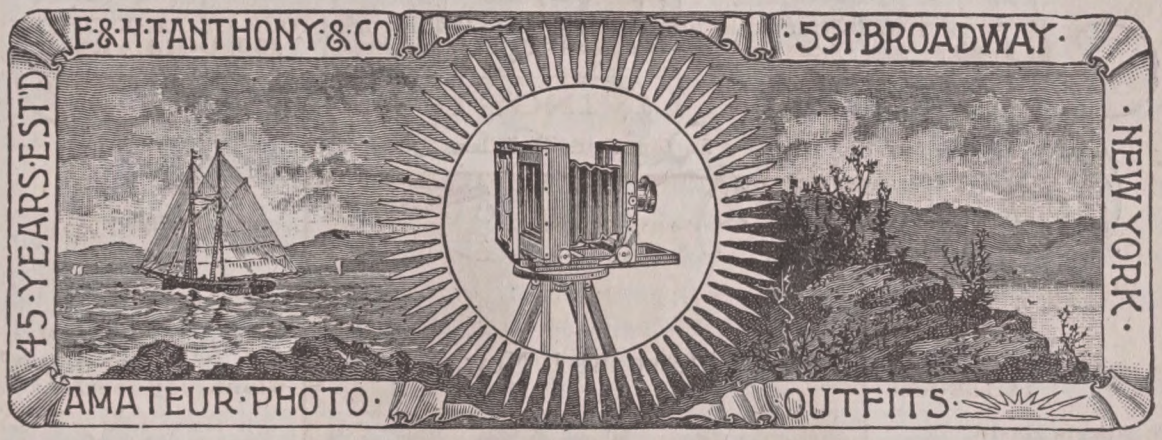

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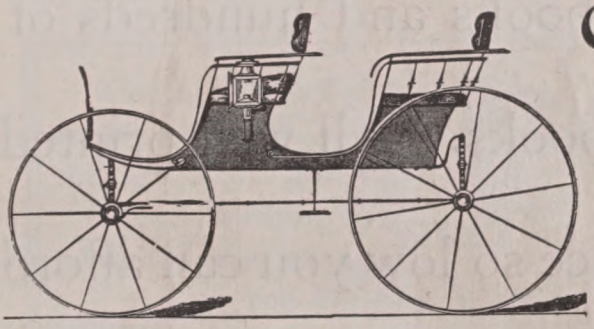

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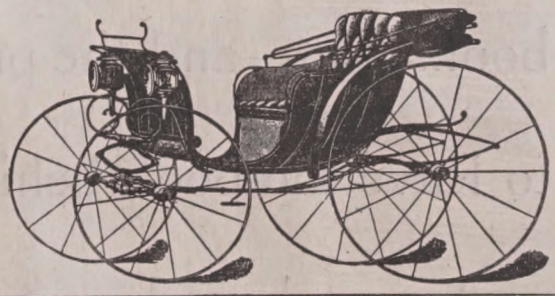

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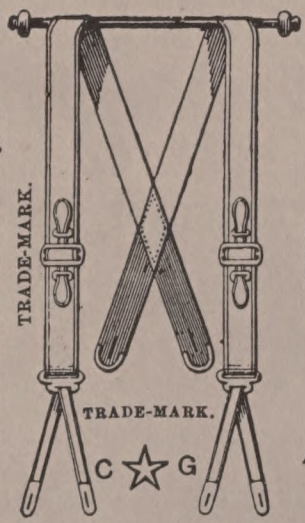

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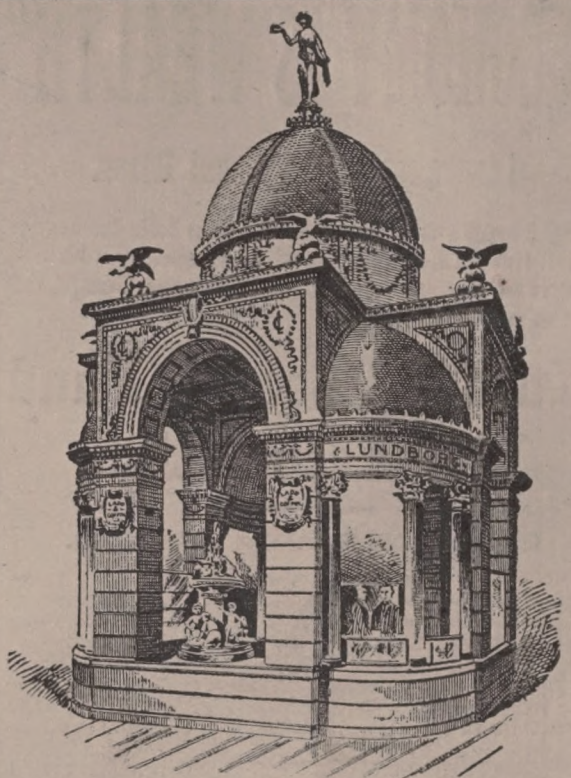

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